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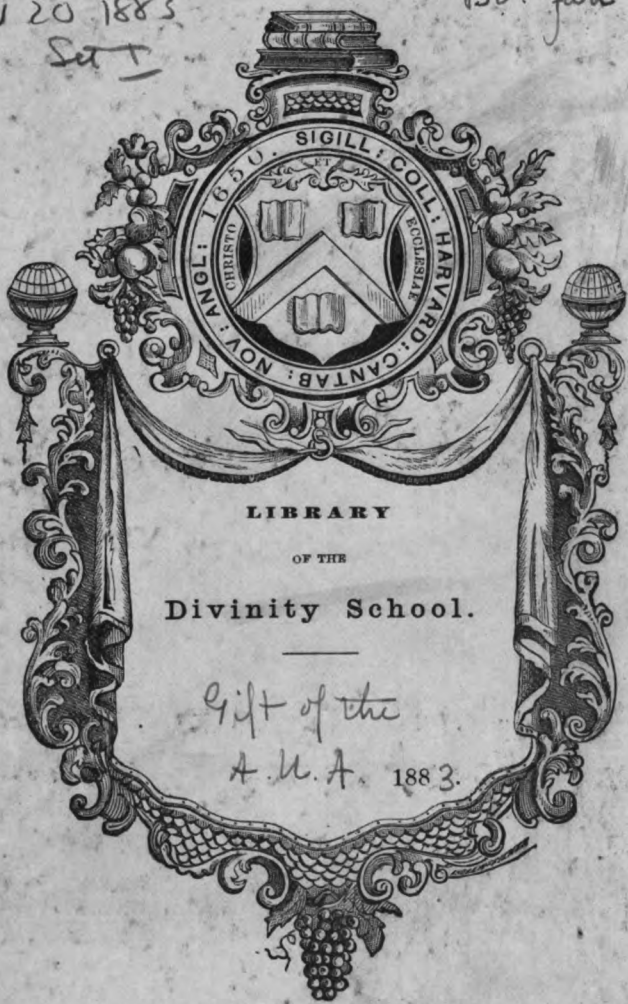

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THE

UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XX.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XX. JULY, 1883. No. 1.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

For many years, it has seemed to me that the writings of Emerson, highly as they are prized by a large number of the best minds of America and England, and steadily on the increase as his fame is, are not yet rated at their worth, nor as they will inevitably be rated in the ages to come. That there has been a marked increase in his value among American readers since his first appearance before the public nearly a half-century ago, there is no question. But I think that he is far from occupying that undisputed position that will be his in future times, when he will rank as one of the great minds of the ages, and take his place by the side of some of his own representative men.

This might once have seemed extravagant praise. But to-day, the most cultivated minds are beginning to wake to a conviction of its simple truth. If we rightly recall the comparative barrenness of that region of thought among us, which Emerson almost alone tilled and brought into efflorescence and fruit, and trace the remarkable influence his books have had in elevating the standard of our higher literature,

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we must regard the advent of so rare a genius in the New England of 1835 as a phenomenon so remarkable that it stands entirely alone. In comparison with the intellectual lights of the time, he seemed almost like a mind out of another planet,—so original, so fearlessly transcendental, yet in the highest sense so practical. And America at least has been more enriched by the new mines he opened to her higher life than she ever was in material prosperity by the ores of Colorado and California.

I think we are apt to forget our debt to this remarkable genius for his fresh currents of intuitive thought when conventional views of nature and life were so prevalent. At the present day we have grown accustomed to his voice. His style and modes of thought no longer startle and tantalize us as they did once. For he has left his stamp upon other minds who have followed his leading and imbibed his spirit. We must remember that it is quite within the memory of many of us, when the name of Emerson stood for all that was visionary in philosophy and heretical in religion, when there were few who believed in him as the inaugurator of a newer, healthier, larger era of thought. It was necessary that he should have lived and written to a ripe old age, illustrating his books by his life, with time and opportunity to impress himself upon the younger generations that grew up around him, before the world's opinion of him could ripen into its present prospect of maturity.

If the enthusiasm with which his early lectures in Boston and his first books were greeted by a few of the younger minds of the time has seemed to diminish since his first appearance before the public, it is only because it has developed and broadened into a life of thought, faith, and conduct with many cultivated men and women, who hardly know how much they have owed to this once almost isolated thinker. The seed he planted has sunk out of sight, but into congenial soil, and has sprouted, budded, and borne fruit far and wide through the country; for large numbers of cultivated and spiritually-minded people now require that their intellectual food should at least be flavored with the rich

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and fragrant juices condensed in his books. But, in enjoying our inheritance, we are somewhat too forgetful of its testator; and perhaps we are a little too near him to measure his height.

Like all the greatest minds, Emerson has been known by a minority of readers. Outside of America and England, he is little known. It seems strange that even Victor Hugo should have asked, "And who is Emerson?" Or at least it would seem strange, were it not known how superciliously indifferent France is about all great men except her own.

Though some of his sentences have got to be household words as those of few other modern writers have among us, and though we have Emerson Birthday Books, and stick up an Emerson Calendar on our walls, yet it goes without saying that, except in some of the lecture-rooms of New England, what is called popularity could not reasonably have been expected for essays like his. The highest intellectual genius may become famous, but is not likely to be popular. Shakspeare is more famous than popular. Most of his plays are, to be sure, well known, so far as the plot and story go; but his golden passages are for the cultured few. And I think it is chiefly in the last hundred years that many of these have been quoted as exceptionally fine. And his sonnets seem to have received little attention till a recent period, and even now are a treasure to the poets chiefly.

It may be said that Emerson was always popular as a lecturer. I do not deny that there was an element, in most of his lectures, which struck here and there the popular mind. There was a charm to his audiences in his originality of diction, in his occasional wit and humor, in his touches of poetry, his surprising flashes of intuitive vision, his quaint and condensed apothegms, his illustrations of practical life, and (what went very far with his audiences) his rich musical voice and his earnest and impressive delivery. And those who were so fortunate as to hear him in his prime cannot forget that rapt expression of his eye, as he sometimes followed the conclusion of a sentence with a long look

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toward his audience, as if to enforce it with all his own grand conviction of its truth. There was something that lifted his hearers in spite of their lack of entire appreciation, —just as it is with the mixed audiences who listen to a symphony of Beethoven. Nobody believes that all concert-goers really feel the music of this grand master, except distantly, and in "the suburbs of his graces." In their hearts, the majority of listeners prefer something less transcendental. A thorough appreciation is reserved for those only who have a fine and cultivated musical sense. So I suppose it was with Emerson's audiences. There was a vague sense of being floated into a higher region, even when they could not follow the speaker into the profounder recesses of his thought, or make out the connection of all his sentences. And often, when their attention flagged in the effort, he would flash upon them with some metaphor or illustration from common life, which kept alive their interest and stimulated their expectation of more good things to come. This was undoubtedly the charm his lectures had for the people. It was that, however vague and idealistic he may have seemed, he touched so originally upon life and history, and made his hearers feel the practical side of his genius, and the bearing of the actual upon the spiritual. And one is reminded of the passages of bewitching melody in the work of some great composer, that cheer so many listeners to whom the grand movements of pure harmony are unintelligible. There was always *something* they could understand; and this was presented in a way that excited anticipation, and kept them at least in a lofty intellectual mood.

The aspects in which we may consider the writings of Mr. Emerson will readily suggest themselves.

Take him first as an observer of nature and of man, and we are struck with the variety, the freshness, the accuracy of his observation. He uses his eyes well, and gives us brief, vivid touches like a painter's out-of-door sketches. And these are not the less realistic, that he passes from them to the subject he illustrates, holding the outer world to be

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always symbolic of the inner. A poet by nature as well as a deep thinker, he is spontaneously alive to the beauty and order of the universe, yet always looks to analogies and correspondences between material and spiritual facts. An eager hunter after facts as the raw material of truths, yet a literal fact is of no importance standing by itself. It must be related to an intellectual or moral meaning. The universe is a symbol of the soul. Such is the theme of his first essay "Nature," — the admirable overture to his later music, remarkable for the poetic beauty of its style no less than for its subtle thought, its masterly arrangement, sequence, and development of ideas. Yet he is no mystic in the ordinary sense. He must enter the great temple of the invisible and spiritual through the door of the visible.

Hence, he read every book, ancient and modern, which could help him to a knowledge of nature and man. He was indefatigable in pursuing facts that looked fertile in suggestion: he would know all that science, history, and society could teach him. He not only dips into all sorts of books, and observes all that surrounds him, in nature and in human life: he must see Europe, Egypt, California. He was greatly drawn to England. He has written an almost exhaustive book on English Traits. He studies the character of the British race from its root to its flower and seed. He sees the English virtues and vices side by side, or strangely mixed up, tracing them all from one ethnic origin. His praise and his blame rise and fall like a necessary *systole* and *diastole* pulsing through every chapter. He swings incense under the olfactories of these British with one hand, while in the other he holds a rod to chastise them. His criticism is like fate. The highest dignitaries and institutions of the realm are attacked on one side and defended on another. The lowest exhibitions of mob violence are held to be of the same genesis as the most chivalrous examples of nobility. Every witness is brought into court, the high and the low, the evil and the good, to testify; and the judge sums up the evidence impartially and without heat, for the consideration of a world-wide jury.

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Thus, the old saying, "History is Philosophy teaching by example," finds continually new and original illustration in his writings. One of his most instructive books is his "Representative Men," opening with an essay on the uses of great men, and then taking up Plato, or the Philosopher; Swedenborg, or the Mystic; Montaigne, or the Sceptic; Shakspeare, or the Poet; Napoleon, or the Man of the World; and Goethe, or the Writer. Each chapter of this book is a masterpiece, for observation, for comprehensive grasp of his subject, for profound and subtle analysis, for expression of the predominant character and genius of each of his representative men, and for a rich, picturesque, and incomparable style.

I mention these two fascinating books in this connection, because they show his powers of observation and biographical knowledge united with those of the thinker, which we proceed to consider more fully.

It is through this perception of the intimate correspondence of the outward to the inward, of nature to the soul, of historical characters to the principles they illustrate, that Emerson is to us the profound philosopher or seer. But he is the philosopher of no one special school. He belongs to no known sect of thinkers. He has no method but that of nature. He does not argue, but he affirms — out of an intuition which he assumes is or should be shared by all rational minds. He writes as the seer,— as one standing on a hill only a little higher up, who beckons his friends to come up and see with him what cannot be seen in the dim and obstructed valleys. And so his writings are of the quality of the great scriptures of all times and peoples. And though he never drops into the fashion of the old Hebrew formula, "Thus saith the Lord," he never lets us doubt that he speaks with authority, because from a conviction he shares with the wisest of all time. He believes that you and I say the same thing he does, in our better and wiser moods.

If we were particularly desirous to classify him, we might

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call him the Affirmative philosopher,— that is, as opposed to the speculative, the tentative, the sceptical. He is far enough away from what is rather too much talked about and prescribed nowadays as the only solid ground and method of thought,— I mean the scientific. And the purists of science can find very little in him to interest them. Let Prof. John Tyndall, however, stand as an exception, than whom probably few have a higher admiration of his genius. I suppose the metaphysicians also are rather disposed to let his books lie on their shelves. But can they afford to do so, unless so incorrigibly bent on evolving abstractions out of their interior consciousness that nature and history and the lessons of life beat up against their bleak and barren formulas as ineffectually as the sea beats on the rocks? The time, I think, must come, when broader methods, larger affirmation of instinctive and universal truths, comprehensive estimates of all the qualities of men, perceptive, æsthetic, intellectual, moral, social, imaginative, religious, will press in and demand recognition in the professors' closet and the students' class-room, as in the public places of life; and when the books of this teacher will shine with a light which philosophers and scientists of this time fail to notice.

If it is asked what new truths does Emerson tell us, it may be answered: the province of the thinker is to illustrate and emphasize old rather than reveal new truths; to speak the truth as *he* sees it out of his freshest and most interior thought; to settle things on their right foundations; to detach the true from the half-true; to build on the sure basis of undisputed ideas and principles, and so to keep on affirming, affirming, out of his deathless conviction and insight, that scepticism will fade out in the fulness of the light he turns upon all subjects of thought.

It is here that Emerson stands pre-eminent. His themes are by no means new. But take his writings from first to last, and there is not a single one of his essays that does not sparkle and glow with fresh statement and original illustration, commanding repeated perusal and consideration. New vistas are continually opened before us. See how old and

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hackneyed are his themes,— Nature, Art, History, Spiritual Laws, Compensation, Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism, Poetry, Experience, Character, Manners, Politics, Farming, Domestic Life, and so on. There are no sensational titles. There is no rhetorical flourish, no struggle for effect. But every sentence reveals the keen observer, the ripe scholar, the original thinker, the master of language and style. Hardly a page but furnishes something strikingly quotable and memorable. His statements of ideas and principles are profounder and his illustrations of them more pertinent and picturesque than any writer of modern times, Carlyle excepted. But he has a calm depth which Carlyle only occasionally reaches. Other thinkers draw their circles of statement; but they are almost all included in his, although concentric. He touches no subject without opening new reaches of thought, or at least suggesting them. "The lesson of life," he tells us, "is practically to generalize: to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars, to penetrate to their catholic sense." "Things seem to say one thing, and say the reverse."

A broad, wholesome vein of common sense is everywhere apparent. His most original statements are supported by the experience of ages. No essayist draws more frequently on past histories and biographies, but every citation is made in the interests of some commanding principle. He is wonderfully clear-eyed and alert in his application of essential meanings to facts. He has also a delicate and quiet humor at times, which adds variety and grace. His originality bears out his own definition of the word,— "being one's self and reporting accurately what we see and are."

Whatever subject he took up he treated from within outward. The structure and habit of his mind was such that he could not content himself with surfaces, but must penetrate to its central significance. Thus, he always leads his reader within door after door, till he has him seated in his private *sanctum* of thought, showing a princely hospitality which only the master and lord of himself has a right to

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exercise,— entertaining us with apt illustration of his theme, and so opening to our eyes the profoundest aspects of all that occupies his mind. In this deep interior sphere of thought, he rarely misses the right solution of things, his essay on the Comic being almost the only instance I remember where he fails to define with complete satisfaction.

But still it is true that some of his essays are much clearer, more continuous, keeping before the reader a more definite line of thought than others. The essay on Experience, for example, is a succession of subtile but rather evasive ideas; and the effect of the whole is vague. But take him at his best, as in that on Character which follows it, and the impression is one of wholeness and continuity that should satisfy the most superficial readers.

In a word, we might briefly define his intellectual superiority to be that he discerns as few philosophers have done the Duality that runs through the universe; touching with one hand the apparent, with the other the unapparent world, and delighting to find in the one a significant symbol of the other. His range is so wide that he swings easily from the most matter-of-fact things and events of the day to the very verge of mysticism, and seems as much at home in one extreme as in the other. Lowell calls him "a Greek head upon Yankee shoulders, a Plotinus-Montaigne," and compares his style to "home-spun cloth of gold."

It is not easy to consider the scholar and thinker apart from the ethical and spiritual guide. His lessons point always to the highest ideal of life. Every thought is the thought of a sage to whom truth is utterly empty and vain, if not moral and spiritual. This runs like a thread of gold through every line he has written. If not expressed, it is implied. His doctrine of self-reliance is one with obedience to the divine law. He is more tonic and inspiring, more full of faith and hope in the great laws of the universe than any other ethical teacher of the day. Indeed, I think many readers value him more for this quality than for anything else. In his "Conduct of Life," he shows a wonderful

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knowledge of the various phases of practical life, and an exuberant power of applying to them the doctrines of common sense and of the higher ethics. The style of these chapters is in unison with his theme. In the three first chapters, Fate, Power, Wealth, see the impetuous vigor of his thoughts, leaping into pithy, nervous, full-armed sentences; the acceptance of the rough, tyrannical powers of fate and circumstance; the almost extravagant generalizations in extolling the value of human power of whatever sort; the belief in the great compensations and balancing of all things and events; and the assurance of the satisfactions of wisdom and of high moral and spiritual standards. Illustrations from the latest discoveries in science abound, as well as from daily life. So that I am almost inclined to qualify what I have before said as to the essayist's probable lack of interest to the scientist. This is a book the most practical minds may enjoy. But it is the prose of life irradiated by the highest ideas and principles.

Between the time when he wrote "Nature" and "The Conduct of Life," he had read and observed extensively; and these pages abound with the most pertinent and varied illustrations. As he grows older, his horizon of facts enlarges, and makes him appear as if dealing more in detail with them, but always the same serene sky of idealistic thought bends over and harmonizes all. It is noteworthy that Carlyle (in the Carlyle and Emerson Correspondence) praises this book with special emphasis for its practical character. "I read it," he says, "with a satisfaction given me by the books of no other living mortal, . . . the best of all your books." "You have grown older, more pungent, piercing. I never read from you before such lightning gleams of meaning as are to be found here."

We must regard Emerson as not only the great ethical teacher of the age, but one of our profoundest and most earnest religious teachers. I am at a loss to understand how there should be any doubt on this point to any thorough reader of his books. It seems to have been the

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province of some sectarians to put in queries about Emerson's religion, because they cannot make it coincide with theirs; because they have not been able to classify and label him as belonging to any Christian sect, if even in any way Christian. Mr. Joseph Cook seems to have experienced this difficulty, and was obliged to call in Mr. Emerson's old friend and neighbor, Mr. Alcott, to help him to a classification and a name. Whereupon, Mr. Alcott calls him a Christian Theist. But it is found that even this convenient label will not stick. Mr. Emerson could not and did not wish to classify himself, or furnish the least hint toward a denominational name. For he was of the broadest church of God and Humanity; and his spiritual sympathies reached back to the oldest seers of divine truth of all races, and took in Hindu, Chinese, Persian, Greek, and Judean scriptures, as all, when at their best, proclaiming one central essential idea of the relations of man to God. Shall we say he is pagan or Christian, Pantheist or Theist? He has intuitions which include them all. It is sufficient that he emphatically declares as well as currently implies his profound belief that all that is flows from a supreme and infinite Source; that religion is not confined to one time or people; that it is a life, and not a creed,—the highest, divinest life of which man is capable.

It is only the sectarians who are puzzled to find a label for his religion. His creed escapes from their fingering like impalpable air, takes as many forms as Proteus, swims, dives, soars, hides in secular crowds or lonely solitudes, as suits its convenience, never dogmatizes, never attaches itself to one exclusive symbol, yet to the sympathetic reader brings an ever-present conviction of its uncompromising reality. It has too much mystery and grandeur for verbal self-definition. It finds an echo in the scriptures of Persia and Hindustan, as well as in those of the Hebrews and Christians. Its fullest expression is found in his essay on the Over-Soul, his chapter on Worship, and his celebrated Divinity School Address. But, in whatever class of religious thinkers he may be placed, we can never forget that

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Emerson was the great pioneer of liberal Christianity in this country; we can never compute our debt to him for having broken through the jungle and malarial swamps which for so many centuries obstructed the growth of a free, generous, and humane religion.

But there is one predominating characteristic of Emerson's thought, and therefore of his style, which it is time to consider, though I have unavoidably alluded to it; and that is that, though a prose essayist, he is essentially a poet. His pages are tinged through with his symbolizing imagination. Underneath the prose, you feel the poet, both in the structure of his sentences and his modes of thought, in which the facts must lead out from an imprisoning foreground of literal truth into the large aerial horizon of the ideal. What Aristotle said of the style of Plato might be said of Emerson's, that "it was a medium between poetry and prose."* Herein, he is alone and original among modern thinkers, and recalls the Platonists and some of the Elizabethan writers. What we call logic does not appear in him. He has a vision of a truth, and utters it in a quaintly compact or fluently lyric sentence. He is not over-anxious about its sequence, if it is in the main line of his theme. This lack of apparent continuity baffles ordinary readers. And the prosaic minds find him wide of their mark. I have known even some persons of fine intellect and not without imagination who could never arrive at any lively interest in him. Perhaps the fault is sometimes the writer's as well as the reader's. For his sentences are often like stepping-stones over a broad stream, and puzzle the demand for continuity and connection, though they all lead in one direction. A certain vigorous and determined foothold is required, and a steadiness of vision toward the main idea, to carry us along over the deep, wide waters of his subject. His illustrations and metaphors often have the same disjointed look, and you may be at a loss to see their precise application, until you compare one with another, as the naturalist constructs an

* See Thomas Taylor's Introduction to his translation of Plato.

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animal out of scattered vertebræ. It is quite natural that most readers should prefer a continuous bridge through a book than to leap from one stone to another.

This peculiarity of style arises, I suppose, partly from his habit of writing his thoughts day by day as they occur, without any idea at the time of stringing his pearls on a connecting thread. It is hardly strange that, when afterward brought into an essay, they should sometimes have a mosaic-work appearance. Thoughtful readers have now grown accustomed to this peculiarity, but forty years ago he puzzled some very wise heads. When as a lecturer in Boston he charmed so many young persons of both sexes, there were, of course, many who could not share their enthusiasm; for they were not in his magnetic current, and failed to make the connections of his thought. The Rev. Dr. Channing could not see much profoundly valuable thought in him. "What was it all about?" I once heard him ask. "What definite thought or principle have you brought away from hearing him?" Jonathan Mason, the distinguished Boston lawyer, when asked if he understood Emerson, replied, "No, but I have a daughter who does," — a saying which used to raise a laugh at the young lady's expense, but *why* the laughers never condescended to explain. These hearers and the lecturer failed to meet on a common ground. His symbolism submerged the facts they were so eager for. As Emerson himself says, "A man is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colors." Those who most appreciated Emerson's early lectures in Boston were not always of the highest education and culture. I know a simple-minded man, a tailor, who always attended and always took notes, and who really enjoyed and understood him. And it is well known how the simple farmers of Lexington claimed to understand him better than they did any one else among their preachers and lecturers.

In his metrical poetry, Emerson is fresh, sparkling, tonic;

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and his verses are like jets of cold mineral water. His lines are packed with original thought, and glow with images drawn at first hand from nature. There is nothing in them that has been trailed through the conventional avenues of books. In his best poems, he is terse, apt, noble. And, though his style is evidently founded on the old Elizabethan, he is always original. None of our poets have described winter and snow-storm with such a free, swift, and realistic brush; or the hazy horizon of a New England May day; or the green silences and the perfumes of the pine woods. No American verse has so immortalized a flower as his lines on the Rhodora; none has so spiritualized the beauty of gems as have his three stanzas entitled "Rubies"; none has treated so graphically the sunshine on the seashore and the roar of the surf as his "Each and All." And, in his purely subjective themes, he has the charm of a subtile and mystic attraction. In many of his poems occur lines and passages as rare as some of the golden lines of Shakspeare.

But, with all these high qualities, there is in most of his verse a general lack of rhythmic and artistic form. Emerson's ideal of poetry was so high that it o'erleaped itself. In exalting the substance and spirit of Poetry, he underrated the form. Though in theory he was logically bound to appreciate form, in practice he slighted it. Sometimes, his theory would slight it, as in this passage from "Merlin":

> "Great is the art,
> Great be the manners, of the bard.
> He shall not his brain encumber
> With the coil of rhythm and number;
> But, leaving rule and pale forethought,
> He shall aye climb
> For his rhyme.
> 'Pass in, pass in,' the angels say,
> 'In to the upper doors,
> Nor count compartments of the floors,
> But mount to Paradise
> By the stairway of surprise.'"

And this Mr. Emerson certainly does, whatever else he fails in. But something more than "surprise" is necessary, whether it be to enter Paradise or Parnassus.

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The mysticism and obscurity of some of his poems is faulty, and seems unnecessary, though great allowance should always be made for the peculiarity of the poet's mood, inspiration, and intention.

He is imperfect in rhythm and rhyme. Imperfect rhymes are sometimes found in the best poetry, and sometimes, though rarely, imperfect metre. But the poems of Emerson that approach completeness in the union of thought and form may almost be counted on the fingers. These are all admirable, some of them nearly perfect, which only makes us regret the deficiencies of the rest. The poet, when he once chooses rhythm and rhyme for the expression of his thought, is bound to see that the form of the expression is as perfect as the thought and feeling. For the poet must be the artist. Poetry must have a beautiful body as well as a beautiful soul. The poet deals not only with thoughts, feelings, and imaginations, but with language that may best embody them. He is free, of course, to choose his form of utterance, and may pour himself out quite unconfined by rhythm and rhyme. But, then, it is true that these are to writers of a delicately poetical nature natural and spontaneous moulds into which their poetry tends to run. And, if they elect this form, they should aim to make it worthy of its spiritual mate. It is a marriage, and should be as perfect a marriage as possible.

There are sometimes fits of quaint caprice, delicate but wilful whims of expression, in Mr. Emerson's prose sentences. But, in his verses, these are still more apparent. His lines seem sometimes bewitched, like dancing dervishes, as if tipsy with a nitrous oxide of fancy. Though their intention is genuine, they seem playing antics and attitudinizing, and make one smile where the theme is serious. While endeavoring to express a thought vividly and concisely, he adds an element of half-sportive wit,—a mental quality not very distantly related to humor, and striking for audacity and surprise. In his prose, this often tends to make him brilliant and fresh. But there he has elbow-room for self-explanation and expansion, which he cannot find in

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the close quarters of rhymed verse. The result is an appearance of obscurity and oddity mingled with much that is expressive and beautiful. Add to this a harsh, halting, irregular metre, continually violating rule, and the *ensemble* is more quaint than pleasing or inspiring. In these respects, he sometimes sins beyond all absolution; and we often find his prose more poetical than his verse.

But, if he has written verses that are not poems, he has also written some of the best that have been done in this country. Besides the splendid lines, couplets, quatrains, and passages scattered through his verse, like well-cut and well-set diamonds in a pile of rough ones, there are entire poems of exceptional beauty, such as "Each and All," "The Problem," "Good-by, Proud World," "The Rhodora," "The Humblebee," "The Snow-storm," "Wood-notes," "Forerunners," "The Amulet," "Threnody," "Rubies," "Days," "The Titmouse," "Nemesis," etc. Such poems as these make us forget his many failures, and are enough to rank him high, if not the highest, among American poets. But we sometimes ask if this title is not due as much to his prose as to his verse?

I have begun several times to write about Emerson, and each time, on reviewing what I had written, found it cold and inadequate. His books are so alive with suggestion that there seems to be always something omitted in whatever we say of him.

In summing up his characteristics, I run some risk of repetition, but important omission would be worse.

We are struck with his wide range of subjects. But he enters upon all with the same sympathy and power. Little escapes his vision that can furnish symbol, relation, analogy. His sentinel-like intellect stands day and night on the alert, on its watch-tower, noting the heavens and the earth, the signs of the times and the eternal verities. I have said that he writes from within outward, but it is as true that only nature and human life are his stand-point. All truth is authenticated to him by a perception of reality.

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If he inclines to mysticism, it is only because he has intimations of mysteries insoluble and beyond sense and the literal understanding.

He has no dealings with metaphysics. His mind seemed to shed Kant and Hegel as a duck sheds water. But he thought greatly of Goethe, for *he* harmonized the material and spiritual worlds. These two poles of the universe co-existed in perfect accord for Emerson. He valued the affirmations of Plato and the scepticism of Montaigne. He was drawn to books of travels, history, biography, natural science, as to the thinkers, poets, saints, and mystics. But he was fascinated by the least hint of correspondence between natural and spiritual. Whatever practical subject he touches, before he is done with it he glides into deeper relations underlying it. If it is politics, an ideal government is suggested; if it is manners, he sees always beneath it a substratum of character; if it is art, he has the key to its essential meaning and origin. The wildest sort of power in Southern, Western, or Irish communities, has its place and use, or at least its compensations. What he tried to express was the essence of things. He is never drawn out of his track by confusing side-lights, but moves directly toward the centre of his theme.

No one so harmonizes facts and ideas, and brings into view the underlying unity of Oriental and Occidental thought. His sublime optimism is not born of mood and temperament, but of broad intellectual insight. For he is aware of the great laws which govern mind as clearly as of those that govern matter; and there is no essential break or discord in the vast forces of the universe.

His self-sustainedness — if such a word is allowable — was a characteristic. Amid the various intellects and characters with which he came into contact, he was always unbiassed and original. He looks into his heart, and writes. Day by day, he records his most intimate thoughts, and weaves them into his public lectures. He trusts to memory as little as the artist with his pictures. I don't know any instance of his entire truth to himself, while absorbing from without all that

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was related to him, more remarkable than his complete immersion in the theology of Swedenborg without losing his foothold and being swept away by the New Jerusalem Church. And the result was that no writer has given us such a fair and full estimate of the great Swedish seer as he has. This, of course, is not admitted by the disciples of the New Church, to whom Swedenborg's unique system of theology is absolutely without flaw.

It ought to be an encouraging sign that, whether he has many readers or few, Mr. Emerson's fame has grown immensely. I look back to the time when his little book "Nature" appeared. Where the American mind noticed it at all, it was as a strange and visionary production. But there were those who hailed it as a contribution to a new gospel. If I may be pardoned for mentioning the influence it had on the present writer, in common with several of his contemporaries, it was like a breath of morning and a vision of sunrise. It was profound, poetic, full of suggestion of larger and more beautiful horizons than the youth of that day were accustomed to have opened to them. (Carlyle's immortal *Sartor Resartus* was its only peer.) But those who shared the enthusiasm awakened by this, or that grand lyric poem the Divinity School Address, were comparatively few. And the extreme heterodoxy, hinted or expressed, was perhaps the head and front of their offending.

To-day, the intellect of America and of England entertains these "new views" as almost orthodox; while the beauty, the profoundness, and subtile force of the Emersonian ideas are indorsed by almost all right-minded readers. At any rate, the rare genius of this scholar, thinker, and poet, has not only maintained its stand among us, but has survived in spite of sectarians, literalists, and advocates of the "scientific method," until even these must admit it among their illustrations of the "Survival of the Fittest." Whether from the prevalence of this scientific method there are as many eager readers of Emerson now as in the days of the Transcendental Movement in New England, we cannot tell without statistics. But we can be sure that, if not, there

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will be a reaction in the direction of his line of thought, which will give him an even more enduring fame than he has already acquired.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

SPECULATIVE THEOLOGY.

A century and a half of destructive analysis had begun with Descartes and ended with Kant;* and this had involved, as side-issues, those movements of radical criticism which we have seen in England, France, and Germany. The authority of Church and the authority of Creed had both been thoroughly undermined. To preserve the structure built upon them might still seem possible if, before it quite collapsed, a new foundation could be substituted for the old, by one of those ingenious processes known to our modern engineering: in short, a *transubstantiation* of the creed.

That structure — the visible fabric of Christian theology — includes two things: a system of belief, or speculative dogma; and a system of morals, or practical ethics. In real life, the two are found closely bound together; so that where belief was most completely shattered, as in France, the decay of morality was also most profound.† And, in proportion to its sincerity, men's belief has always been asserted to be inseparably bound up with the interests of general morality.

Still, in theory at least, the two are quite distinguishable; and, while they may be threatened by the same danger, they will defend themselves in very different ways. The speculative dogma will seek to fortify itself by some constructive system of philosophy; the practical ethics will seek to establish itself on a scientific base. In the era of reconstruction which follows the crisis of the Revolution, we shall therefore find, looking from the religious point of view,

* See article on "Passage from Dogma to Philosophy," in this *Review* for October, 1882.

† That Germany was not at all events far behind, see Biedermann, *Deutschland im achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii., p. 28.

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a movement of speculative theology, attended or followed by an effort to find in inductive science a practical guide of life. For the present, our argument deals only with the former.

The special movement of thought in which we are now interested may be said to date back as far as the vehement and rather febrile protest of Rousseau against the materialism of his own day. For it happened that, in 1761, Frederick Henry Jacobi, then a youth of eighteen, was living in Geneva as a business clerk, and that here he was powerfully influenced by Rousseau's writings, particularly *Emile* and the *Savoyard Vicar*. Personally, he was repelled from Rousseau by the *Confessions*, and came under quite a different influence;* but he kept a great esteem for what he regarded as the finest genius of France, and owed to that example his "leap" (*Sprung*) from materialism to the condition of mind which takes spiritual realities for granted. "You see," said he to a friend in his old age, "I am still the same,—a pagan in my understanding, but a Christian to the bottom of my heart."

Jacobi (1743–1819) is generally recognized as the earliest witness or interpreter of that powerful movement of religious thought in Germany, which is still one of the most vital intellectual forces of the day. In particular, his name is held to stand for the opinion that spiritual things are "perceived" by an interior or transcendental sense, as precisely and legitimately as, for example, visible things are perceived by the eye. If he did put his doctrine in that form, it must have been apparently, by way not of dogma, but illustration. At twenty-one, he had "plunged into Spinoza"; and he is considered to have done the German mind the service of reviving the memory of the great Pantheist. But he is far from being satisfied with that line of thought. "Speculation alone," he says, "attains only to [the idea of] Substance,—a blank Necessity." "What I need," he says

* In particular that of Bonnet, who seems to have been the recognized head of an emotional religious movement, and author of certain pious meditations upon Nature, which the young Jacobi "knew almost by heart."—See Hettner, *History of German Literature*, vol. iii., pp. 316–324.

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again, "is not a truth which should be of my making, but that of which I myself should be the creature." *

Far from the logical consistency which most Germans affect in their religious philosophy, Jacobi is very impatient of method. All logic, he holds, leads to fatalism; and to each of the great speculative schools of his day he finds himself equally opposed. "All philosophy," he says, "built upon thought that can be clearly stated to the intellect (*begreifsmässige*), gives for bread a stone, for God's living personality the mechanism of Nature, for free will a rigid Necessity." "In proceeding from Nature we find no God: God is first, or not at all." "We know the truth not (according to Kant) by reason, but by faith, feeling, instinct," for he employs all these terms to convey his meaning: "Words, dear Jacobi, words," said the cool critic, Lessing.

It is the first step that costs. This "first step" Jacobi seems never to have been able to make clear to his own mind, much less to other minds. It is, after all, a "leap," a feat impossible to logic, and good only in fact to him who is already on the other side of the logical gulf. At least, it is a reality he is striving for, not a figment of the brain: he "would fain keep the pearl, while materialist and idealist divide the shell between them." His thought is true in this: that religion is, as he says, a matter not of theory, but of life; known not by inference from some other thing, but as a primary fact of experience, "given in our own free act and deed." Perhaps his best statement of the thought is that "reason, as distinct from sense, perceives not only objects that are good, beautiful, and true, but that which is primarily or ideally good, beautiful, and true"; and, "because one sees this face, he knows that a spirit lives in him and a spirit above him." Again, let us do Jacobi the justice of hearing him in his own words: —

As religion makes a man *a man*, and as that alone lifts him above the brutes, so too it makes him a philosopher. As piety strives by devout purpose to fulfil the will of God, so religious insight seeks to know and

* Biedermann, iv., 850.

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understand the Unknown (*Verborgene*). It was the aim of my philosophy to deal with this religion, the centre of all spiritual life; not the acquisition of further scientific knowledge, which may be had without philosophy. Communion with nature should help me to communion with God. To rest in nature and learn to do without God, and to forget him in it, I would not.

I have been young, and now am old; and I bear witness that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring virtue with any but such as feared God, not in the modern, but in the old childlike way. And only with such, too, have I found joy in life,—a hearty, victorious gladness, of so distinct a kind that no other is to be compared with it.

Light is in my heart; but, as soon as I would bring it into my understanding, it goes out. Which of these two lights is true,—that of the understanding, which indeed shows clearly defined forms, but back of them a bottomless abyss, or that of the inward glow, which gives promise of outward light, but lacks clear intelligence? Can the soul of man win truth except by combination of the two? and is that combination conceivable unless by miracle?

We are already on the high road to mysticism. But Jacobi, we should bear in mind, was not a philosopher trained in the methods of the schools. He was educated (as we have seen) to business life, and only by strong bent of genius became a man of thought and a man of letters. Naturally, his illogical methods scandalized the university men, those aristocrats and monopolists of learning. "This reckless fashion," says Kant, "of rejecting all formal thought as pedantry betrays a secret purpose, under the guise of philosophy, of turning in fact all philosophy out of doors."

In short, the real aim of Jacobi was—as he very frankly says himself—not to give a logical and coherent philosophy of religion. This, he was firmly convinced, was to belie its very nature,—as Kant himself seems to grant, when he puts it in the field of practical and not of speculative reason. What he would do is to register a fact of psychology, not a process of logic. The "act of faith," as we call it, by which the mind plants itself on truth of the spiritual order, is in fact, as he states it, a "leap" into the dark.*

* Compare Longfellow's poetic expression of the same experience:—

"So the feeble hands, and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up, and strengthened."—*Hiawatha.*

The psychology is precisely the same as Luther's: "*Believe* that you are a child of God, and in that act you are his child."

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No process of demonstration, it is likely, ever convinced anybody of what we must take to be the primary data of the religious life. Belief—in the sense in which religionists use the word—is not an intellectual process: it is a vital one. A man shall listen half a lifetime to the most faultless argument in proof of some system of doctrine. He accepts the premises; he assents to the conclusion, perhaps; but he remains at heart a doubter. Some day, a thought strikes him suddenly, and shows things in another light. Or he goes into a conventicle, or is surprised by a sudden peril, or some unexpected word of sympathy melts him, and from that hour he believes. Not only the one point that is touched, but all the latent creed in him, become luminous in the glow of that emotion; as when an electric spark leaps from point to point, making a device or a picture of vivid light. It has suddenly become *true* to him, and he implicitly accepts it all. Without a particle of new evidence, he believes in the popular vision of heaven and hell, which was a horrid dream to him before; in the Trinity and Atonement, which till now were downright falsehood to him; in the absolute authority of Bible or creed, which he had held to be the height of unreason. All at once, these things have become vivid and intense realities to his mind. As an intellectual process, it is worthless. As a vital one, it may carry with it the most far-reaching consequences, and be, what it is generally called, the regeneration of the man.

All this is the every-day experience of what is technically known as "conversion." It takes place not only on the lower levels of intelligence or culture, as we might be apt to think, but in a mind of force, gravity, and breadth, like that of Chalmers; in a mind, brilliant, social, worldly, like that of Wilberforce. These deep springs of life are not touched by a logical process. That, in general, only trims and pares down the spontaneous growth. The chance always is that it will cut so deep to the quick as to maim the life. It is by sympathy, by reverence, by the kindling of affection, that men believe. Then, their faith, like a

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flame, seizes and appropriates such material as lies nearest at hand.

We may easily conceive this faith, in great intensity, combined with very simple elements of intellectual belief. The mere emotion of piety, however, will hardly subsist without something in the mind to feed on. Some intellectual element appears to be involved in the experience itself, some article of faith implicitly, if not explicitly, held. What this is, in the most simple and fundamental form, we find asserted and (if it may be) legitimated in Jacobi's philosophy of religion. Of this, we have now two things to observe.

In the first place, it includes two things quite distinct from each other,—the psychological fact and the logical influence. The fact of experience is undeniable, but what can it be said to prove? Evidently, not all the beliefs associated with it in the believer's mind,—not the Scotch Calvinism of Chalmers, not the evangelical creed of Wilberforce. The interior vision, which is asserted to behold eternal realities, views them (as Paul says) "in a mirror." That mirror cannot possibly be anything else than the mind of the beholder. What he sees is, primarily, his own thought. The object seen is simply the reflection of the subject which sees.* "God," said Fontenelle, "made man in his own image; but, then, man does the same by him." In the language of the Psalmist, God shows himself to the merciful as merciful, to the upright as righteous, to the pure as pure, to the violent as wrathful. Probably no case of such interior perception on record is more vivid and genuine than Loyola's vision of the Trinity, or the disordered fancy that both saw and handled the sacred Heart. Yet we do not hold such things as testimony of any fact beyond the mental condition of those to whom they were the most convincing of realities.

In the second place, not only the experience can be no evidence to any other than the believer himself. It is not,

* The reader will recall that Speculation is derived from *speculum*, which means "a mirror."

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strictly speaking, evidence to him. It is rather a state of mind which feels no need of evidence. Very likely, the believer will allege it, to prove or confirm in other minds the thing of which he is fully assured in his own. But, after all, he can only assert the fact that *so he thinks.* The moment we bring it to the test of comparing the objects of faith in different minds, of equal vigor and perspicacity, we find that the objective validity disappears. At most, we can say this: that a very vivid and intense conviction, in a gifted mind, has an incalculable power of creating the like conviction in other minds, like induced electricity or the magnetizing of a needle; and that the great historic faiths of mankind have in fact had this origin. And it is not difficult, once assuming a profound and vital experience in such a mind, to see how what was vision there becomes faith, then symbol, then creed, as it passes down through other minds. In the first, it was a primary fact of consciousness, which had no need of proof. In the others, it becomes an article of belief, resting either on the authority of the first, or else on a mood of experience which has in like manner kindled the emotion of the believer to a radiant heat.

Now, it is interesting to observe, in this whole chapter of religious history which we are reading, that systematic dogma is absolutely lost sight of, while the single aim is to vindicate the experience itself of the religious life. We are far as yet from any new structure, however spectral, of a speculative theology. The ground is only getting ready. It is, as yet, only a single step out of blank materialism. The next step in that direction was taken by a man widely different in mental outfit, training, and way of life from Jacobi, whose testimony is, however, fundamentally the same.

All the profounder schools of religious thought in this century date, it is said, from Schleiermacher (1768–1834). The great impulse received from him was at the very dawn of the century, in his *Discourses* (*Reden*, 1799), and *Monologues* (1800), both composed in the very crisis of reaction from materialism and revolutionary violence. With him,

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too, religion is no system of dogma, but an ultimate fact of experience. Nay, he seems not even to appeal to it as evidence of any fact or opinion, except such as is contained in the experience itself. "Religion," he says, "was the mother's bosom, in whose sacred warmth and darkness my young life was fed and prepared for the world which lay before me all unknown; and she still remained with me, when God and immortality vanished before my doubting eyes." And, even in his later career, it remained to many "quite uncertain whether Schleiermacher believed or not in revelation, miracle, the divinity of Christ, the trinity, the personality of God, or the immortality of the soul. In his theological phrases, he would avoid all that could distinctly mean this or that."

All this, we notice with some surprise, is said of a man who is confessedly a great religious leader, and of that period in his life when his influence is most powerfully felt in the revival of religious faith. He addresses his argument to "the educated despisers of religion"; and we involuntarily contrast it with the way a similar phase of unbelief was met two generations earlier by Butler, who thinks it essential to begin by showing the probability of a future life and its penal judgments in the hardest form of positive dogma. Religious thought in England had kept "the terror of the Lord" quite visible in the background of argument. Here, on the contrary, we deal only with the primary fact of an experience having its root in "a feeling of dependence." Christianity itself is defined as "pure conviction," quite apart from any historic testimony. We are asked to believe only this: that the emotional experience itself is genuine and vital.

If now we compare Schleiermacher with Jacobi, we shall find in him less of the busy and restless intelligence aiming to legitimate his thought in a clear and coherent statement; more of the vehement and impassioned utterance of the experience itself; more of the ardent appeal to kindred feeling in other minds. Here, too, we find in the doctrine an outgrowth of what was most intensely personal in the

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life. The father of Schleiermacher was a good old-fashioned Calvinistic preacher, chaplain to a regiment; and, for convenience in some of his wanderings, he put the boy at school among the Moravian Brethren. These made the most pious of religious communities. In spiritual descent their tradition came down from Bohemian exiles, who carried into their retreat the same religious ardor that had flamed with such obstinate fury in the Hussite Wars; but in them, as in their followers, it was tempered to a sweet, somewhat austere, and most nobly self-sacrificing piety. It was the placid faith of a group of Moravian missionaries in a storm at sea that had touched John Wesley more profoundly than ever before with the reality and power of a religious life. And this obscure community was the "mother's bosom, warm and dark," which nourished the germs of that young life given to its charge.

The boy proved a boy of genius, of splendid, capacious, and indefatigable intelligence, who soon outgrew his masters. By his father's consent, he was duly transferred to a German university; and here, against his father's vehement remonstrance, he made a deliberate study of the objections which free-thinkers had urged against the Christian faith. "I have been over all that ground myself," his father writes, "and know how hard it is to win back the peace you are so ready to throw away. Faith is the immediate gift of God: go to him for it on your knees, and do not tempt him by making light of that gift." He bids his son study Lessing, especially *The Education of the Human Race;* and is sure, if he has intellectual difficulties, he will find them answered there.

But books speak one thing to the grave, experienced man, who reads the running comment of his own life between the lines; quite another thing to the eager student who has eyes and ears only for what meets the present demand of his impatient spirit. He will know all that can be said in doubt or denial of the faith he is so sure of. At least, the one miracle of redemption (*Erlösung*) which he is conscious of in his own soul,— there can be no doubting

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or denying that! Still, he seems to have misreckoned his strength of mind; and he confesses to his father a sort of despair in seeing so much give way that was built in with his faith, which there is little prospect that he can ever win back. His father can only answer, as before, that faith is the immediate gift of God, and must be had again on the same old terms, none other.

This experience, in which everything external had been cut down to the quick, happening to him on the verge of manhood, was what prepared the way for that singular and unalterable religious confidence which runs through all the phases of his later mental life. These we see most intelligibly in his autobiographic letters; for, by temperament, he eagerly craved sympathy, and his correspondence is all translucent to the light that beams steadily at the centre. There is something sensitive, emotional, feminine, in his style of piety. We find it too sentimental. We miss a certain manliness in the tone. Especially, we are surprised to find so free a thinker — one who has perhaps done more than any other man to dissolve away the shell of dogma from the religious life — so keenly sensitive to external rites and ecclesiastical symbolism. We have followed him, it may be, through the widest ranges of pagan and Christian speculation into regions where the creed and the very name of Christianity seem sublimated to a viewless ether; yet his last act is to call for cup and platter to administer the eucharist, feebly, with dying hands and lips, and even then to justify himself against some imaginary charge that he has neglected some lesser formularies of the evangelical Church.

In reading a biography which exhibits so much more of the sentiment of the religious life than the dignity and massiveness of character we might have looked for, we must still bear in mind, to do him justice, the great wealth of his scholarly attainment, and the vast intellectual service he has rendered to his generation. His translating and expounding of Plato is reckoned one of the great exploits of German learning; his works are a considerable library

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of professional and historic lore; and his volumes of systematic theology, in particular, are the fountain-head of much of the "liberal Orthodoxy" of our day. For our present subject there are two points of view from which we have to regard his work.

The first is the genuine, unquestionable, and powerful impulse which he gave to the educated mind of Germany by his earlier *Discourses.* These were not delivered as addresses, but were printed and circulated as essays. It is not easy to describe or account for the effect they are said to have had on the general mind. One is inclined to ascribe this effect less to anything they say than to their way of saying it. Not in respect of literary style; for, to our mind at least, that is vague and long-drawn, as is the manner of most German prose. Nor is it vividness and force of diction, which, with rare exceptions, we hardly find in them. But, more than almost any writings of their class, they give the rush of abrupt and unpremeditated discourse, a frank boldness of appeal, a torrent of impetuous conviction, a passion and glow of moral earnestness, which transfigure and irradiate the dull forms of speech, and fully explain the emotion with which they were received. It is as if the young man — now thirty-one — had sprung by an uncontrollable impulse to some spot by the wayside, where his eager speech, his impassioned gesture, his prophetic glow, suddenly arrest the idle crowd, and he is felt to speak "as one having authority." It is but a single thing he has to say. He has only to add his word of testimony to the reality of the religious life; to urge that testimony in face of the events that make the time grave; to show what is the one thing needful in the intellectual life of Germany at such a time. And, in doing this, he has, perhaps without knowing it, taken the first step in a great and unique phase of religious development in all Protestant Christendom.

The other thing that comes within our view is the method which Schleiermacher applies in the treatment of religious questions; in particular how, from data so vague and formless as seem to be indicated thus far, he attempts to body forth the forms of Christian faith.

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Everything, in such a task as this, depends on the material in hand to start with. Of matter properly speculative or dogmatic, as we have seen, Schleiermacher has almost nothing. To the last, he left it a matter of doubt whether any of the points of common Christian doctrine were matters of belief with him or not. He starts, however, as his postulate, with this plain matter of fact: *I am a Christian.* By introspection and analysis, he will see what that fact implies; and this shall be his Christian creed. Now, religion means, to him, "communion of life with the living God." This Deity may be Spinoza's, which in fact it seems greatly to resemble. But, at all events, God is no dead phrase, no empty name. He is the Universal Life; and dependence on that Source is necessarily an element in all our profounder consciousness. Now, it is in our dependence on the Universal Life that we first find ourselves emancipated from the world of sense, so that morality becomes possible;* and, in this feeling of our dependence, we have the first essential germ of that spiritual life, which in its unfolding is Religion.

Again, following the same method, we find our body of doctrine in *the data of Christian consciousness.* Here, Schleiermacher parts from what is absolute or universal. It is impossible, from his point of view, to find any dogmatic necessity in the Christian body of doctrine as such. Such a phrase as that belief in it is "necessary to salvation" has no longer any meaning,— unless it be that a realizing of what our best thought is, is necessary to our best intellectual life. If Schleiermacher had been a Mussulman or Buddhist, he must by his own method have analyzed the Mussulman or Buddhist consciousness, and not the Christian. There is, accordingly, a seeming sophism or else an illogical narrowing of the ground, when (as we presently find) he takes not the human, but the Christian consciousness — and not even broadly the Christian, but the German-Protestant-Lutheran-Moravian-Reformed-religious consciousness — as his basis of operations, and spends thick volumes in building upon it a structure as little differing from the old theology in shape

* Compare the experience of St. Augustine, *Early Christianity*, p. 138.

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and proportion as the landscape reflected in a lake differs from the landscape seen beyond the shore.

Facts of the religious life lend themselves not easily, and only by a sophistry perhaps unconscious, to be shaped into a dogmatic system. The system at best can only co-ordinate, it cannot legitimate, the facts. We shall probably not be far wrong, if we consider that Schleiermacher's essential work, as a man of original religious genius, was done in the powerful impulse he gave at starting to the higher thought of Germany; and if we consider that which followed as the valuable but only incidental and subsidiary service of a long, devoted, and useful life.

Strictly speaking, it would appear that the value of his service consists more in what he has added to our knowledge of the facts of religious experience in themselves than in any system of philosophy built upon those facts. The experience itself is the most obscure and disputed ground in our study of human nature. It is also the highest ground. When we find ourselves in the range of those thoughts and emotions expressed by such words as contrition, aspiration, reverence, reconciliation, religious peace,— to say nothing of such more passionate emotions as moral heroism, poetic enthusiasm, spiritual ecstasy,— then we know that we are dealing with the upper ranges of experience and character. We touch that which is most characteristically human, as distinct from the motives and limitations of animal life. And he helps us most, for what is best in life, who makes us feel, most distinctly and powerfully, that that range of it is both attainable and real.

Now from that region of thought and emotion there emerge two or three strongly defined convictions, which appear to be taken for granted in that range of experience, just as the reality of the outward world is taken for granted in every act of perception. These convictions are what we call *the fundamental data of religious consciousness;* and they are commonly stated to be these three: the Being of God, Moral Freedom (or, better perhaps, in this connection, the Law of Holiness), and the Immortality of

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the Soul.* In what sense are these convictions implied in our religious consciousness? and in what sense can they be said to be verified by the fact of that consciousness? These two questions state the fundamental problem of speculative theology, as distinct from mere psychology on one side, or mere dogmatism on the other.

In approaching this problem, we are met at the outset by two opposite schools, or tendencies of thought: the "positive," which limits us strictly to the facts themselves, with the laws of sequence and association to be traced among them; and the "transcendental," which holds that the object of belief is, as much as any external object of perception, a reality independent and (so to speak) outside of the mind which apprehends it. We have only to do at present with the latter.

We might put the question already stated in another form, namely: "Are the objects of religious conviction — God, Freedom, Immortality — truths of reason? or are they only the moods, or the reflections, of our experience?" But this turn given to the question has the difficulty that it introduces us to the phrases and the distinctions of philosophical schools, which are apt to be misleading. In particular, it is in danger of hiding from us the point at issue. The question we have raised is not one of certitude, but of certainty; not one of "truth," but of "fact."

Again, in stating the question to ourselves, we find that we have to deal not merely with three *objects* of belief, but with three different *orders* of belief, and that each of them is to be met by a different process from the rest. The same criterion will not apply to them all. One is the object of intellectual contemplation or moral reverence; one, of the special emotion of loyalty and obedience; one, of that bold hope which will recognize no limit to the life that seems opening immeasurably before it.

What we can possibly call proof, or evidence, from a given

* In the dialect of Kant, moral freedom belongs only to the *homo noumenon* as distinguished from the *homo phenomenon*. The "actual man," it would appear, cuts a pitiful figure in presence of the demand made upon him by the Kantian ethics.

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state of mind, will apply in very different measure to the three. Thus, we may speak, accurately enough, of a "consciousness of God." We do speak with the strictest conceivable accuracy of a "consciousness of moral freedom." We can speak only by a violent figure (as is often done) of a "consciousness of immortality," which means, if it means anything, consciousness now of endless future states of consciousness and of innumerable other persons' states of consciousness. Cicero's expression, "a fore-feeling" (*præsensio*), is a much better expression, and is perhaps the nearest approach we can make to a true account of that phase of experience. Strictly speaking, then, the conviction of immortality remains, as to its speculative ground, not a conscious knowledge, but at best a fore-feeling or apprehension, more probably a hope or dread as the case may be. What we can be really conscious of is not the *duration*, but the *quality*, of the life we call spiritual. And, the more intense our realizing of it, the more we shall find that the quality is a far more important matter than the duration.

Moreover, when we deal with that deepest of religious convictions, the Being of God, the answer we find will depend on the "attributes" or limitations we attach to that Name. If we mean by it — what many have found in it — simply an expression for the Universal Life, the *consensus* of all laws and forces, known or unknown,— then the existence of God is a self-evident truth. It is, in short, merely one term of an identical equation. It is a verbal definition which we are agreed beforehand to accept. Our intellectual assent may well enough be taken for granted. It only remains, by increase of knowledge or play of imagination, to comprehend as best we may the universe of fact which we have embraced in our definition.

But this "cosmic theism" (as it has been called) leaves out of sight precisely the one thing which makes the name of God venerable and dear to the religious feeling. The attribute of Holiness can have no possible meaning to our mind, unless it is set over against that which is unholy, base, profane. In other words, it reflects one mood of that moral

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conflict in which we find ourselves plunged as human beings. To such a mood, the thought of God as the Absolute — which swallows up all distinctions, so that the hint of conflict is a contradiction in terms — brings no satisfaction: it is rather the keenest affront. To say that God is the sum of all life, all force, is perfectly satisfying as a postulate of speculative theology. That poetic pantheism, that fair unmoral paganism, fits well enough the wide and placid landscape of mental contemplation. But when it comes to mean — as it must mean — not only that the germinating life and the law of social evolution are acts of God, but just as much the explosive force of dynamite, and the ferocity that would use it to wreck the social fabric; the hideous disease alike with the healing skill that fights it; the crime and the criminal on exactly equal terms with the heroism and the saint, — then we find how worthless for any religious uses is that fine-sounding definition, after all. The term "God" in this sense has only one advantage, that I can see, over "The Absolute" or "The Unknowable" or "Persistent Energy," — that it is shorter, and easier to speak or spell.

In one sense, then,—and that sense the deepest and most practical,— the interpretation given us in a cosmic theism (which is the best that speculative theology alone can do) is not an interpretation that meets any religious need. It is seen to be not only independent, but even destructive, of that other co-ordinate term in the religious experience, the recognition of a Law of Holiness. The two are not only distinct, but hostile. The speculative Dualism which was once their way of reconciliation has always, since Augustine, been hateful to the Christian sense, and in the eye of any modern philosophy would be intolerable. To many of the best and most serious minds, it has therefore seemed unavoidable to throw up the speculative problem; at least, to leave it for the plaything of the understanding, not as hoping by its solution to cast light on the real business of life. Of the three elements, or data, of the religious consciousness, that central one, which declares the Law of Holiness, has appeared to such minds the only one that can have a perma-

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nent religious value as a basis of scientific deduction or as an object of speculative thought.

This does not, however, mean that we forfeit or deny any object of our religious contemplation, reverence, awe, or hope. It only means that the problem of the Universe is too vast to be reduced within range of the speculative understanding. It means that any intellectual statement is worthless, which pretends to make the Infinite Intelligence, or its way of working, comprehensible to human thought. When we say that "the mind is free" in presence of the insoluble problem of the Universe, we must necessarily mean not only the pious mind, but the secular, the scientific, the agnostic mind. Each will find its own thought reflected "as in a glass, darkly" in that strangely multiplying mirror, which the Universe must always be to us.

And I do not see why we should be in the least anxious to prove a speculative theism, in the way in which that feat has usually been performed. After all, our best notion of that which is infinite and universal must always be a sort of poetry. Who or what or how God is, can be spoken only in symbols to human thought. And, in all our thought upon that matter, we have to remember that the symbol is not the thing,— any more than when, in the poetry of the Hebrews, it was spoken of God's hands and feet and eyes and fingers. Our language, too, upon this topic, is symbol, not science; is poetry, not prose; is song, not creed.

Let us apply the same thought to the second element of the religious consciousness. God, we are told,—also in language of poetic symbol,— is "the Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Some metaphysicians say that there is no power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness; that goodness, justice, mercy, love, are only thoughts, emotions, qualities, of our own souls. Still, let us not quarrel about the phrase. All such phrases are only hints and symbols of the fact. Of God *outside* of us, in the universe, in the realm of visible things, it is impossible for us to know anything at all, except so far as we can see order, method, purpose, in the laws of nature, in the proc-

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esses of evolution. It is that *within* us which makes for righteousness — or, in the Christian symbol, "the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us full of grace and truth" — that alone gives us a true image or revelation of the God we really adore. That power "makes for righteousness," it is true. But it is by aiding us in the struggle with what we know is evil, in the effort to establish what we know is right. So, then, except we hold fast that fundamental distinction of Right and Wrong, we cannot know anything truly about God; *we cannot even think of any God worth knowing.* Our conviction of this "element of the religious consciousness" may take the noblest form of intellectual statement,— that Infinite Good exists in the person of a Divine Will, sovereign, fatherly, gracious; but it is still "evidence of things not seen." The belief, so far forth as it is religious, is in One who "worketh *in us*, both to will and to do."

All this does not help us in the least, so far as I can see, to what we may call a distinct, speculative theism; that is, to an understanding of the being and attributes of God, or his way of working as a Conscious Agent behind the phenomena of the universe. As to that, we are unable to see that the human mind has made any advance at all since the days of the world's childhood. Except for the greater wealth of subject-matter contributed by science and the experience of mankind, the speculations of the Stoics are exactly as good as the speculations of the Hegelians. If we were to be asked to give an intellectual expression to our religious belief, doubtless we should not do it in the form of Paley's argument for a Contriving Mind, or any expositions of the metaphysical Absolute, or the scientist's demonstration of a Cosmic Theism. Either of these we may take for symbol as far as they will go. But we might do better to go back even as far as the language of the Bible, which contains the frankest and noblest symbolism that has yet gone into human speech. This would be truer to us: not because it is clearer in argument than Paley, or nicer in metaphysical subtilties than Hegel, or more convincing than

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the processes of modern Science; but because it carries our thought by more lines of sacred association, and by a greater uplifting of the religious imagination, to that Universal Life, of which the truest thing we can say is, by a sublime personification, this: that "in Him we live and move and have our being."

But we cannot forget here the great service which Schleiermacher, and those who have worked in the same general direction with him, have done for the religious life of this latter time. The mere fact that for dogmatic theology they have substituted speculative theology, that for a cruel and despotic creed they have given us its insubstantial and harmless reflection in the mirror of Christian experience, is a revolution such as the early reformers could never have dreamed of. It is all there: the Incarnation, the Trinity, the Atonement, Election, and the Judgment; but as different from the menacing and imperious dogmas of the past, as the fair reflection in a lake, or the bright landscape on canvas, is from the bleak precipices and the horrible chasms of an Alpine range. In color and shape, you could not tell the difference. That difference is in the lack of substance and of life. No mobs, like those at Ephesus, will fight for the honor of the spectral Second Person of this spectral Trinity. No fires, like those of Seville and Geneva, will be kindled to suppress the heresies that may assail the dim Phantasmagory. The dogma has become simply a constituent part of modern philosophic thought. Here is its harmlessness; for nobody is afraid of a reflection in a mirror. Here, too, is its security; for nobody can hurt a shadow.

The chief service, however, is done not by merely making the dogma harmless and spectral, but by linking modern forms of thought and experience with the old sanctities of the religious life. Those wonderful Triads which Coleridge borrowed (it is said) from Schelling, and took to be a sort of mystic Trinity, may seem to us, it is true, a mere play of words; but they greatly widened the horizon of English thought, and led the way to a far larger and freer intellectual life among those whose narrow Orthodoxy has been

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sublimated into the rare ether of his transcendental speculation. The thin formularies which Cousin and his school of French Eclectics translated out of Hegel are already a little the worse for wear; but, fifty years ago, they were full of a kindling vigor for minds that had grown discontented with the narrow issues of the New England Unitarian controversy. And, of more value than either of these effects, it may well be believed that the most intelligent and vital piety in American or Scottish Orthodoxy to-day is where its teachers have been, without knowing it, emancipated from the cramps of a sterile bigotry by the mellower and tenderer atmosphere of the German speculative theology.

This result was the easier, because Schleiermacher was no bleak and arid metaphysician, but a man full of a sweet piety, a steady patriotism, a noble integrity and moral earnestness. Historian, critic, scholar, theologian, his great function was to be the most eminent of preachers to the souls of his own people, the tenderest of friends and counsellors to his nearer circle of friends. So that, with all his intellectual eminence, and his fame as a constructor of the new theology, it remains his true glory that he sought its foundations in his own experience, and that he has made it a fresh testimony and help to the reality of the religious life.

J. H. ALLEN.

CARDINAL MANNING.

The literary works of Henry Edward, Cardinal of Westminster, constitute a longer list than people outside the Catholic Church might be inclined to suppose, although any visitor to London who remembers his brilliant eyes and interesting dark face, will readily accord to him a place among the intellectual men of the day.

The Cardinal's book on *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* contains a generous share of reason and truth, and will strike all its readers as an enlightened and intellectual production. Its style is sweet and easy to follow, and its divi-

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sions are interesting and apposite. The seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, which receive seven chapters, are described as The Gift of Holy Fear, The Gift of Piety, The Gift of Fortitude, The Gift of Science, The Gift of Counsel, The Gift of Understanding, The Gift of Wisdom. There are three lovely chapters devoted to The Virtue of Faith, The Virtue of Hope, and The Virtue of Charity.

The Cardinal's account of the decision of the Council of Trent regarding grace is most interesting. His analysis of justification and also of the primal perfection of man is very able and good.

Cardinal Manning evidently admires Thomas à Becket more, and the Emperor William less, than we do; but perhaps this is but natural.

We will make a few extracts from the book before us, which seem to us rational, brilliant, and lucid: —

There are, as you know, four kinds of light by which we can shape and govern our actions. There is the light of reason, sufficient in the order of nature, but at times both cold and dim. There are wide regions of truth, in which reason can hardly see its road. Reason can see its way in the order of natural truths; but, without the Spirit of God, it cannot see its path in the order of grace. Reason is a good light whereby to travel on the earth; but it does not give light enough to show the way up the mountain which leads into the kingdom of God. It can lead us some way, and then we need another light; and reason delivers us over to that other guide. When reason has done its utmost in proving to us that God has revealed his will, then we believe that revelation to be divine; after that, faith guides us onward. We make an act of faith, which is the highest act of reason; and that act of faith delivers us over to a divine guide. Thenceforward, reason and faith walk side by side. All the rest of our lives we are guided by reason and faith together. The lesser light is the light of the reason, the greater light is the light of faith; and these two are distinct, but indivisible for ever. And then, springing from reason and faith, there is the light of prudence, which is both natural and supernatural. But we have, lastly, another light which is higher than all; and that is the light of faith made perfect by the four gifts of wisdom and of understanding and of knowledge and of counsel. These four of the seven gifts perfect both the reason of man and the virtue of faith; and, as I said before, faith is the most perfect act of the reason, the highest and the noblest, and the nearest to that eternal union of the intelligence with the uncreated wisdom of God. Such is the illumination of the reason.

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Again: —

When our divine Lord said, "Blessed are ye poor," he did not indeed bless those only who were poor in this world with external poverty. He gave this beatitude to all those, in whatsoever state they are, who are poor in spirit. It matters not what may be their outward state. They may possess in safety their wealth, their broad lands, their noble houses, their great titles, their prerogatives, royal or imperial, if only their hearts are poor before God, if they are detached from the world and detached from self. All that they possess externally will not hinder their sanctification any more than the external poverty of the poor will insure their sanctification. The richest and the noblest may be perfectly detached from this world, poor in spirit in the midst of all it heaps upon them; and, if so, their will is sanctified, and they are among the saints of God.

Let us take examples of saints who by these seven gifts renounce the world: —

One held an honorable and useful office in Rome. In the midst of the Pontifical Court, with all its lawful splendor, he found the atmosphere too dangerous for him. He therefore renounced it and became a priest, and spent his whole life in charity for the salvation of souls.

You may carry a penitent will, even under the soft raiment that you wear, because your station in life demands it. Go through the world unnoticed, if you can. Those that make themselves singular in their dress or manners are seldom free from vanity. Those who make outward show of their austerities or their penances are the least likely to persevere, because singularity generates self-consciousness, and self-consciousness generates pride. Secret privations, secret sacrifices of your own will, which will never be known until all things are revealed, are surer instruments of perfection than chains and shirts of hair.

To sum up, we heartily admire Cardinal Manning's geniality and intellectuality. We may not go to hear him preach ourselves; but, if he were in this country, we have no doubt we should. The Catholic Church is to be warmly congratulated on having such a brilliant and able preacher and writer, and the world on having such an active and earnest citizen.

JULIA R. ANAGNOS.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S THEORY OF MORALS.

In the preface to his *Data of Ethics*, Mr. Herbert Spencer says, "Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative." That is, I suppose, since religious faith is darkened in the hearts of so many in our time, and people are becoming sceptical as to the ultimate authority of their moral intuitions, it is very necessary that they should be made to see what right and wrong are in themselves, and what sufficient reason there is for right conduct.

Mr. Spencer's theory is contained at least in outline in his *Data of Ethics*, and claims to establish the meaning of right and wrong in such a way that no reasonable man can deny its truth, and at the same time to show how every other theory is either hopelessly astray or else a half-way house to his completer theory.

It appears to me, however, that the new theory, or perhaps I ought to say the new presentment of a very old theory, misses the very essence of morality, and, so far from correctly interpreting the phenomena of our moral consciousness, reduces them by mistaken analysis to unmoral elements, and so explains them away.

It is not that the result of following this theory would be necessarily at all disastrous to a man of generous nature and already thoroughly imbued with high moral ideas; for the substance of the resultant teaching in practical morals is quite unexceptionable: there are few men who would uphold so lofty a moral ideal as Mr. Spencer. But the reason that is given for an action being right, and the explanation of the meaning of its rightness and of the manner in which we come to the feeling of the moral quality of conduct, are by no means so satisfactory. If the evolution of morality had depended entirely on the conditions which Mr. Spencer indicates, I am inclined to think that there would have been no morals to explain.

The grounds of his opinion I will now attempt to show.

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The key-note of the theory is found in the following statements: "Taking into account immediate and remote effects on all persons, the good is universally the pleasurable" (*Data of Ethics*, p. 30). "Conduct is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful" (*Ib.*, p. 28). When we speak, therefore, of good and bad conduct, we mean simply this: that it is conduct which is or is not conducive to the happiness of ourselves and other people. This conclusion is arrived at by a process of reasoning which starts from the conception of life as a development of functions becoming constantly more and more complex. Pleasurable feeling accompanies the perfect fulfilment of any function, and intensifying life tends to develop it further; and, as the end of evolution is plainly the development of the most complete and complex forms of life possible and pleasurable feeling in one form or another is what all men desire, whatever results in happiness and the consequent furtherance of life, or whatever results in the completer fulfilment of the functions of life and the consequent happiness, is good. It is true we only speak of moral good in connection with the conduct of responsible human beings, but nevertheless that conduct is not different in kind, but only in degree from the very simplest motion of animal life, in which there can be no thought of purpose in the agent. So that, when we speak of the moral quality of an action, it does not indicate anything unique, which gives the act an altogether different meaning from that of any act which is not moral. Since the agent has now entered into a new sphere of life with different aims, it is merely a different name we give to the more complex conduct which has become necessary for the attainment of the same perfection of function and the same resultant happiness, owing to our having come to live together in society and in some way having become responsible for our conduct.

It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that we as responsible human beings can have any other ultimate aim in life than the other animals. Any ideal standard of rectitude, which we may imagine to be the real aim of our life, on

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analysis proves to be only a means to the great end of pleasurable feeling. If there was not this in the background as the insured reward, no one would care for morality. Righteousness in itself is nothing: it is merely the most convenient disposition of our conduct for the securing of happiness; and what we imagine to be a sense of obligation to obey an ideal law is merely the necessity of new circumstances, which determine our search for happiness in a new direction. There has been much mistaken passion spent in allegiance to the moral ideal, much unnecessary pain in the presence of failure to be true to that ideal; for sin is only an unfortunate mistake! It was foolish of the man to forego a much better chance of happiness for a worse. If he had been wiser and had understood his interest better, it would not have happened! And, after all, it is rather unbecoming to speak in such lofty terms of righteousness and self-sacrifice and holiness of life; for they are nothing so very grand, but only a most prudent speculation, which will secure the largest returns in happiness at last!

That this really represents Mr. Spencer's mind with reference to these things, I do not for a moment suppose; but it seems to me the logical outcome of the theory: nothing else can rightly be deduced from the given data. Unless it is acknowledged that in our responsible human life we recognize the presence of a law of duty, which would have us give ourselves to the service of righteousness for its own sake and for no ulterior reason whatsoever; unless it is acknowledged that in right conduct there is a distinct quality, which is not merely an implicit insurance of pleasurable feeling, but is due to the fact that we have consciously acted up to the highest standard of excellence that has been revealed to us, and thus are obeying the solemn monitor within,—it seems vain to speak of virtue; and, in all ordinary moral language implying obligation and praise and blame, we are under a delusion, and are using beautiful and solemn words for what are, after all, rather ignoble things.

We find it stated by some philosophers who deny any in-

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tuitive moral insight to man that the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or, according to others, the principle of universal justice, must be the aim of conduct, and the standard by which it is to be judged. Such phrases must be understood in one of two ways. They either mean that we recognize the right of every man to as complete a life as possible and all the happiness he can get, so that every individual is bound to have some regard for the welfare of others, not for his own sake, but for theirs. In which case, contrary to the theory, there is assumed a sentiment of justice; that is, a certain moral insight in man. Or else they mean that it has been found by experience that the individual cannot get the most happiness out of life by caring only for himself; and is obliged in his own interest to check his immediate desires and help others to their gratifications, so as to insure his own ultimate profit: in which case, the supposed altruism which poses as a noble moral quality is only selfishness in disguise. And in a system which starts from the principle that the morally good is the pleasurable, and from this fundamental thought seeks to build up a system of morality, there seems no choice but to conclude that every altruistic principle mentioned is only so much egoism in borrowed plumes. If you start with nothing but pains and pleasures as the things to be shunned and aimed at in life, nothing else can be got out of them. Compound them in the most complex fashion, disguise them as you will, let men conceal their real motives from one another and even from themselves, and give them new and deceptive names, life is still only a great struggle on the part of every individual to get as much pleasurable feeling for himself as possible. A man may seem to care for others; but it is only because their pleasure gives him pleasure, and what he really cares for is his own pleasure in them. There can be no genuine self-forgetfulness and no true submission to a constraining law of righteousness, such as are the fruits of real moral life. For that, a new influence must make itself felt in the hearts of men.

If, therefore, I treat the language of Mr. Spencer's theory

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as throughout either concealing or revealing the principle of absolute selfishness as its foundation, I think I shall not be going beyond the limits of just inference. So that, when we are told that "conduct is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful," the natural inference, that in judging of conduct in this way we have a genuine unselfish regard for other people's happiness, must be checked by the thought that, after all, it is only his own happiness that each man cares about; or else a prior sentiment of justice must be allowed, which the theory forbids. And if it be protested that this is misrepresentation, and that facts are acknowledged in our life which do not conform to this principle, I can only say, I am heartily glad; but, then, it seems to me that the theory needs revision.

The difference between the intuitionist and the philosopher who claims that his system alone is based on experience is not that the former considers the moral quality of an action to be altogether disconnected from its effects, while the latter sees in these effects the only determining factor in the case, but that the intuitionist holds that the moral conduct of a free agent has other relations besides that to the effect produced, and that in these other relations is found the source of the distinctively moral quality, that which makes the conduct right or wrong as distinguished from pleasant or unpleasant, profitable or unprofitable. There might be two actions with exactly the same effects, except in so far as the agent was concerned; and one might be morally right, while the other was altogether unmoral, owing to the fact of the agent in the latter case having no purpose and being altogether unconscious of any choice of the good rather than the evil, or of any standard of righteousness at all. In such a case, it would plainly be an abuse of language to call the action morally right, as it would be in speaking of the correct working of a locomotive. The question really is, what our standard of righteousness involves, and how we come to know that an action is right. There is no difference of opinion as to what are in general the most desirable results of conduct. To prove, therefore,

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that, when we speak of conduct as morally good, we simply mean that "its total effects are pleasurable," it is not sufficient merely to show that we cannot mention any conduct which we speak of as good in this way, the total effects of which are not pleasurable. That is not the issue.

Mr. Spencer challenges the intuitionist "to name any moral-sense judgment, by which he knows as right some kind of act that will bring a surplus of pain, taking into account the totals in this life and in any assumed other life." And when this cannot be done, the fact is taken as "proving that underneath all these intuitions respecting the goodness or badness of acts there lies the fundamental assumption that acts are good or bad, according as their aggregate effects increase men's happiness or increase their misery." (*Data of Ethics*, p. 40.) This supposed dilemma the intuitionist feels by no means oppressive, or destructive of the secure basis of his theory. He is perfectly ready to admit that every act which is good does ultimately increase the sum of happiness in the human race; and yet it need not follow that this is the whole intention of the terms *good* and *right*, or that by which their distinctive meaning is determined. As we believe the universe to be ordered by supreme beneficence, it would be strange indeed if right conduct did not always tend (whether we see it or not) to the highest happiness; but this does not preclude the possibility of there being other guidance by which we come to know what conduct is right for us. It seems clear, in regarding the moral history of mankind, that, while happiness in the highest sense may be the aim of God in all human life, for the individual man there is a different aim. His trust in God may give a glad confidence in the midst of all he may be called upon to do and suffer; but, for himself, he cannot always see the end from the beginning, he cannot know what will lead to the highest happiness. What he does know is that there is always a possible better and worse in his conduct judged by a moral standard, and that he is bound to choose the better; and so he must go on step by step reaching up to an ideal of excellence which is ever above him, and that is *his*

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aim in life. If men were alone in the world, it would be different. Then, according as they slowly discovered what was agreeable, that would have to be their aim: there would never be any question of right and wrong, but only of wise and foolish. As it is, however, in the course of their experience they awaken to a sense of something else, they feel that there is another distinction besides that between agreeable and disagreeable: an ideal of excellence in respect to character, the self-determined attitude of a free agent, no doubt very imperfect at first, but still an ideal, is revealed to them, and claims their efforts to reach up to it.

Mr. Spencer's conclusion, above quoted, rests on the prior assumption that acts can only be judged according as their results are pleasurable or painful, which, on the theory of the intuitionist, is by no means the case. When we have to decide what acts are beneficial to the world, we very likely do consider exclusively their consequences, though here also the after condition of the agent, which cannot be judged altogether by visible results, is an important part of the consequence. But, in judging of an act, whether it is right or wrong, we must consider the principles from which it sprang; and it is our decision on these which determines our judgment of the act. Here, the condition of the agent is the matter of first importance. The conduct of a lunatic or a somnambulist could not be judged morally at all, simply because such conduct is out of all relation to the conscious choice of motive and regard for a standard of righteousness. The question therefore is, What is it that determines our choice of motive, and what constitutes the standard of righteousness?

And, here, the intuitionist claims that there is other guidance given us than the simple power of reasoning that, because we see the results of certain actions to be on the whole pleasurable, therefore they must be chosen and must be called right. The mere fact of our desiring pleasure, and seeing that the more complex and orderly our life becomes the more we get, will not account for our feeling with regard to right and wrong. In the course of our life, we become

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conscious of various motives to action, impelling us to supply our own bodily or mental or spiritual needs, and also to care for others. These motives are called into play, as we become aware of the various relations of our life. But they spring from within, being part of the constitution of our nature, contained perhaps only implicitly in the undeveloped being, but still *there*, and not anything that the environment can *lay on* from outside. Among these motives, we see there is a gradation of rank. When we have to choose between conflicting motives in determining our conduct, we become aware that one is better or nobler than another, and that we ought to choose it. A motive which, if unopposed, it would be perfectly right to follow, becomes wrong when another motive which is higher in the scale appeals to us at the same time. Thus, hunger may rightly be satisfied; but, if it is a question between satisfying our own hunger and helping the greater need of others, it would become wrong. In any such case, if we choose the lower motive, we feel that we have done wrong and deserve blame. If, in spite of the strong solicitation of the lower, we yet choose the higher, we know that we have done right. All through our life, unless we have gone altogether into bondage to the sensual cravings of our nature and have become deaf to the appeals of any higher motive, there runs this conflict; and the obligation to choose always the highest motive that appeals to us we feel to be something from which we cannot escape, even if we would. It is part of the law of our life, and ought to be its ruling principle.

The consequences of conduct supply a good part of the material on which the motives work. If there were no consequences, life would evidently come to a stand-still. But it is of the motives that we judge in reference to morality; and it is out of our knowledge of these springs of action in their relative worth quite as much as out of the substance of the actual life we have experienced that our ideal of conduct is formed. Indeed, the perception of the power of noble motive constantly outstrips our realized experience, and holds up before us the image of a nobler

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life. And this ideal does not consist of shrewd surmises that in certain ways we might have a completer life and more pleasurable feeling: it is the vision of a life guided by nobler principles, more faithful in its allegiance to the standard of righteousness which claims our obedience.

In criticising the intuitional theory, Mr. Spencer of course points to the contradictory judgments of the same acts among people of different nations, or even among different people of the same nation. (*Data of Ethics*, p. 39. The following argument I owe to the teaching of Dr. Martineau, in Manchester New College. In fact, though I naturally have to speak in the first person in my paper, I cannot refrain from saying that whatever truth of presentment and clearness of insight into the nature of morality there may be here is due to his teaching: only the particular form the paper takes, and whatever mistakes there are in reasoning or in setting forth the various views, are mine.) If, however, it is understood what the intuitionist really claims for his moral insight, the suggestion of these facts will be seen in no way to disturb the theory. The statement is that, when two motives are presented for our choice, we see that one is morally better than the other, and we feel bound to choose the better, and that our conduct is judged according to the motives which prompt it. We say that murder is wrong, because, if we murder a man, we have given way to some passion, perhaps of envy or hatred or greed, rather than to the impulse of self-restraint or regard for the rights of others, which we know intuitively to be the better motives. But if, in killing a man, we have chosen our love of honor or the rights of others rather than a cowardly shrinking and suffering what is shameful, as in slaying a tyrant, then we no longer say that the murder is wrong. And so with the Fijian, instanced by Mr. Spencer. If he really considers that murder is a morally good act, it is because, with him, it is a choice between manly courage and dexterity and cowardice or sloth or some such lower motive. The thought of the rights of others has not yet been brought home to him. It is therefore not correct to say that "by

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the hypothesis the wrongness of murder is known by a moral intuition which the human mind was originally constituted to yield." (*Data of Ethics*, p. 39.) The wrongness of murder (when it is wrong) is known by the presence of the lower determining motives, of which, as compared with others, the human mind is constituted to judge. And, of them, this moral insight judges uniformly. So in the case of the Turcoman, and his pride in robbing, there can be no thought of the claim of the rights of others. If there is any moral feeling connected with it at all, it will most likely be a question between skilful manipulation and quickness of action and the courage that will risk the threatened punishment of the law, and on the other hand a sluggish inactivity or clumsiness and fear of the rod or the gallows, in which case the choice of the robber would be judged by us also to be right. But once convince him that this is a base use to put his faculties to, make him feel by the example of nobler men and the power of sympathy that he has no *right* to practise his skill and feed his love of glory at the expense of others, and he will at once see that such self-restraint is better, he will follow the nobler motives, or at any rate feel that he *ought* to do so, and will confess the wrong of his old life of plunder. And the same principle will apply to the lying of the Egyptian and any other such apparent contradiction of moral judgment.

The fact is that, though the action seems to be the same, the thing to be judged by the different people in each of these cases is something altogether distinct, and so it is no wonder if the results are different. We have to find out by experience what particular actions are right and what are wrong. Under different circumstances, the same act constantly appears in an opposite character from this point of view. It is with the motives that the moral insight has to deal; and its immediate recognition of what is noble as distinguished from the bad is, as has been already said, a special endowment of our nature.

If this is borne in mind, the gradual development of the moral life of man will be no matter for surprise. It is only

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by degrees that the various motives have been brought into play, primitive men being confined to the most primitive appetites, passions, and affections, other affections and sentiments being brought into play at a later stage, when there is higher culture. And so men have learned to see further and further into life, discarding their first rude judgments, seeing how mere animal appetites must be subdued, how even the natural love of offspring and nearest friends may sometimes have to yield to higher claims, till at last principles of universal justice and benevolence and reverence for all that is holy take the supreme place in the guidance of life.

The substance of particular acts performed may vary with changed circumstances. New experiences will need new reasonings to regulate our conduct in the right way, but the principles on which our life must be founded will not alter. We may learn to see further, as we now see further than the Turcoman and the Canaanite of old; but, still, truth will be better than falsehood, generosity than meanness and selfishness, self-restraint than cruelty and blind passion, painful self-sacrifice than complacent time-serving and refined sensualism; for these contrasts rest on the eternal law of God, they never have been and they never will be different.

The feeling we have of the moral worth of various motives and the lines of conduct to which they prompt is something quite distinct from any other feeling, and cannot be reduced to terms of preference for pleasurable feeling. It is not a question of quantity of pleasure, but of kind. The pleasure derived from moral faithfulness is unique in kind, and often there seems to be no pleasure at all connected with such faithfulness; and we cannot stop to ask whether there really will be any, and yet we know it ought to be chosen. For instance, we say that generosity is better than selfishness; and we do not mean that a man really gets more happiness by being generous, since it gains him friends and he has thus a wider range of enjoyment and receives kindness in return. This is all perfectly true; and it is true also that, if every one were generous and there were no self-

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ishness in the world; every one would be a great deal happier than he is. But, nevertheless, this is not our meaning, when we say that generosity is morally better than selfishness. We mean that the man who is generous is in himself a better man than the other: he is guided by a nobler principle. And if there were two men who knew that in an hour they must both die and that no other future awaited them, so that the generous man could look for no reward in the gratitude of friends and the selfish man need fear no painful results of his self-indulgence, still we should say that the generous man was better than the selfish, simply because he chose to order his life by a principle of action which is morally higher. We could not say it brought more happiness; for the selfish man might be revelling in luxury of every kind, and the generous man might be quietly doing some act of kindness and self-denial with no very strong emotion and perhaps a sense of weariness at heart, and yet we should not hesitate to say that his conduct was morally the better of the two. It is because we feel that there is a distinct moral quality in each kind of conduct, and that one is worthier than the other. It is simply an inversion of the true order to say that, because one kind of conduct brings most happiness, therefore it is morally best. When there is any question of morality at all, it is just the other way: we feel that one course of action is morally better than another; and, therefore, it brings more happiness. The moral quality determines the happiness, and not *vice versa.* The best happiness comes from a sense of duty well done, from faithful allegiance to noble principle even in the midst of pain.

That this is so is clear also from the fact that, if you argue with a hedonist that, according to his theory, a man who gets a huge bulk of sensual enjoyment is morally better than a man who from scanty opportunity gets only a little unselfish pleasure, he immediately replies that of course unselfish pleasure is of an immeasurably finer quality than the sensual, and therefore a little of it goes a long way; thus granting that there are different kinds of pleasure which we

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distinguish, and that the purest kind is that which accompanies the highest moral excellence. And he does not see that this is to give up his whole contention and to allow that, in thus judging of the relative worth of different kinds of pleasure, man is exercising that moral faculty, which he supposes to be non-existent.

Perhaps the point at which every theory most certainly fails, that does not recognize a special moral endowment of our nature, is reached in the interpretation of the feeling of obligation. We feel *bound* to do what we see to be best. We know we ought always to follow the highest motive to action. For instance, we know that it is better to be truthful than deceitful: we know that we ought to give up our own selfish ease for the sake of doing what will benefit our fellow-men. Two courses are open to us: we know that one is morally better than the other, and that we ought to choose it. Such feeling of obligation, if Mr. Spencer's theory were correct, would amount simply to this: that, since either we or our ancestors have found by experience that the conduct which is called better is more conducive to complete life and happiness than the other, it is to our advantage to choose it. We should not be justified in saying, "We *ought* to choose it"; for there is no place in the theory for that word *ought*. Why *ought* we to choose what is most conducive to complete life and happiness? Why *ought* we to care for life at all? Doubtless, we find it pleasant, and so do care for it; but that does not make it our duty to do so. Neither out of the experience of resultant pleasure can we derive obligation to care for others. Why ought a man to help his neighbors and try to make them happy too? Suppose he prefers his own sensual ease, and no motives of prudent forethought for the providing of other pleasures in the future and the warding off of painful consequences appeal to him. He says he has more pleasure so; and therefore, according to your standard, he is morally better. You must not say that other people have less pleasure through his conduct; and, therefore, it is morally bad. If pleasure is the only standard, and there is no moral judgment presup-

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posed and no obligation to think of others, it is his own pleasure alone that he need care about, and of that he is the only judge, so he remains morally blameless! All that can be reached by the happiness theory is the conviction that in the long run it really answers better to give up some of our own desires, to forego some immediate gratification, to sacrifice our pleasure to those of others,— that is, to *pretend* to be unselfish,— because experience shows that in this way, all things taken together, we get most pleasure. But, out of this incentive to prudence and self-restraint for the sake of the larger gain, we cannot get the recognition of the claim of the moral law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and the feeling of obligation that we *ought* to care for others.

Mr. Spencer's account of obligation (*Data of Ethics*, pp. 124–129) is perfectly natural from the premises on which his reasoning is based; but the feeling of which he traces the history is hardly recognizable as the genuine obligation felt by a moral nature. It is said to be compounded of the idea of authoritativeness and the sense of coerciveness; and this idea of authoritativeness is derived from the effort which is needed for the relinquishment of immediate pleasures for the sake of those more remote and general, because they are seen to result in most happiness at last, the sense of coerciveness being derived from experience of political, religious, and social restraints,— that is, the punishment of whatever kind inflicted by other people on those who set themselves in opposition to the welfare of the majority. Obligation is therefore a feeling of constraint, owing to the fact that the agent is not yet quite convinced or has not yet become accustomed to the thought that certain actions will be ultimately for his happiness, though the general opinion is that they will; and I suppose he is inclined to trust their superior wisdom and wider experience, and added to this an unwillingness to incur the unpleasant effects of opposition to the general opinion. So, of course, as soon as he is fully educated and his life is completely adapted to its very complex environment, so that he does

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everything because he is quite sure it will be for his best happiness, and he is quite in harmony with the wise majority, the feeling of obligation oppresses him no more. There is no more question of duty: it is all pleasure.

But is this the feeling a man has, when he recognizes the paramount claim of truth and purity of life upon him? Is not obligation to him rather a simple feeling that such a life must be chosen because of its inherent excellence,— because, knowing what is right and what is wrong, he is impelled by a power moving within him, disregard of which brings compunction to him to choose always the right? When duty becomes a delight and the good is chosen from pure love of it, obligation is no longer felt in the same way as when there was a struggle with lower motives, and its prompting was not at once followed. There is the difference between a love that passionately struggles for its object, not being yet sure of gaining it, and a love assured in its possession after victory. But, still, obligation is not at an end: it is still there, the guardian of the authority of the moral law. The man knows he is doing what he ought, though it cost him no effort, and that he may choose no other course,— not because he prefers this, but because it is in harmony with the law of righteousness.

Like our sense of the moral worth of various motives, the feeling of obligation cannot be resolved into any simpler elements. It, too, is unique in our nature. It is due to the fact that our life is not our own to make or mar as we please. It is not merely a matter of private preference, for there is One over all, who has given us our life and has ordered our lot in the midst of this universe, in the laws of which as well as in the inward laws of our own being he reveals to us something of his will. It cannot be said, of course, that all men are aware of the presence of God in this way. But it is acknowledged by all who have become conscious of any moral relations in their life at all that there is an authority in moral injunctions, which is something altogether different from the compulsion that might be brought to bear on a community by the majority who

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had agreed that certain customs should be observed. It is not of themselves. They did not make the right, and they cannot alter it. Neither can they escape from its claim on their obedience. And these facts are inexplicable on any other theory than that there is in the very constitution of our nature a law of righteousness, which we recognize with ever-growing clearness as of Him who gave us life and to whom our obedience is due. The intrinsic excellence of the law of righteousness is made known to us immediately: no considerations from outside can establish it. Merely to say that it is the will of God does not make it righteous, but the fact that we see it is righteous convinces us that it is divine. For such a law, which relates only to the personal life of free agents, can only be the expression of a personal being. And it is a law which man has not made and could not make: therefore, it is of God. That man could not make it is clear, when we consider the character of the law. All great moral injunctions are found inwoven with the very texture of our life, which we did not make and cannot alter. All that men can do is to recognize the law that is already there, to proclaim it and enforce it to the best of their ability. If it were not so, men might make and unmake moral laws at pleasure, by a mere consensus of opinion and persistence in making the will of the majority felt. But this we know is impossible. If a whole nation assembled in solemn conclave were to agree that henceforth meanness and cruelty should be virtues and generosity and compassion vices, and were to inflict severe penalties on all who indulged in the latter, they could no more alter the fact that generosity and compassion are virtues than they could command the sun to stand still. It rests with a higher will than ours what things are right and what wrong, even the will of Him who, in the beginning, ordered heaven and earth and all that they contain in harmony with his own righteousness and love. And the part of man is to trust in him, and order his own personal life in accordance with that holy law.

No other theory than this accounts in the least for the

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phenomena of self-sacrifice and the genuine passion of allegiance to truth and righteous principle which we meet with constantly in the history of our race. Men have gone to the stake, they have lain long years in loathsome dungeons, rather than make a false confession of faith. Others have given up all the joy of cherished friendships, all the advantages of social regard, and have devoted themselves to the search for truth and the preaching of it, fearless of any consequence. And who shall number the glorious host of those who have laid down their lives that others might live or be sheltered from some grievous harm, whether on the battle-field, on the foundering ship, in the plague-stricken city, or through long and patient watching in the sick-room. In all these and in many other ways, men and women have sacrificed all hope of happiness and even life itself out of simple allegiance to what they saw to be right and good, asking no question, but acting according to the prompting of the voice within.

It is false to say that such people have never acted in this way without an assured sense that they would not lose their reward, that this would certainly secure for them the greater felicity of heaven. If there is any truth in human nature, these things have been done over and over again just for their own sake, with no thought of any reward at all, often by those who had no faith in any life to come. Call it impulse or passion or what you will, they have acted out of the abundant love and devotion of their own nature, knowing that such sacrifice was in itself nobler than the pursuit of any other object which might promise to lead them to much more happiness. There is the law, which says in their hearts compassion is better than selfishness, generous self-sacrifice is better than mean self-seeking, allegiance to truth is better than cowardly conformity to conventional opinion for the sake of the favor of the world and a prosperous career. And obedience to this law they know to be their duty, whatever be the cost.

Now, if our life is a development out of altogether unmoral elements, and our only aim is the securing of as

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much happiness as possible, what is called morality being only the latest discovery of the best means thereto, if there is no law of holiness claiming our obedience from above, what do these things mean? What is the meaning of the answering emotion in the heart at the record of these things, the spontaneous confession that here humanity has reached its highest level, that those who have thus borne the cross and endured the shame are the true leaders of men, the brightest light of the world? Such enthusiasm is surely rather a mistake. It is a question whether there is need of such self-sacrifice, whether it is not asking too much of any individual, and in fact what no cool-headed, reasonable man, thoroughly aware of the real end of life, would think of rendering! And, even if this sacrifice of some is regarded as an unfortunate necessity in upholding principles which are profitable to the whole, the most we can do is to pity these people whom a luckless chance singled out as victims to the public good, and perhaps be grateful to those who willingly offered themselves, having at the same time a strong feeling of thankfulness that we were not in their place. Any loftier feeling would be out of place in reference to what is only an unfortunate contingency in the imperfect adaptation of means to end.

The more rational view, however, according to the premises, would seem to be that there was no need for such ultra-conscientiousness. If every human animal has as much right to the chance of a healthy life and the attendant pleasurable feeling as any other, and that is all it need care about, why should one lay down its life for another?

Why should Winkelried at Sempach rush upon the Austrian lances, and by his death open a way for the freedom of his country? What advantage was it to him, who could have no share in the happy consequence? Might he not have waited and hoped for victory in some less disastrous way to himself, or would not life, even under Austrian rule, have been preferable to no life at all? There surely would have been *some* pleasure to be got out of it. Why should Sergeant Brett, in the days of the Fenian disturbances in

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Manchester, refuse to give up the keys of the prison-van and rather be shot at his post, when in any case there was no chance of keeping his prisoners from escape? Why should a daughter sacrifice a bright future of love and the music of her children's voices yet to be, for the sake of staying with an aged parent who needs her help? Why may she not take her pleasure and leave the other, who perhaps has had her full share, to shift now as best she may? Why would the voice of remorse and shame make it impossible for her to be truly happy in her new home, and poison every promised joy at the memory of duty left undone? Why should Thomas More be imprisoned in the Tower and die on the scaffold for the sake of a few words he would not utter, when he might be in favor with the king, and go back to his delightful home at Chelsea and the wide circle of his friends? What is truth? Could he not dissemble and appear to be a good Protestant according to the king's mind, and would he not thus reap a far larger harvest in many years of life and happiness? If only the shame of faithlessness would not have poisoned every joy and have made him unworthy of the love that was so lavished on him! When Regulus returned from Carthage and the Romans could not accept the terms of peace he brought, why should he go back to a certain cruel death? What compulsion was there? Could a mere promise to an enemy weigh against the advantage of deliverance from torture, a new lease of life, the joy of all his friends, and perhaps great profit to his country? If only he could silence the solemn voice within, which warned him of the sacredness of the promise he had made and of honor which is more precious than life itself!

On the theory that one's own happiness must be the first consideration, and that by this all other duties (!) are ultimately determined, there is no reason for such conduct as this. Surely, it is a strange infatuation, a most undoubted error of judgment. It is not safe to indulge in too much admiration of such heroism, lest we be led into a like mistake.

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It is difficult to see how the experienced philosopher accounts for these things. It is not conceivable that the ancestors of Regulus should have observed so keenly the uncomfortable results of breaking promises, which had so often interfered with their legitimate pleasures, and for their own part had so seldom gained any satisfactory pleasure from such unfaithfulness as to have become convinced that it must never be tolerated, even when it might seem an advantageous thing to do, and so have induced in their offspring a blind instinct which prompted the sacrifice of life rather than a breach of faith. And, if it were conceivable, it would, according to the theory, be a most unfortunate result; for, without the prior intuition of the worth of faithfulness and the nobler kind of pleasure experienced in an upright life, it is by no means so certain from experience that the result in pleasurable feeling from faithfulness would always outweigh that which accompanies a breach of faith. Indeed, the opposite would evidently very often seem to be the case.

Doubtless, the ancestors of Regulus had been truth-loving men. They had recognized its worth, and he inherited from them a nature susceptible to the appeals of truth. But neither he nor they made the law, nor was it merely a maxim of worldly prudence that such holding to one's word gives more happiness at last. No consensus of the judgments of prudence inherited through however many generations, till the luckless offspring knows nothing of the meaning of its instinct, can adequately account for the faithfulness of the martyrs of every age. Long before this wise speculation as to the end of life and the means of securing the greatest amount of happiness had any hold on the minds of men, they had heard the solemn voice of duty and obeyed. Even in the rude and ignorant ages of the world's childhood, the God of holiness was over all, slowly preparing the way in the hearts of men for the complete recognition of his law, speaking to them in tones which perhaps they only dimly understood, but which they knew carried a supreme authority which they could not disobey without

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falling into sin. The beauty of holiness, the worth of truth and purity and charity were revealed to them as ideal aims long before their common life had reached so high a level, and before experience could have taught them the supposed lessons of metamorphosed selfishness and prudence.

I have now shown to the best of my ability the grounds for the opinion expressed at the beginning of this paper. If the doctrine of evolution were content to point out how human life has been developed in ever-growing complexity, and how with this development has gone hand in hand an increasing insight into the moral law that is recognized as inwoven with our life, that would be good service done. But if, as it appears to do, it claims to do away with the old reverence and to put a new and feeble meaning into language which has been the strength and inspiration of the world's heroes, because it gave utterance to the noblest feelings of the human heart, then I think we should beware of its too plausible reasoning, and not give way to the charm of the new theory, but look well to the facts of life and see what they imply, so that whatever theory we hold shall be in complete harmony with them. As far as I understand the doctrine of evolution, it seems that the environment plays an exceedingly important part in the development of every form of life. When the point is reached at which man becomes responsible for his conduct, it appears to me that, in order to give a true account of his moral life, it must be acknowledged that in his environment (if that can be called environment which is a spiritual presence at the very centre of his being, and yet not himself) there is now an active power which is in contact with his spirit, and awakens him to a sense of the moral worth of conduct and the obligation to continued effort after righteousness. To acknowledge this would be to confess that the God of righteousness is present with his children, revealing to them his holy law; and it would be one thing more that we could say we know about the "Unknowable." But, if the facts of life demand it, surely the confession should be made.

V. D. DAVIS.

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THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND JACOB.

The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.— Exod. iii., 6

This threefold designation of Jehovah is familiar to both the Old and the New Testament. In this third chapter of Exodus, in Jehovah's words to Moses, it occurs not less than three times, as though it had a peculiar significance. To the patriotic Hebrew, it well might have peculiar force. Were not Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob his ancestors? Their God,— was not Jehovah the divine author and shepherd of all of Israel's history? As their God, did not he indicate their children as his peculiar people? As such, the pious Hebrew heart might naturally swell with pride and joy as he meditated on and worshipped the God of his fathers.

But, if he were a Hebrew of nobler and broader type, it might strike him that Jacob alone was exclusively the ancestor of his people, and that, therefore, only the God of Jacob was peculiarly the God of Israel. For was not Isaac the father of Esau as well as of Jacob, and the God of Isaac the God also of all of Esau's children as well as of Jacob's? And, farther and wider yet, Abraham was father not only of Isaac, but of Ishmael and the children of Keturah. The God of Abraham, then, would be the God not only of Isaac's children, but of all the generations that sprang from Ishmael and Keturah as well. As Abraham, moreover, was to be "a father of many nations," and as in him should "all the families of the earth be blessed," the thought might flash at last on the devout Hebrew's mind that in the words, "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob," he spoke not merely the petty thought of the God of one people, but the mighty thought of the God of all the nations of the earth.

Here, then, as the first expansion of the text, we have suggested the idea of the God of all nations; and, because of all, the special one of each: though called Brahm, Osiris, Jahve, Zeus, Allah, Lord, the One "over all, through all, and in us all."

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Will the question arise: "Why should God be called by any human name?" Then let us remember that the name grew from human need. It seemed to bring God nearer to man. In Israel's case, too, it meant more than merely a name for God. It was a condensed history. It gathered up the Hebrew people's past into the thought of God. It was compact with national life. While it lived, Israel's story could not die. It glowed with patriotic feeling. Should not we feel a thrill, if, in any high, peculiar sense, we could speak of the God of Washington or the God of America? Should we not be pardonable if, in any noble way, we had borne testimony to him when others denied him, and thus had kept alive for mankind the thought of one God, and one forever worthy of man's highest worship? Have we outgrown the idea of national deities? Could we not speak of the God of Washington or America without feeling narrow and cheap? Let God be praised, if so it be. Let God be praised, if we always think of him as the God of all. But have we outgrown the narrowness of saying: "All the gods of the nations are idols"? Cannot that shallow statement still be found in Christian prayer-books as well as in the ancient Hebrew Bible? Do not even men of culture and intelligence among us still talk of the American Church and the American religion,—as though there could be more than one real Church or more than one real religion; as though the whole world did not, in reality, worship one and the same God? Still, even men calling themselves Christians look askance at all the other religions of the world, and are found ready to send the believers in those religions into everlasting hopelessness and misery,—as though he whom they call Master and Lord had not said, "They shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." (Luke xiii., 29.)

Let us now look at the points of the text itself. They may disclose matter of practical human interest as fresh and living to-day as when they were first given to Moses.

1. The first is suggested in the words "the God of Abraham."

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To this designation one could hardly take exception. We naturally put God and good men together. Who does not say Amen to Tennyson's noble line: —

"In God and godlike men we place our trust"?

Abraham stands in the world's story as one of the "godlike men." A striking and venerable figure he is. What a power he must have been to shine as he shines through all the mists and glooms of ages! Three of the great religions speak his name with admiring reverence,— the religions of Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. His tomb is one of the resorts of the world's pilgrimage to-day. Man of faith,— faithful to the highest that he knew,— "father of the faithful"; a prophetic man, rightly called a prophet, because living unto that righteousness which has the future as well as the present in its care; in his virtue how large and wise and calm, a certain Socratic grandeur about him,— the grandeur of a strong, large, rounded nobleness! how handsome and august a form is his! So grand and august, as seen through the telescope of the ages, is virtue always.

How close is the connection between such as he and God! Such as he could not, would not, be without a God. No God were for him an impossibility. And his God would naturally be of the best,— the God of goodness, beauty, truth; the God of the saint, the prophet, the hero, the God of promise, of the highest life, of the ever-greatening possibility of holiness, of all that we can conceive as worthy of Deity.

All this is suggested in the words "the God of Abraham."

2. Of "the God of Isaac" we cannot say the same as of "the God of Abraham." For Isaac is not another Abraham. In his presence, we cannot call Abraham the "great father of a greater son." He is not even his father's peer. In him there is decline. The robust individuality of Abraham is not there. He plainly is no leader of men. Apparently a good man, his goodness seems inherited and traditional rather than original. The traditions of family or tribe seem stronger with him than moral principle, as with us

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the fashion is how often a higher law than righteousness; else had he promptly revoked the blessing stolen by Jacob's deceit, and given it where it justly belonged, to Esau. But, still, his old heart went out to Esau in his misery; and he gave him what blessing he felt he had left to give. Quiet, thrifty, well-to-do, too simple-minded and honest to be suspicious and jealous of his neighbors, yielding rather than aggressive, a man of peace and not of strife, he may be called a type of the average or the mediocre man.

"The God of Isaac." One might almost ask, What did he want of a God? Was not this world enough for him? Abraham could not do without one. For Abraham had great thoughts and high aspirations. His outlook went far beyond his flocks and herds, and the land in which he dwelt. Within him he felt that there was a soul to be fed, answered, satisfied, as only by a God a soul can be. Hence, God was a necessity for Abraham. He who least seemed to need a God, so strong, so masterful, so wise, so good was he in himself, could least of all do without a God. He must meet God everywhere, else were the universe around and the life within him a hopeless riddle. But this might hardly be the case with Isaac. God does not seem an imperative necessity to all his life. We can easily imagine his being content with this life,—this world large enough, its good things good enough, its response to his questions satisfactory enough for him. We can conceive of his saying: "The present suffices me. Why trouble myself about the future? Another world? Let me make what I may of this." Had he been original enough, we could even conceive of his asking if man needed a God at all?

On the whole, Isaac is not an especially interesting character. He has none of his father's dignity and grandeur. Of himself, he will make no clear mark in the world. Most men will call him commonplace, perhaps a little dull. Why, then, was he put between Abraham and Jacob? Why was he not simply omitted? "The God of Isaac,"—what special value could that term have?

Does not what has now been said suggest a striking force

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in it? Shall God be the God of only the good, the saintly, the heroic, the remarkable? How often men speak as though he should, as though none others could interest him, and only for such he could care. They who feel so are such as this way of feeling peculiarly imperils. In how many does it feed an already inordinate conceit? How many shy, obscure, diffident souls feel that they amount to nothing, that they are nobodies, for no man takes account of them? How easy it is for them to wonder if they are of any moment to God? They know that they need him. They need him as deeply as any can. They feel that, if man takes no note of them or despises them because they are commonplace and uninteresting, their one hope is in God. They know that it is not in themselves. Gladly would they be somewhat, but know not how to make themselves such. If God hold them not as such, their case is hard. On him alone rests their assurance of life, growth, attainment.

In view of such as these, how inspiring a thought is suggested in the words "the God of Isaac"! The God of Isaac will not disdain, overlook, or fail them. He cares for, he observes, he has a purpose for them all. His law is on them all. He accepts, seeks, prizes the love and service of them all. He would "miss [his] little human praise," were the accustomed praise of the obscurest and most insignificant-seeming of them all withheld. None can be so commonplace, dull, uninteresting, homely, despised, or neglected as to be lost sight of by him. And this not only since Jesus Christ came, for it has always been,—only since his time brought into clearer light.

In "the God of Isaac," then, we have the God of the quiet, the obscure, the unnoted, of the "rank and file" of human kind, of the little child. And this God is not a different one from the God of Abraham, but the very same.

3. What now of "the God of Jacob"? How can the God of Abraham, the eminently good, and of Isaac, the commonplace, be the God of Jacob too?

Surely, Jacob cannot justly be called a good man. Keen

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he was, and sharp and quick of wit, but not brave, not high-minded, far from being a noble pattern of a man. He certainly is not dull. He may in some ways be thought striking,—too striking, in fact, for one so little good to wholesomely be. True, he had his piety; but does it not look like the piety of a coward and a thief, the piety of dread? How cruelly, with what robber spirit, he imposed on the necessities of his older, simple-minded, honest, and kind-hearted brother? How knavishly he misused his trust to advance his fortunes at his father-in-law's expense! With what mean wickedness he cheated his blind old father, that he might rob his brother of the blessing that was justly his! It is amazing to think of such a one as he giving his name to and being looked upon as the head of a nation.

But there is the word "the God of Jacob." One would not think Jacob would want a God. What could he do with one? Rather would he, we should think, want God out of the way. There would be no interfering with his schemes then. Could he but know there was none! But he did not know that. He feared that there might be one. He was afraid not to have one. Thus, in his fearing way, he testified how great was his need of one. Since he must have one, he must carefully cultivate him. He becomes thus conspicuous for devotion. Forget his God,—not he! He would not dare do that. His devotion might the better cloak his selfish schemings. It has atoned for them to many from that time to this, among them multitudes of so-called followers of Jesus, and has hidden from them the true character of the man. Worse than that, it has caused him to be held up to honor, and set forth as an example. Neither of these ought he to be. We ought not to call him good. His example is not one to follow.

Easy were it to say that a man like this does not deserve a good God; that one very harsh and rough would be good enough for him. And this may be true. Deserve a good God? Deserve a good anything? Ah! who does? Surely, Tennyson says rightly:—

> "For merit lives from man to man,
> And not from man, O Lord, to thee."

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But, though deserving the worst, does not such a man *need* the very best? Would not a bad one make his case desperate? Who but a good one could save him unto worthiness?

Here is the glorious pathos of this word "the God of Jacob." God loves too well to refuse it for his own. Not from indifference to right and wrong does he permit the name, but because, after all, Jacob was a man. If bad, if mean, selfish, dishonest, cold-blooded, he was still a man. As such, he had a man's needs; ay, all the more and the sorer because of his badness. If Abraham or Isaac could do without God, Jacob certainly could not. God was his one redeeming hope. Knowing himself a sharper, he could not trust himself: he would deceive, he would outwit himself. His good brother he dreaded, as justly his enemy, because more than once, and outrageously, he had cheated him. Whom can he trust who is himself a knave? If in God, then, he had no hope, his case were dark indeed. Verily, he needed God with an intense and terrible need. He was too shrewd not to know it. Apparently, he knew it well. Though his religion was like himself, we need not doubt that it was real and genuine, so far as it went. It was not of the best kind. It was not high, beautiful, uplifting, pure. It did not ring with clarion cheer. It did not bloom with fragrant and delicate graces. It was not the religion of Jesus. But it was religion. It was the best he knew or could know then. Poor though it was, it kept him open to the thought of God. While a man holds to that thought, he is not hopelessly lost. It is easy for a man to let himself get lost. How commonly do bad men speak of God as only for the good, not for the bad! Good men too often foster the idea. In some places, the Bible fosters it. Do not preachers often the same? Does not the Bible say, "He scorneth the scorners," "To the froward I will show myself froward"? And are not men taught that the more they recede from God the more he recedes from them? On this basis, God becomes, so to speak, the religious luxury of the good merely; and, when the bad man awakes to his need of

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God, he awakes also to the dreadful consciousness that for him God is impossible. He thinks that, because he has been God's enemy, God must be his enemy. Frightful, abominable mistake! As though God could be any creature's enemy! As though he could be enemy, save to that which is hostile to the good of all!

This blessed thing is said in the ancient word "the God of Jacob." God is God not only of the good, but also of the bad. Thus in "the God of Jacob" there is the prophecy and promise of Jesus and his gospel, not always apprehended, but spoken always, and to be disclosed fully at last when he came who was "to seek and save that which was lost." In presence of this fact, is it wonder that "the God of Jacob," through its great unconscious prophecy, should get spoken with a pathos and a frequency such as "the God of Abraham" and "the God of Isaac" could scarcely equal?

In this threefold word of our text, then, we have not only indicated the God of each and all the nations; but in Abraham, the God of the greatly wise and true and good; in Isaac, the God of the obscure, the commonplace, the average; and in Jacob, the God of the selfish, the low, the lost: in other words, the God of Righteousness, of Providence, and of Redemption.

All this lay in this ancient name for God. But more remained. When Jesus took up the time-honored designation, he crowned it with its final glory. Flashing on it one illuminating word, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," he disclosed in it an unconscious testimony to the immortality of man. In him, its sublime sweep comprises both the living and the dead, suggesting that in God there are no dead: "for all live unto him." Thus, in Jesus, God is the God of universal man,—in this world, in all worlds, now and in the "great unending future,"—our God forever and ever. What a divine wealth of meaning thus glorifies the ancient word "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob"!

What has been said means more than it seems to mean.

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Will it be said that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are past and gone, and their names mean nothing now? Oh! do not their types remain? If the living Abrahams be few, can that be said of the living Isaacs and Jacobs? Are they not to be numbered by myriads and millions, and that not in the Hebrew Israel, but in the larger Israel of America and mankind? Can we recognize no likeness to anything we see? Does no Nathan say to any living David: "Thou art the man"?

Let us enter into this larger thought. The more deeply we do so, the more shall we revere and love that God who, though high above the highest, despises and overlooks none, and seeks and saves even the lowest.

F. FROTHINGHAM.

THE RELIGIOUS GENIUS OF THE RACES.

I.

In the study of the religions of the world, we find many interesting contrasts; but perhaps none more striking than that between the religious ideas that have come down to us in the Zend-Avesta and those that have been disclosed to us in the cuneiform inscriptions, which have been excavated from the mounds where once flourished the great cities of Media and Assyria. In the Zend-Avesta, we find the most intense and vigorous moral tone and a faith almost monotheistic. In the cuneiform inscriptions, on the other hand, we see a gross polytheism, full of magic ceremonies and worship of idols; and, what is worse, we find human sacrifices and impure rites to have been common occurrences. What is the source of this difference? The physical features of Western Persia supply nothing adequate to explain the diversity; and the social conditions of the Iranians were not radically different from those of the people of Akkad and Assyria,—certainly not superior. The leadership in civilization was in fact with the latter; and, as far as that availed, we should expect to find their religion the more elevated. The explanation of these diverse relig-

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ious tendencies must be sought in other sources than those supplied by physical environment or social, political, or moral conditions.

Again, for another, though converse illustration, look at the traits that characterize the religions of the various aboriginal tribes of our American continent. What striking similarity among them, what distinctive family features, and yet what great variety of climate, what differences in fertility of soil and grade of barbarism or semi-civilization in the different parts of North and South America! What else can explain this marked resemblance between the faiths of these many widely separated tribes than the fact which most ethnologists recognize, that they all belong to a single, well-defined race.

The evolution of religion cannot then be explained merely by those external physical and social influences, in which some writers rest.

It is necessary to add to the differentiating factors of the religious evolution such factors as will explain these phenomena we have noticed. They are not to be found by looking outwardly, about man. Their seat is within, in the native faculty or disposition with which each race or nation or individual comes to the experiences of life. We may call them, then, the organic or internal variables.

Foremost is that of race. Each great division into which the ethnologists divide the human family — the black, brown, red, yellow, and white races — have specific intellectual and emotional traits. Each has, therefore, a distinct religious genius. And, among the various minor ethnological divisions, the various nations are often distinguished by characteristic religious tendencies.

"The daughter of a crab," says the African proverb, "does not give birth to a bird." Or, as the Brahman says, more poetically, "The stroke written on the forehead by Vishnu, Brahma, Siva, or any other of the gods, can never be washed out."

So it is with these inherited religious tendencies. Though scientific theory would derive these originally from physical,

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social, or political conditions, yet, when once ingrained in the national constitution, they are transmitted and increased from generation to generation, and are independent of time, place, or social gradation. They have become, henceforth, forces, having their own unmistakable influence, and not further analyzable. Instead of fading out before civilization, their peculiarities seem to be brought forth more prominently by it.

The great races into which the ethnologists divide mankind are five in number: 1. The black, or African; 2. the brown, or Australoid; 3. the red, or that of the American Indians; 4. the yellow, or Mongoloid; 5. the white, or Mediterranean, with its three great branches,— the Hamites, the Semites, and Aryans.

Now, if we take the first three of these,— the black, the brown, and the red,—and compare them with the two latter, we see marked differences. The first three have probably been as long resident on the earth as the two latter. They have occupied climates as favorable for civilization as the latter, but they have never developed any high civilization. The best that they have done is to reach in the neighborhood of Lake Tschad in Africa, and in some of the favored Pacific islands, the higher levels of barbarism; and, in Mexico and Central America and Peru, a semi-civilization that attained to picture-writing, but not to alphabetic records.

Deficient, therefore, as it would seem, in the higher mental faculties necessary for the development of civilization, it is not strange that they should not have developed religion to any high range. The general characteristic of the religion of these races is poly-spiritism, or — to use the term that Tylor has introduced — animism; *i.e.*, belief in the existence of numberless spirits about man, able to move freely through earth and air, and to make themselves visible to man, either of their own accord or when summoned by spells, and to whom are due all strange phenomena that strike the eye. The spirits are also thought to take up their abode, either temporarily or permanently, in some object,— whether living or lifeless, it matters not; and this

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object, as endowed with higher power, is then worshipped or employed to protect individuals or communities. It becomes, that is, a fetich-god.

Of these numberless spirits, it is only the powerful — those on which man feels himself dependent, and before which he stands in awe — that acquire the rank of divine beings and objects of worship. The evil spirits not infrequently secure more homage than the good; and, generally, the individual, the earthly spirits, whose connection with man's fortunes is the more palpable, receive more adoration than the abstract, celestial, and highly exalted divinities.

The religion has little connection with moral conduct; but magic — the practice of rites which are regarded as spells, giving power over the spirits, disarming their anger, or otherwise crippling their dreadful power — is much used. Hence abound among these races magicians, medicine-men, systems of propitiation or communication with the unseen powers, mysteries, and circles or brotherhoods of the initiated.

There seems to be a more general and firmer belief in a life after death than among the white races; but the ghost-life and its character have less connection with the kind of life led on earth than in those nations among the higher races where faith in immortality appears. In exceptional tribes and exceptional conditions among each of these races, religion has risen to much higher ideas of God and worship, — ideas so high in one or two instances that, as Waitz says, "If we do not like to call them monotheists, we may at least say of them that they have come very near to the boundaries of true monotheism."

Take the conception of the Supreme God found among the aborigines of the Society Islands: "He was. Taaroa was his name. He abode in the void. No earth, no sky, no men. Taaroa calls, but none answers; and, alone existing, he became the Universe. The props of the world are Taaroa; the rocks are Taaroa; the sands are Taaroa. It is thus he himself is named."

But such lofty flights of the religious instinct are very rare indeed among these races. The general level is that

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one far below it which I have described, and by which they are separated by a wide gap from the Mongoloid and white races.

And, now that we have compared the general religious plane of these three races with that of the higher races, let us compare them one with another.

As their notions concerning religion are thus in general crude and superstitious, there would naturally be less special and characteristic developments, less differentiations one from another, than is found in the faiths of the more civilized nations. Nevertheless, we can discern between the religious ideas and customs of these three lower races differences of a decidedly specific character. We find, *e.g.*, in the brown race, more especially in the Polynesian tribes, a development of the imaginative faculty quite superior to that of the other two; and, in accordance with this, we find their religion distinguished by its luxuriant mythology. The powers of nature are personified, and the processes of nature dramatized with a poetic richness of which we hardly find the counterpart till we reach the great Aryan mythologies.

Passing on to the black race, "we find the joyous, careless temperament of the negro reflected," as Tiele says, "in his religion as clearly as the sombre, melancholy character of the American Indian in his." The negroes are affectionate and social; and we find among them ancestor worship flourishing, and reverence for animals prominent.

The red race, with their taciturnity and stoical indifference to pain, smile at sufferings which bring anguish to more sensitively organized races. Not unnaturally, therefore, in their religious rites we find bloody ceremonies, extraordinary fasts and self-tortures, adopted as grateful to their gods, or as the signs and seal of sacred character.

In the black, red, and brown races, as we just observed, animistic ideas and usages generally characterize religion. When we come to the yellow, or Mongoloid, race,— or, as some prefer to call it, the Turanian race,— we come to one in which social progress has reached far higher levels. In at

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least half a dozen nations of this stock, the ancient Etruscans, the Chinese, and the people of ancient Akkad,—the predecessors of the Chaldeans, and founders of Mesopotamian civilization,—and in later times in the Finns, Turks, Japanese, Siamese, etc.,—a high grade of civilization has been attained.

Originally, the Mongoloids seem to have been spread over most of Asia and Europe. Wherever the Aryan and Semitic nations migrated, they found the Mongoloids already settled, and from them much of ancient civilization was derived. The race is one distinguished for intelligence, industrial power, and social capacity. We find among them, accordingly, religion much more elevated than in either the black, brown, or red races.

Among them there is, to be sure, animism in abundance still to be seen. The spirits of ancestors are believed to hover about the tomb or shrine consecrated to them, and to have great influence over the destinies of their descendants. He who would prosper must not neglect their worship. Every heavenly body, each great object or feature of the earth, every city, tribe, class, family, has its animating spirit or guardian divinity. These spirits are continually consulted by various divinatory processes, and their aid sought by means of a great variety of magic rites. But, above all these, rise the greater gods of earth and heaven, of whom all the others are servants.

The Mongoloids seem, as a general thing, to be lacking in imagination. As they appear to us in their best known representatives, the Chinese and Japanese, they exhibit a talent for analysis and details, are steady-going and formal, attentive to the concrete, but with little taste or ability for the ideal, for comprehensive grasp or sympathetic constructiveness. Their genius is for the practical, the useful, the embodied form, seeking to make the most of the earth, and with little curiosity about higher things, except as these are supposed to have a bearing on their temporal interests.

Now, we find in their religion the same traits. It is prosaic, dull, utilitarian, narrow of compass, and mediocre in

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range; as Matthew Arnold would say, "a religion of the Philistines," not of the children of sweetness and light. Its mythology is barren. It seems to have been nipped in the bud by this frosty atmosphere. We miss all that picturesque dramatization of the nature forces, in which they take living form and present such vigorous or graceful impersonations, such romantic or beneficent careers, such piquant or pathetic episodes, as we find in the literatures of the Aryan nations.

The conception of Deity was petrified before it had hardly got beyond the animistic stage, and is, therefore, devoid of majesty, fulness, or grace. The gods are mostly guardian spirits, each the patron of some class of phenomena, kind of object, art, district, city, or family. They are worshipped, not out of grateful impulse, but from prudent calculation.

Religion with the Chinese — whose religion we may take as the fullest development of Mongoloid faith — is a matter of policy and self-advantage, not of spontaneous feeling. It is for the people's sake or a man's personal benefit, not for the deities; and there is a strange indifference to other aspects of religion than those which may be of practical profit.

It is domestic and civic, not ecclesiastical, therefore. Divination and sorcery, and all sorts of magic practices to get desired advantages from the spirits, abound, and have, of course, their skilled professors of the black art, sorcerers, shamans, and soothsayers of all sorts. But priesthoods, properly speaking, bands of religious servants and worshippers, set apart for the honor and use of the gods, are rarely found, I believe, as native developments among Mongoloid nations.

The lowest in rank of the *shin*, or spirits, are the ancestral. But, nevertheless, these are foremost in popular affection, and really constitute the basis of Chinese religion.

As Chinese civilization has for its central force the patriarchal system,— the continuity and unity of the family,— so, in the sphere of religion, this same continuity of the family ties, services, and affections, is extended on beyond the gulf

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of death. The home attentions and associations are prolonged with but slight changes into ancestral rites. The tomb becomes a temple or family chapel, where the venerated departed sit as immortal spirits to receive the worship of their descendants, and where all family festivals and ceremonies are solemnized.

The home of departed spirits with the Chinese is not thus, as with Aryan or Semite, some distant abode beyond the wide sea or in the bowels of the ground, on sky-piercing mountain-top or above the blue dome; but it is the most familiar spot of earth. Among the Mongoloids, we find the conception of Deity rising quite high; but it is at the same time ill-defined, imperfectly personalized, and the spiritual element hardly disengaged from the material object. *Tien* — *i.e.*, heaven — and *Shang-ti*, the Sovereign Ruler, are the two chief names by which the Chinese designate the Supreme. This highest god of the Chinese must, in fairness, be regarded as the moral and personal Sovereign of the world; and yet the conception of him is quite different from that of the Hebrew Jehovah.

He is no being apart from the material sky. He does not possess those attributes of external creative power, self-existence apart from time and anterior to matter, that we attribute to the Supreme Deity, but is inseparable from the substance of things. Material things are born from him as the bud from the bush.

Creation is not from any outward creator, but occurs by the slow action of inherent natural powers. Even sorceries, divinations, and the occult powers of Fung Shui are regarded as natural rather than supernatural. And as the material sky and the supreme God are one and the same, both in name and in idea, so in general the divine is not separated from the physical or the human. Our human nature and human reason contain the law of our destiny and duty. Devotion to human duties, interests, and hopes, constitutes the wise worship. The interests of good government and domestic welfare supply the principles of faith. Even the one rare shoot of idealism, the Tauist philosophy of Lao-

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Tsee (which, by some strange exception, started to grow on this intensely utilitarian stock), instead of flowering out, as it would have done in any Indo-European race, into a rich cycle of mystical philosophy, like the Vedanta in India or Sufism in Persia, rapidly faded into low forms of divination, exorcism, and necromancy.

Confucius was a man far inferior in insight and power to Lao-Tsee. If he is to be called a man of genius at all, it was only a genius for the commonplace that characterized him. But just because of this intense commonplaceness, this pedantic, timidly conventional, and prudential spirit, which he embodied so thoroughly, he met exactly the national temperament, and became the most venerated teacher of all that have ever spoken among the black, brown, red, or yellow races.

To sum up, then, the characteristics of the Mongoloid religions, we find them distinguished by great formalism and a strong materialistic leaven, making overmuch of ritual and ceremony; very imperfect in theological conception, and with a predominant utilitarian and worldly spirit. As the language of the Mongoloids is monosyllabic or loosely agglutinative, not fully systematized, like the inflected languages of the Aryans, so their religion lacks concentration and strength. The divine idea is everywhere prematurely precipitated into manifold discreet and petty forms, instead of by a slower crystallization, giving us a more completely organized product. JAMES T. BIXBY.

(To be concluded.)

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ANNIVERSARY MEMORIES.

As we gathered once more in the old Hollis Street Church for the Tuesday morning Association meeting, and afterwards in the room above the chapel, to meet the ladies and friends of the Sunday School Library work, our pleasure was mingled with some pain. We felt how soon these old landmarks might fade away, and their places be taken by the noisy traffic of the world.

Can it be that we shall never be allowed to keep anything that is old in this New World? We shall never arrive at any true dignity as a nation until, as families or institutions or churches, we can abide for more than one or two generations in the same spot. There is strength, there is wisdom, there is beauty in permanence. It is a waste of money, of time, of sentiment, to be always uprooting.

We have not only this old historic church in view, but several others in Boston that are in danger of being swept away, to rise, it is hoped, again upon the new-made land at the Back Bay, which has such a fascination for church corporations. Dangerous quicksands! Some of these churches, as we know, have risen like enchanted towers in a mirage, and sunk away from our vision in the slippery ways of debt. Others may find it hard to preserve their own identity, or keep their heads above the water.

Can it be that there is no need of Unitarian Christianity in Boston, except among coteries of elegant and cultivated people, who live side by side in blocks, want to sit side by side in church, and have an easy walk back and forth one-half a day in the week?

We say nothing against beautiful new churches when the society is new, houseless, and able to pay for them; nor would we censure the natural spirit that likes even in worship to be in congenial company; but are there not other kinds of Unitarian churches which have the right to exist, are full of honored associations, and are needed to-day in Boston?

What is to become of the people who live in the neighborhood of the Hollis Street Church, the West Church, and other old places of worship? Shall we surrender them to our Orthodox or Baptist or Methodist friends? If *we* have no preaching

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and praying in these regions, we may be sure *they* will. It may be said that the dwelling-houses themselves in these vicinities are fast giving way to stores; but there are people living in the upper part of store buildings, all over Boston. Shall we have no religion for them? Should a few wealthy proprietors, who own a time-worn and honored church far from their homes, turn it into a place of merchandise, and go away with the money to new sites? Should they not rather ally themselves with some of the other churches most convenient for themselves, or else stay by the old, beloved ship, and help pilot to heaven a new company of voyagers occupying the old seats?

Look at King's Chapel! What an example to the Philistine spirit that ever wants to improve by destroying! What a distance many of those people go to their cherished place of worship! They would as soon think of moving the mountains or the sea to their doors as of bringing their church to themselves. And the result is, they not only go to it but all the world goes, too, on festival days to join the choir invisible, the crowd of witnesses through all the venerable past.

Such were some of our thoughts on anniversary week, as the worshippers came up to their Zion, and we heard others expressing the same fear that the old meeting-places would be sometime swept away.

In the midst of our joy at the progress of our Channing Memorial Building, let us cherish and keep alive the old churches that echo with the voices of the men who have made us what we are to-day.

THE SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.

This Conference held its summer meeting in Bedford, Mass., a quiet, lovely village containing a small Unitarian society, worshipping in the ancestral church, once the only meeting-house of the whole neighborhood. The discussion of the hour was on the Old and New Theology, stimulated by a comprehensive and interesting essay by the Rev. J. P. Bland, of Cambridgeport. Many cheering and hopeful words were spoken. Although there was a great variety of opinion in regard to what constituted new and old truths, the Conference seemed to be one in the feeling that the great spiritual realities of God, life in the spirit, fellowship with the Master, and the hope of eternal life were the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. A short summer day's discussion

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would not permit a sounding of all the depths of modern and ancient thought; but the phases of our age were touched upon, its scientific gains and its losses. The old seers of our Church were cherished, but not slavishly followed; the Conference loved the old, but was ready for new truth to break forth. In short, there was a spirit of courtesy and liberality, combined with a just conservatism, which made all the speakers respect each other's position, and move ever toward a fine harmony and yet progress of thought.

This Conference is not going to content itself with discussion alone, we are glad to say. It is making earnest efforts to create a missionary spirit among its churches; and, after inciting them each year to raise their quota for the general work of the American Unitarian Association, it means to persuade each prosperous society to aid the feeble churches in their midst,— churches full of earnest men and women, who are sometimes burdened with debts for which they in their own generation are not responsible.

After the morning meeting, a basket collation was held in the comfortable hall opposite the church, which means that each one in picnic fashion carried his own entertainment with him, in order not to tax too much the hospitality of the small society which received the Conference. We wish that "surprise parties" of this kind could be held in all our little parishes in order to bring them into closer fellowship with us, and show to the denomination the importance of sustaining these old strongholds of our faith where "two or three are met together" in the name of the Master.

The Report of the Woman's Auxiliary Committee of the Conference for the past year was read by the chairman of the committee. We give it here, as the new life that is springing up everywhere among women's organizations in our Church needs continual quickening from contact and sympathy among all their branches: —

Report of the South Middlesex Auxiliary Committee of Ladies, for 1882 *and* 1883.

The ladies of this committee have held monthly meetings during the past season at the Rooms of the Association, Boston. This committee should be composed of one representative, or her substitute, from each church in the Conference.

The members of the committee have occupied themselves in

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urging the claims of the Association upon the parishes, in order to secure an annual contribution. In some cases, this yearly sum has been raised through the systematic benevolence of the parishes; but in many cases the contributions have been gained entirely through the energy of these ladies, especially among the smaller societies which in times past have not contributed to the Association. The ladies are especially anxious to impress on these churches the fact that their offerings are important, however small they may be, as they indicate a feeling of loyalty toward the Association. After having accomplished this duty as far as they were able, the ladies wished to engage in a little more missionary work before the end of the winter; and a few of them therefore raised the sum of forty-two dollars, as a gift to Rev. Mary A. Safford of Humboldt, Iowa, a devoted and earnest worker and preacher, who was then lying ill, and unable to continue her labors. Miss Safford, after her recovery, wrote a cordial letter of thanks, expressing her great desire to see more workers in the vineyard.

The committee, in order to bring about more unity of action between themselves and the Woman's National Conference, invited Miss E. P. Channing to address them in May. Miss Channing came, and found a large room full of ladies ready to greet her, and listen with sympathy to her interesting reports of missionary work. Our lady representatives of the churches in the county have not created new branch societies in the Conference, thinking it a simpler way to invite existing parish circles of women to make themselves auxiliary to the committee. Several societies have already done so, and it is hoped in time that they will thus become also members of the Woman's National Conference.

The committee would further state that, besides the missionary work carried on by them, they have found profit at each meeting in having a short discussion upon the religious needs of their parishes, and the importance of cultivating in themselves and the young the spirit and habit of personal piety.

ABROAD.

Our English Unitarian brethren seem to have had an interesting time at their anniversaries. Our friend, Mr. Ireson, the Secretary of their Association, congratulates them, in his speech at their soirée, that their collections for missionary work had de-

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cidedly increased, not only in England but in Scotland. "They did not mean," he says, "to increase in conceit or cynicism or daring speculation, but to stand squarely on their own convictions, and at the same time to look kindly and smilingly upon those around them, and endeavor to harmonize rather than to exhibit discord."

The Baptists at their anniversaries are beginning to get waked up, in their foreign mission gatherings, to a fact which we have long known,—that there is a large body of people in India who are almost Christian in their belief, and should be treated with respect and sympathy, and not ignored as the old-fashioned missionary has done, carrying his Westminster Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles, or nothing, to the Hindu theist. The Rev. James Smith, from Delhi, tells the meeting that everywhere he goes in India, in the railway carriages or the most lonely places, the people are asking about Christianity. Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, takes the chair at the soirée, and tells the audience about the Brahmo Somaj, the Hindu theistic reformers, and says: "It is for you, my Christian brethren, to attract that movement in the direction of Christianity. These people have considerable intellect; they cannot be talked over, they must be convinced by the power of Christian argument and divine grace." Another speaker, the Rev. W. J. Henderson, in speaking of the need we have of the Oriental mind to help us interpret Christ, says: "Could our speech, though all should use it like Shakspere, prove sufficient for the depths and heights of Christ's thought? . . . There is in him a music unexpressed and incapable of expression until his life shall unfold itself in all races of mankind,—the robust and the subtle, the speculative and the practical, the imaginative and the logical, the plain and the gorgeous. . . . Christ in the Church is a confident, victorious presence." "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth." This whole speech is full of that warm, overpowering zeal and love in the cause of Christian missions which must carry success wherever it goes.

Let us not forget that we have a man in India whose heart is as warm, whose tongue is as eloquent, whose knowledge and zeal are as great as any of these missionaries. Let us not forget Rev. C. H. A. Dall and his work there.

An attractive book has been published in London by James Clarke & Co., called *East Anglia Personal Recollections and*

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Historical Associations. The writer was brought up under the instruction of Dissenting ministers, that condemned class of fifty years ago, which happily we know nothing about in this country, and which English prelates are now learning to treat with courtesy and appreciation. Here is a kindly tribute which the writer pays to these old-time men, whom he gently criticises, but loves:

Dressed in rural black, with hat considerably the worse for wear, with shoes not ignorant of the cobbler's art, unconscious of and careless for the fashions of the world, rarely in London except on occasion of the May meetings,— no one can tell, except those who, like myself, were admitted behind the scenes, as it were, how these good men loved to keep alive the traditions of freedom, civil and religious, in districts most under the sway of the ignorant squire and the equally ignorant parson of the parish. If there has been a decency and a charm about our country life, it is due to them, and them alone. Perhaps more in the country than the crowded city is the pernicious influence felt of sons of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine. It is difficult to give the reader an idea of the utter animalism, if I may so term it, of rural life some fifty years ago. For small wages, these Dissenting ministers did a noble work in the way of preserving morals, extending education, promoting religion, and elevating the aim and tone of the little community in which they lived and moved and had their being. At home, the difficulties of such of them as had large families were immense. The pocket was light, and too often there was but little in the larder. But they labored on through good and bad report, and now they have their reward. Perhaps one of their failings was that they kept too much the latter end in view, and were too indifferent to present needs and requirements. They did not try to make the best of both worlds. I can never remember a remark addressed to me by all the good men of the class with whom I was familiar in my childhood, as to the need of getting on in life and earning an honest penny and becoming independent in a pecuniary point of view. I was to be a good boy, to love the Lord, to study the Assembly's Catechism, to read the Bible,— as if outside the village there was no struggle into which sooner or later I should have to plunge, no hard battle with the world to fight, no temporal victory to win.

The most interesting reminiscence is that of the Rev. W. J. Fox:—

In after years it was often my privilege to meet Mr. Fox, who had then attained no small share of London distinction, among whose hearers were men, often many, of the most distinguished *literati* of the day, such as Dickens and Forster, and who was actually to sit in Parliament as M.P. for Oldham, where he occupied a most respectable position,— all

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the more creditable when you remember that Parliament, even at that recent date, was a far more select and aristocratic assembly than any Parliament of our day, or of the future, can possibly be. Mr. Fox had been educated at Homerton Academy — as such places were then termed ("college" is the word we use now) — under the good and venerable Dr. Pye-Smyth, whose "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah" was supposed to have give Unitarianism a deadly blow, but whom I chiefly remember as having been one of the first to recognize the fact that the Bible and geology were not necessarily opposed to each other, and to welcome and proclaim the truth — at that time received with fear and trembling, if received at all — that the God of nature and the God of revelation were the same. There was a good deal of free inquiry at Homerton Academy, which, however, Mr. Fox assured me, gradually subsided into the true amount of Orthodoxy as the time came for the student to exchange his sure and safe retreat for the fiery ordeal of the deacon and the pew. My father and Johnson Fox had been fellow-students, and for some time corresponded together. The correspondence in due time, however, naturally ceased, as it was chiefly controversial; and nothing can be more irksome than for two people who have made up their minds, and whom nothing can change, to be arguing continually. And the friendship between them in some sense ceased as the one remained firm to and the other wandered further and further from Calvinism.

At the Baptist soirée of the spring meetings in London, Dr. Stanford, a favorite speaker, said some words about extempore speaking, in his animated speech, which are worth the notice of ministers. He says: —

What is the special power of *extempore* speech? Now, I know some of you will say fluency. I say not fluency, first. I say accuracy, first, then fluency. I do not consider it is eloquence simply to have a ready use of bad language. (Laughter.) I mean by bad language, bad in logic, bad in inexact statement, or bad from the use of baggy phraseology. I think no fluency is worth having that is not fluency of having the power of putting proper words in their proper places. This does not come to any man by accident. Remember, I am talking to beginners now. (Laughter.) I say God gives this gift to most men, not to all. It comes to most men through their hard work, through study. And I venture to say: Study the power of giving attention. Study the force, the history, and the laws of words. Study the words in reference to their weight and blow, and study where and when to plant your blow. Study precision, so that you may hit the right nail on the head. Study so as to guard off the worst words, and weak words, and fine words. "Let not thine eye pity, nor thine hand spare." Self-denial is a law that runs through all the works and ways and laws of God, as the way

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to excellence. And I would venture to say this also,—I don't know whether you will agree with me: I would very slowly, very carefully write out a discourse, not to read it from memory or from manuscript, but for the sake of getting proper words in proper phrases; for the purpose of avoiding overstatement or understatement; for the sake of getting mental exactness and verbal exactness. I remember going once through Baxter's manuscripts, and I found a report of a certain disputation he had had with a Quaker named Thomas Goodyear, who took umbrage because Baxter studied what he said. "I never study what I say," said the Quaker. Then said Baxter to him, "I less marvel at thy nonsense." (Laughter.) "Do you think we cannot talk without study as well as you?" continued the Quaker. "I could bring an old woman from the ducking stool who shall talk it out without study with any of you." (Laughter). However, I say, educate the faculty of free speech. I venture to make another remark,—perhaps it is a very daring thing to say: I think the power of a minister's speech is the power to get the attention and to win the confidence of his own particular age. I am saying this with reference to the fact that we are born into an educated age. I say you leaders must not walk behind. And, even if at present you have not an educated congregation, I say you all the more need education on the part of the minister to drive the rays of thought through such an opaque medium. It is also necessary that there should be clear and prominent thinking; that there should be a delicate and exact sense of the power of words in their variety and power of combination.

The Unitarians in England have lost since the year opened two valuable ministers, Rev. Charles Howe, of Kensington, and Rev. James M. Dixon, of Hull; also an estimable lady, Miss Catherine Swanwick, well known as a graceful writer of verse and prose.

We cut the following item from *The Disciple*, our Irish exchange, in regard to Keshub Chunder Sen and his erratic movements, which we have already commented on in past numbers. We are glad to see that the real Brahmo Somaj, the Society of Hindu Theists, intends to keep on its way undisturbed by the gyrations of its former gifted but intoxicated leader:—

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, who appears to have lost his head, has addressed an open letter to all the great nations in the world and to the chief religious sects in the East and the West, to the followers of Moses, of Jesus, of Buddha, of Confucius, of Zoroaster, of Mahomet, of Nanac, and the various branches of the Hindu Church, in which, after a preamble, he declares that, through him, it "has pleased the Holy God to

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send unto the world a message of peace and love, of harmony and reconciliation. This new dispensation hath He, in boundless mercy, vouchsafed to us in the East; and we have been commanded to bear witness unto it among the nations of the earth." What follows is couched in a fervent strain of religious platitude and prophetic ambition. The message, we are afraid, will fall flat in the quarters to which it is addressed.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

History of the Negro Race in America from 1619 to 1880. Negroes as Slaves, as Soldiers, and as Citizens, together with a Preliminary Consideration of the Unity of the Human Family, an Historical Sketch of Africa, and an Account of the Negro Governments of Sierra Leone and Liberia. By George W. Williams, first Colored Member of the Ohio Legislature, and late Judge Advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic of Ohio, etc. In two volumes. Vol. I., 1619–1800; Vol. II., 1800–1880. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street. 1883. pp. xix, 481, xiii, 611.

This full title-page hardly gives, as one might think, a good idea of the contents of this remarkable work,—remarkable not less in its author than in its execution. Such a work from one of the negro race astonishes most readers, for men have been accustomed to judge the capacity of the negro by the most debased and abused of the race. Mr. Williams has shown in these two octavo volumes what his race can do, with a fair chance to develop their talents. A few such men as he is, and such historical talents as he displays, will soon dispel the cruel prejudices and crude judgments that have been formed of this terribly wronged and traduced race. Give them a chance, put no obstacles in their path, keep out of their way, let them alone, and they will become peers of the white race. As now treated, half-fawningly, half-contemptuously, generations may pass before they can claim and take their place as rivals of the white race. For a people to lift itself into intelligence, refinement, and virtue, from a state of grossest animalism in a most cruel and debasing slavery, is a work of generations, as history teaches on all its pages, and the history of Israel especially. Centuries pass, while the upward struggle against most tremendous odds goes on.

We are too impatient of the slow progress, as we think, of the colored race in this country. We forget their centuries of servitude, their ancestral debasement, and the crushing prejudice with which they are weighted. We forget that it is but a score of years since the negro was a chattel, bought and sold like a beast, and often treated more cruelly. Slow progress do they make? History has record of no people like this making such

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rapid progress under such adverse circumstances from such unpropitious beginnings. Patience and time are the two prime factors in this renovation of a race. The change already is great, and is daily increasing. The progress made may be slower than we had hoped. Our expectations may have been unreasonable. They were. But there is ground for great encouragement. Intelligence is spreading. Schools are established. The white race is becoming more and more helpful and less and less distrustful of good results. Labor is more constant and efficient and honorable. Thrift is more and more visible everywhere. Homes are being established, and the family relation is becoming more sacred. Domestic life is coming to be human, not animal; and the virtues which should adorn it are beginning to germinate. If less than a score of years has done so much for the race, what will not half a century more do?

But a notice of this work is to be written, and not a homily on the progress of the emancipated slaves. Let us to our purpose.

Two large octavo volumes lie before us, most admirably got up, with a good index at the close of each volume. The First Part, "Preliminary Considerations," treating of ethnology, the unity of mankind, and negro kingdoms of Africa, is the least interesting, as it is the least satisfactory part of the work. The subjects treated were beyond the firm grasp of the author, and he relied upon fourth and fifth rate authorities for many of his statements. However, he has picked up much curious information, and, in the main, has escaped very serious errors. But these one hundred and fifteen pages can be omitted by the reader whose time is precious, and whose information is good on the subject, without serious loss.

Part Second treats of "Slavery in the Colonies." Here, the writer is on historic and not on ethnologic grounds, and his skill as a writer is in full blossom. He treats of the introduction of slavery into each of the colonies, beginning with Virginia and closing with Georgia. He describes the condition of the slaves in each, the laws made for the protection of the master while in possession of this human chattel, the labor performed, the punishments inflicted, the rights of free negroes and their disabilities; in a word, a very full and satisfactory account is given of the negroes in colonial times.

Part Third treats of "The Negro during the Revolution," their military employment, their conduct as soldiers, their legal

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status, their intellect as manifested in Benniker, the astronomer; Fuller, the mathematician; Dorham, the physician; and the condition of the slaves generally. All very admirably treated, as well as the concluding chapter in this part, in which "Slavery as a Political and Legal Problem" is very fully and ably treated, and the difficulties which attended the formation and adoption of the Constitution are clearly described. This discussion closes the first volume.

Volume second opens with Part Fourth, covering the first quarter of this century, 1800–1825. In three chapters, he discusses the Restriction and Extension of Slavery, the Negro Troops in the War of 1812, and the Negroes in the Navy. The adoption of the Missouri Compromise is included in this period, and is related with great clearness and vigor. In Part Fifth, 1823-1850, the Rise, Progress, Character, and Fortunes of the "Anti-Slavery Agitation," are related with fulness and power. The leaders are characterized, their labors specified.

The next period, 1850–1860, Part Five, he styles "The Period of Preparation" for the war. He describes the Northern Sympathy and Southern Subterfuges, the Black Laws of the Border States, the Northern Negroes, their Status, Negro School Laws, and John Brown. Then follows Part Seven, the "Negro in the War for the Union," the trouble of determining his status, Contraband, Prisoner, Fugitive, Soldier, Treatment of by Rebels and Unionists,—a most valuable and thorough discussion. Part Eighth covers the first decade of freedom, 1865–1875,—Reconstruction, Misconstruction, Results of Emancipation, Representative Colored Men, Colored Methodist and Baptist Churches.

Part Ninth treats of the "Decline of the Negro Governments,' the Exodus, its Cause and Effect, and a hopeful Retrospection and Prospection of the Negro Race, both in the United States and Africa.

Such is a general view of the contents of these volumes, literally packed with a most reliable history of the Negro Race in the United States. The writer has spared no time nor expense to make his History authentic past question. He has purchased manuscripts, he has hunted through public documents, and spared no labor for seven years to do justice to his subject and his race. That he has always kept his mind unbiassed is more than he would claim. That he has succeeded in doing so to an honorable degree, no reader of this elaborate history of most

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exciting events and diabolical acts will for a moment question. "My whole aim," he says, in his Preface, "has been to write a thoroughly trustworthy history; and what I have written, if it have no other merit, is reliable." The careful reader will gain confidence as he reads, if he is incredulous at the start. Quotation after quotation is given from the most reliable documents to substantiate all his statements, or, rather, it may be said that his statements are reliable documents; for he quotes so copiously that some chapters are almost a mere compilation of rare documents, bound together by judicious comments. In this way, the reader is carried back to the very time and place of the events recorded, and the atmosphere and passions of the hour encompass and thrill him.

It is impossible in a mere book notice to give quotations in illustration of the author's style, and especially of his descriptive powers, and of the deep yet suppressed emotion which throbs in his sentences. One sentence in the Prefatory Note of the second volume must be quoted, though this notice has already exceeded the allotted length: —

> After seven years, I am loathe to part with the saddest task ever committed to human hands. I have tracked my bleeding countrymen through the widely scattered documents of American history. I have listened to their groans, their clanking chains, and melting prayers, until the woes of a race and the agonies of centuries seem to crowd upon my soul as a bitter reality. Many pages of this history have been blistered with my tears; and, although having lived but a little more than a generation, my mind feels as if it were cycles old.

The work is worthy of a place in every library, public and private, as it is full of information not easily accessible elsewhere, and of thrilling interest to every student of history, and philanthropic heart. S.

Nach Rom, und von Rom zurück nach Wittenberg. Von Dr. Carl Haas.
Ueber den Unterschied zwischen der Positiven und der Liberalen Richtung in der Modernen Theologie. Von D. K. Kubel.
Protestantismus und Socialismus. Von Wilhelm Hofoff.

It is curious to note from how many different points of view the human mind turns back to authority as its resting-place. Protestantism, of the true kind, is synonymous with Lutheranism in two of these pamphlets. In the first one, Dr. Haas relates his

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double change of belief. Attracted to Catholicism by its unity of faith and discipline, his doubts arose through the promulgation of the doctrines of Papal Infallibility and of the Immaculate Conception. He was told he could think as he pleased, if he kept silence. He gave four years to the study of the unfalsified writings of Luther, and found that instead of pure Lutheranism there existed a miserable, decayed Protestant Church power which admitted alike blasphemers and members of the Reformed Church to the Lord's Supper. Soldiers even were forced to take the Communion *en masse*, and some believed that Christ was a mere man. He became convinced that Catholicism was a political assembly with an outward head, that the old Catholic party was built on negation of two doctrines, had hierarchical aims and drew in none of the common people, and that Schleiermacher, philosophic naturalism, pietism, and Methodism were the enemies of Lutheranism. The chief allegation against its founder was that Luther had falsely translated the Bible; for, in order to give the spirit of a verse, he had inserted in Romans iii., 27, the word "allein" (through faith alone), which was not in the original. But Haas justifies him in so doing, as the blessedness of faith is the one theme of the Bible.

The second pamphlet emphasizes still more strongly the Lutheran position. The decisive question between the Liberal and the Positivist concerns the recognition of historical authority; for subjective experiences of the mind are not the same as Bible faith. The Positivist believes in the personal God, who works miracles and hears prayer; in his own personal and living relation to Christ; and in the pre-existence of Jesus, whose "ego" is on his divine side; and in the divine character of the assembly. Modern liberal Christology rests chiefly on Schleiermacher, but has added to the "God-consciousness" of the philosopher the human self-consciousness of sonship, which is *real*, but not *substantial*. It considers conversion and rebirth as self-improvement, the Church as a moral and religious community working for perfection in this life; while the Positivist places his state, his home, his treasure in heaven, believes in the resurrection because the apostles did, and mourns that Bible truths are even spoken of as myths. Revelation is the correlative of religion: the divine moment is that of revealing; the human, when man draws near, is religion. All real religions rely on revelation; though the heathen idea of religion is imperfect, its full meaning

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will effect the reconciliation between freedom in this world and dependence upon God. The Liberal regards revelation as the constant self-unfolding of God to the human spirit: the Positivist makes it a wonderful, outward, historic fact, accompanied by supernatural events. The variance between the two in regard to the Scriptures is not merely a quantitative one, for in some purely critical points the Positivist goes beyond the Liberal; but the former does not recognize the difference between the indirect religious spirit of the Bible and the direct development of this spirit into certain doctrines, as does the latter. To the Liberal, all that is infallible is the religious consciousness, and Biblical inspiration is not specifically different from any other; but, when these points are not admitted, he shows dogmatic ignorance and narrowness. The Positivist says that the Bible is so overflowed by a specific spirit that, in spite of the free individuality of each writer, every word is really the word of God. In conclusion, the writer claims that such different directions of thought can have only a graded relationship to each other in a subjective religious life and in the service of the Church; but if Positivism wholly excludes liberalism in practical life, and Liberalism considers itself as the only true Christianity, then the Church must remain divided. Miracle makes a dividing line between them. To the one, humanity has been supernaturally saved: to the other, the world is an eternal creation, "a Darwinism."

The third pamphlet proves logically from the Catholic standpoint that, besides all the errors to which Protestantism is subject, it leads directly to socialism, its last deplorable result. For three centuries, Protestantism has falsified history, its sources and its effects, and has been a source of superstition and a backward step in civilization. Its author traces its course in England, France, and Germany, as proof of his assertions. Protestantism acknowledged, individual right is developed: therefore, any person or State can rebel against the authority of the Pope. Thus was kingcraft established, which exemplified the maxim "cujus regio, illius religio"; also, if the people could make, they could depose kings, hence revolutions. Self-decision led to Deism, Rationalism, Scepticism, Materialism, Nihilism. Bayle's Dictionary was the solemn opening of the school of unbelief. German princes and high schools dominated over religion, but their day of retribution came through Lessing. The principle of Protestantism is stated as the right of subjectivity

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opposed to outward tradition and authority. It is the source of revolutions, and its Church, in appealing to the Bible, has been the support of the throne; but this misuse of God's words brought tyranny and multiplicity of sects and beliefs. Most of these sects know not what they think: others have faith only in Haeckel, Büchner, and Darwin, they have no organized positive church power. Protestantism has not cared for the masses, but has effected the supremacy of petty princes of the Thirty Years' War and the French Revolution, of pauperism of the people and the force of capital, and of free thought, until individualism is rampant, and socialism with its horrors is beheld as its culmination. All has arisen from the so-called right of private judgment. But, as Protestantism because of its subjectivity is unsocially egotistic, it may furnish in itself the means for the overthrow of socialism.

The Doom of the Majority of Mankind. By Samuel J. Barrows. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1883. pp. 151.

This volume is the outcome of a discussion in the *Christian Register*, called forth by a statement of Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., that Orthodoxy has used certain Scripture texts as "certifying that the vast majority of the human race are to be victims of endless woe." This statement was challenged by Rev. Dr. Withrow of the Park Street Church in Boston; and the editor of the *Register* gave, in reply, the result of a pretty wide examination of authorities ancient and modern, Church Fathers, theologians, creeds, declarations, missionary reports, sermons, and appeals. This examination was afterward extended, and has grown into a book. The result is that the statement of Dr. Ellis is substantiated, abundantly, overwhelmingly, luridly, in the citations here collected by Mr. Barrows. With possibly an exception here and there, the fairness and the representative quality of the quotations cannot be gainsaid. Isolated statements from writers equally orthodox may possibly be found, denying the doctrine; but it is the logical, and in numberless instances the accepted, inference from the premises of Orthodoxy. If the heathen must perish everlastingly, or, with Mr. Cook's qualification of their rare acceptance of "the essential Christ of conscience," for the most part do perish everlastingly, the doom of the majority is sealed. The book shows not only the need of a thorough revision of the orthodox way of regarding and inter-

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preting the Bible as Mr. Barrows cogently urges, but the call there is to bring rational principles and humane sentiments to the instant modification of the old confessions, and the distinct disavowal of the incredible and horrible implications of certain features in them. Happily, such protest and revision are going on; and this book will be of great service in helping to intensify the protest and hasten the revision.

Ole Bull. A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of the most delightful musical recollections of large numbers of people is of the noble form and snowy head of Ole Bull, and the delightful strains of his cherished violin. This biography renews for its readers the charm of his personality, and the remembrance of happy hours passed under the spell of his wonderful bow. The book is written, naturally, from the point of view of one permanently within the sphere of this enchantment; but this does not prevent us from seeing the actual personality, magnanimous, fiery, singularly gifted in his art, and hardly less passionately devoted to the interests of his compatriots. While Ole Bull had the temperament of genius and some of its less harmful eccentricities, he had something more generous in view than its usual ends, and had more than its ordinary successes and immunity from disaster.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883. pp. 290. Price $1.00.

This is the first volume of the Famous Women Series, to be simultaneously published in this country and in England. The initial volume is well written, and adds somewhat to our knowledge of the great novelist. The new information is, however, very limited, and is extended by several letters which are of almost no value. The correct date of the birth of Marian Evans is given as Nov. 22, 1819, and various other important particulars are given from authentic sources. Compared with the very little that was known of her previous to her death, this volume gives a very good idea of her life, and is a valuable help to an understanding of her genius. It also contains a criticism of George Eliot's works, written in a pleasant and sympathetic style. Very little new matter is given concerning her peculiar religious and

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philosophical opinions, and the criticism adds nothing toward understanding her in these directions. The book is one that it will be difficult for the succeeding writers of the series, who are all to be women, to surpass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Recollections of my Youth. By Ernest Renan. Translated by B. C. Pitman. Price $1.00.

English as She is Spoke: or, A Jest in Sober Earnest. With an Introduction by James Wellington. Price 20 cts.

The Yellowstone National Park. A Manual for Tourists. By Henry J. Wisner. Price 40 cts. For sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

From the American Unitarian Association.

The Doom of the Majority of Mankind. By Samuel J. Barrows. Price 50 cts.

From Johann Ambrosius Barth. Leipzig.

Theologischer Jahresbericht. Von B. Pürjer. Price 8 marks.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. AUGUST, 1883. No. 2.

THE RELIGIOUS GENIUS OF THE RACES.

(*Concluded.*)

Very different are the religious traits characteristic of the next race that demand our attention,— the Semitic branch of the great white race. The grand rôle that they have played in religion is familiar to all. It is almost superfluous to remind the reader that it is to this race that the Hebrew people belonged, that it was among them that religion first rose to monotheism, and that it was out of the religion of Israel that branched the two other representatives of that highest form of religion,— the two great international religions of Mohammedanism and Christianity. On account of this, Renan and other writers have asserted that the Semitic family in general are monotheistic by instinct, and that Monotheism sums up and explains all the characteristics of the Semitic race.

This is, however, a rash generalization. For, on turning to survey the other Semitic nations outside of the descendants of Abraham, we find everywhere, alike in the Northern and Southern branches, a great number of gods. A tablet

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from the library of Nineveh, *e.g.*, gives the names of seven supreme and magnificent gods, fifty great gods of heaven and earth, three hundred spirits of heaven, and six hundred spirits of earth.

If we turn to the Phœnicians, we find worshipped among them not only Moloch, but Baal, Rimmon, Dagon, Ashtoreth, Chemosh, Milcom, and many more deities, constituting a Pantheon as crowded as Greek or Roman. Or, if we look at the ancient religion of the Arabs, where the Semitic stock existed in its greatest purity, we find their worship to have been a polytheistic Sabeanism, containing a numerous host of solar, lunar, and stellar deities. To find instances of this monotheistic tendency in the Semitic race, we must confine our survey to one family,—the family of Abraham and his descendants, the Hebrews and Ishmaelites (and, in the latter, only after the Mohammedan reform). And even with the Hebrews there is trace, in the plural form of Elohim, of an older polytheism, out of which their worship of one God grew, by a fusion of the many Strong ones in one abstract Strength; just as in India we find the many *devas* to have been welded in the more philosophic thought into the visve-devas,—*i.e.*, the whole of the gods,— which term became used as a singular noun, and the name for a single supernatural power.

Even in David's time, the household gods, or teraphim, still received worship; and Solomon thought it not out of the way to build sanctuaries for other gods in Jerusalem, as well as the temple of Jehovah. Though the later historians, of course, regarded this as a sin, there is no evidence that his contemporaries did. We are not justified then in pointing to monotheism as a specific trait of Semitic religion.

Nevertheless, there is a trait almost equally noble, quite different from the religious tendencies of other races, and that gives the Semitic race a unique place in the history of religion. This is the tendency, so characteristic of them, to magnify the Divine. The Semites have always been notable for the grand exaltation which they have ascribed to

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their deities, and the profound reverence in which they have held them.

Among the varied branches of the Semitic race, diverse as their spiritual conceptions and divine terms are, this rule will be found to hold good; namely, that the names of the gods are names indicative of majesty, terrible power, or sovereignty not to be questioned. El, the strong; El-Shaddai, the all mighty; Bel, or Baal, and Adonai, Lord; Moloch, the king; Eliun, the highest; Ram, or Rimmon, the exalted; Jehovah, the I am; the unfathomable mystery of being and creative force,—all these names represent exalted power and unquestionable authority.

Everywhere among the Semites the Deity was placed at an unapproachable distance, and invested with autocratic dominion. His will was to be absolute law; all the forces and substances of nature as well as the destinies of men are, in his hand, as clay under the fingers of the potter, to do with them as he chooses. Man is simply the creature of God, at an immeasurable distance below him, and must look up to him always in solemn fear and absolute dependence. Nature is nothing but that which has been made and shaped by the divine hand, and is ruled absolutely by his will.

In some quarters, the majesty of the highest god was held so great that he could not be credited with any contact with such impure stuff as matter, and the making of the worlds was ascribed to subordinate spirits. And, since the creation, the Semites inclined to believe that he had remained in dignified seclusion in the far heavens. He might have his angelic messengers who would communicate his will to man, but the Supreme himself no man might see. These messengers might be superhuman, but they were not gods nor demigods. The Shekinah, the divine spirit, might rest on kings and prophets; but they remained still merely men, favored or inspired men, but no more.

Not even with regard to the greatest, Abraham, Moses, or Elijah, can be found any trace, as it has been truly said, in all the three thousand years that Judaism has lasted, of

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that tendency to the deification of gifted men, so common among Aryan nations. The idea of incarnation, such a favorite with the Aryans, was antagonistic to the Semite's whole manner of conceiving the Deity. While, in the pantheism of the Hindus and the luxuriant mythology of the Greeks, it is difficult to tell where the divine ends and the human begins, with the Semites there is always a strongly marked line — an impassable division — between God and man. If anywhere there are found traces of myths of incarnation or sexual union of gods with the daughters of men, the influence of some non-Semitic race is apparent. Even the language of the Semites, as Max Müller has pointed out, was tinged with the same ethnic spirit, and tended to strengthen and maintain this isolation of the divine, and make impossible the growth of intermediate nature,—spirits and subordinate, familiar divinities, such as we find elsewhere.

In the Aryan tongue, natural facts are summed up at an early period in large, general expressions: Pragapati, Life; Aditi, Infinity; Brahman, the mystic power or supernatural essence in all things. In Semitic tongues, the concrete form is used: Eliun, the Highest One; Belsamin, the Lord of heaven; Jehovah, the I am. Similarly, in the Hindu and European tongues, the phenomena of the world are described impersonally. The Romans say *tonat*, *pluvit*, *fulget;* and we say, in a similarly impersonal way, it thunders, it rains, it shines. And soon we have abstract nouns active, independent agents,— thunder, rain, light.

In Semitic tongues, the personal subject has to be expressed with each verb: he thunders, he rains, he shines. As a consequence of this, while in other races the various epithets and activities ascribed to the Divine become soon, in the quick changes of language, independent agents and, next, separate Divine Beings,—in the Semitic race, on the contrary, the tendency is for them to remain as but the varied actions of the One Divine Power. "It is Jehovah," as Job says, "who tears open the waterskins of heaven; he charges the night with damp vapors; he drives before him

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the thunder-bearing cloud; he sendeth his snow like wool, and his ice like morsels. It is the Lord who commandeth the morning, and maketh darkness again."

Thus there is a tendency, ingrained in the mental proclivities of the Semites, toward the personal and the exalted, which held the notion of divinity high aloft above the personages and elements of the common world; and they escaped that mythologic multiplication of deities which we see among the Aryans, where phonetic obscurities and evolutions are continually breeding new divinities out of the adjectives and epithets applied to the Divine, and giving to abstract thoughts a personality which soon grows into divinity.

And, out of this lofty sense of the Divine Sovereignty and incommunicableness, it was not strange that at length, in one small nation of fervent piety, there should be developed the sublime truth of monotheism; namely, not merely that there is one among the gods to whom our worship may best be confined, not merely that there is one God so great that no others are to be placed on a level with him, but that there is but one God in existence, the single Creator and Lawgiver of all, whose reign is unlimited in space and endless in time, and beside whom no other gods have any existence at all.

This monotheistic idea is one now so familiar to us that I fear we do not realize how great an achievement it was for the Hebrews to have attained to it and enunciated it. Imbibing it as we do unconsciously, and all our scientific knowledge and moral atmosphere corroborating it, we overlook the difficulties that must have originally strewn the path to it, when the kosmic domain seemed split up into so many independent, if not antagonistic provinces, and the sentiment of human brotherhood or kinship between different nations, permitting them to look to one divine guardian as a common and impartial protector of all, had not yet come into existence.

We can see in the Old Testament the crude beginnings from which, and the struggles of thought and faith through

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which, the Jewish mind slowly toiled to this lofty conception. But what characterizes their religion is not that it had this beginning, so universal, but that, in such an exceptional manner, it left it behind, and rose above it. All the bitter national experiences and keen disappointments of Israel became a refining fire, in which progressively the dross of superstition was driven out, and the pure gold of an unequalled theism brought forth from the living furnace, for the world's perpetual blessing.

Such is the radical difference, then, between the religious genius of the Semites and the tendencies we had noted of marking Mongoloid religion, where the deities are conceived so generally as mingling freely in the affairs of earth, occupying a place little superior to what man has, or will attain to at death; where the ancestral spirits of our kind are the most worshipped among the gods; and even the greatest divinities are familiarly thought of as beings with whom man can bargain, whom he can placate, threaten, or even by ill usage or magic rites, force to do his will.

Equally different is the religious disposition of the great Aryan race, in which civilization has reached its acme. If, in the Mongoloid religion, as I said, the aspect of the divine element is as if it had been prematurely precipitated and crystallized in manifold, petty, independent centres; and, in the Semitic religion, we might, by a similar figure, say that the Divine has been concentrated at an incommunicable distance above the earth,—in the Aryan religion, to follow out the metaphor, we might say that the divine element has not crystallized at all, but remained fluid, as the pulsing life-blood coursing through every vein of the grand kosmic organism that it vivifies, ever embodying itself anew in fresh transmutations and novel appearances.

Its central idea is that of the divineness of nature and its varied forces. The divine powers are interposed with all parts of the world, as inseparable, indwelling immortals. Each of the great natural powers and objects — sky, sun, wind, rain, cloud, earth, fire —was an animate divine person,

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capable of feeling, perceiving, and acting as men themselves; a vital unity of matter and spirit.

All the bright devas of the Vedas, all the heroic Aesirs of Norse mythology, all the beautifully human ideals of Greek faith, bear the unmistakable marks of a physical character and nature functions, inextricably blent with a Divine Life and Personality. In every daily event, in all the changing phenomena of sunrise and sunset, storm and rainbow, rattling peal of thunder and gentlest fall of dew, the gracious deities are active and present.

Conceived of as emphatically the *Asuras*,—*i.e.*, the living ones, *par excellence*,—they would, of course, be regarded as the transmitters and imparters of life. Hence, it is natural to find the epithets of father and mother applied to the great gods. Dyaus, in the Vedic mythology, is repeatedly called Dyaus-pitar,—*i.e.*, the Sky-father; and, in the Latin faith, the divine heaven was so strongly associated in thought with this attribute of paternity that we hardly recognize *Jus* as the name of their great God, till we combine it with *pater* in the familiar Ju-piter.

Similarly, the earth was the fruitful mother, both in Vedic, Teutonic, and classic mythology; and from the marriage of these divine powers was derived, in the popular faith, a great progeny of children, all more or less divine. Again, being nature-beings in their origin, even the greatest of them, they all share the transitoriness, the susceptibility to change and end, that belongs to all natural things.

Thus, the Vedic gods are all, as Fairbairn has pointed out, derivative beings, born from some anterior life, and compelled to struggle and battle, to maintain their existence. They are not immortal in themselves, but only through the constant renewal of their vital powers by the celestial soma, the drink of immortality. None of the Greek gods are omnipotent. They are all limited by one another's force. They are all immeshed in the irresistible net of fate. According to the Brahmans, when the Kalpa came to its termination, not only did the spirits of men come to an end, but even the deities themselves, all but the very chief. So,

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in the Norse mythology, there is a doom that overhangs them all, even great Freyja and mighty Thor, and the All-Father Odhinn himself, the inescapable and common destruction of Ragnarok.

Occupying then, as the Aryan deities do, so much lower a plane than the Semitic gods, it is natural to find the attitude of man toward them very different. Instead of grovelling before the supernatural beings with the abject dread that the Semites did, they stand erect before them, in what seems sometimes an almost irreverent independence.

In Homer and the Eddas, stalwart mortals are not afraid to engage in combat with the gods themselves. The Greek poets amuse themselves and their readers by depicting the foibles of the gods and goddesses. The Vedic bards speak of the *devas* as kept alive only by the nourishment that the sacrificers supply. The superiority of the gods to man seems not a difference in kind, but only in degree. Ready as the primitive Aryan was to acknowledge gratefully any and all blessings that he received from the gods, he would not stoop to fawn upon or cower before them, but regarded himself as having his own personal dignity, and as good a right to life, happiness, and sacred blessing as any *deva* among them all.

Directly connected with this free and independent attitude of man in his relations with the gods was the character of his worship. Every Aryan freeman felt himself quite capable of approaching the presence of the gods himself. He needed no sacerdotal mediators, such as other nations employed. The father, as the head of the house, kindled the sacred fire, presented the soma offering, the first fruit, or the lamb without spot. The worship was primarily a domestic worship. As the family grew into the clan or brotherhood, and the clans coalesced into tribes, and the tribes into states, the head of these social organisms was always, in virtue of his office, the one to offer the prayer and the sacrifice.

Even after convenience had led to the establishment of priests, the householder, chieftain, and king were always

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recognized as competent to officiate at any time, and as rightfully possessing all priestly privileges.

In India, through peculiar circumstances, sacerdotalism became highly developed. But this was an exceptional thing among the Aryan nations. Nowhere else did they know any theocratic government, or any subjection of State to Church. Religion with the Aryans is not the master of the national life, but rather its hand-maiden.

And, moreover, this familiar bearing and easy intercourse of man with God the Aryans believed was pleasing to their gods. The devas, as the name indicates, are the bright ones: they are the celestial parents and all-embracing guardians of man, whose love smiles on him from the blue sky of day and the softly beaming, star-lighted firmament at night. One of the divine names common to both the Eastern and Western branches of the Aryans is that of Bhaga, as it is in the Vedas, and Boga, in Slavonic,—terms which mean "the distributor of good." The Divine was to the primitive Aryans pre-eminently a beneficent Providence who assigned to each his share of the blessings of life. As a father delights in the joy and merry rompings of his children, so the Aryans believed their Divine Parents must like to see the race of men whom they had made gay and happy. Hence, instead of seeking in their worship to exhibit their fear of the gods, and representing themselves as abjectly dependent on the Divine, as the Semites did, they held it more religious to come with confidence and in friendly intercourse to the presence that was always glad to give man access. And, instead of the Semites' custom of propitiating Deity by austere or painful self-abnegations, the Aryans believed that their gods liked to see them enjoy their gifts, and so used to hold, in honor of their divine benefactors, the jocund festival and the merry dance, and drink the exhilarating soma-juice or the sparkling wine.

Thus, both the gods and the religious rites of the Aryans were humanized. And, corresponding to this, we find the tendency, unknown among the Semites, of deifying the human, or conceiving demi-gods, half human, half divine.

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When the gods were thought of as but greater men, with passions and natures essentially similar, then every grander man would naturally be credited with being a god in human form, or at least a son of a god. Thus, the unconscious poetry, so strong in the Indo-European mind, transformed, on the one hand, the dimly remembered forms of the primitive gods into heroes of the earth, legendary conquerors and law-givers; and, on the other hand, apotheosized the magnificent figures of past history into minor deities.

While to the Semite the idea of the gods who inhabit the high and holy heavens ever entering human flesh, or uniting with the daughters of men, was an alien and repugnant thought, to the Aryan it was native and common.

In the *Iliad*, the gods are represented as descending, time after time, to the battle-field, and under the form of warriors, sometimes well known, at other times unknown, entering into the fray. Apollo plays the shepherd, and tends the flock of Admetus; Jupiter and Mercury walk on the earth in human form, again and again; and, even as late as the time when Paul and Barnabas went on their missionary tour in Lycaonia, the people, on witnessing their miracles, cried out, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," and called Paul "Mercury" and Barnabas "Jupiter."

This was their customary way of accounting for any marvellous career or wondrous fact; namely, to regard the astonishing man invested with such unusual power as a god in human form. The Greek Pantheon was full of such semi-divine figures, and legends of the varied adventures of the gods in their various disguises and incarnations. So, in the sculptures of Hindu temple, the narratives of Hindu epics, and the history of their religious teachers, the *Avatars*, or descents of the gods into fleshly form, sometimes human, sometimes animal, in which they live for a longer or shorter time on the earth, are again and again recurring. In the Aryan mind, in fine, there was little fixed division between the god and the not-god, between the natural and the supernatural. A mystic pantheism, which beholds one

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essence behind all forms, and animates every striking natural process with a personal intelligence, so blends the human with the divine, and the earthly with the celestial, that the difficulty becomes not to determine what is, but what is not divinity.

Thus, the great races of humanity have had a most marked, a most persistent influence in giving a special coloring and form to different religions. And, in a minor degree, the same influence has been exerted by the subordinate national divisions of the races, as in process of time, through one course or another, the separate nationalities have acquired a specific national genius.

Thus, among the branches of the Aryan race, we find the Brahmans, as they gradually developed an independent national life, giving to the common warp of Aryan religion, which they had carried with them into India, peculiar national shades and forms. Subtle, abstract, and philosophic as they were in their intellectual tendencies, the individual forms of the nature-deities are never permitted to become strongly personalized, but they melt, more and more, into one another; and their thought seems to be groping constantly after an invisible reality, which is neither storm nor sunshine, dawn nor fire, but which clothes itself in all these aspects.

Gradually, the earlier naturalistic polytheism is outgrown; the individual duties fade away, or are fused into shifting masks of a single mystic force; and at length resolved into emblems of the one eternal life behind them all,—the supreme Soul, who is the light in the sun and moon, the brilliancy in flame; "the sound in air, the goodness of the good, the eternal in time, the birth and death of all." Henceforth, Hindu religion is marked by that fluent pantheism, that lofty but often tantalizing and confusing mysticism, whose typical expression we find in the Bhagavat-Gita, but whose influence pervades all forms of its faith, with a spirit most distinctive and unmistakable.

Let us turn next to the Greeks, and we see a very different evolution of the religious germs, supplied by the ances-

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tral Aryans. They were as devoted to the personal as the Brahman mind to the impersonal. All the nature-gods are transmuted into thoroughly humanized divinities. Their æsthetic tastes—product in part, doubtless, of their land of beauty, and the noble landscape so constantly before their eyes—made the rude nature-gods and coarse animal representations distasteful to them; and, in their place, they substituted ideal human types. The spirit of artistic refinement remoulds the conceptions of the deities, and with classic grace retells their mythic careers, and by immortal statuary fixes imperishable types of divine majesty and dignity. All the arts—music, poetry, sculpture, and the drama—are laid under contribution to embellish religion and adorn its worship; and, conversely, the most pious enthusiasm of the Greek and his most vital devotion is shown in the temples, hymns, epics, and festivals, which wreathed Grecian life, as it were, in a continuous garland of flowers. Here is to be seen, not merely the loveliest fruit of its genius, but the most characteristic evolution of its religious life.

Similarly, if we look at the Parsees and the Romans, we find the first characterized by a serious, combative, uncompromising spirit, and the second by a legal and utilitarian temper, a cold, mercantile, and self-seeking disposition, different both from one another and from the spirit of the Brahmans and the Greeks. These specific national traits not only give the key-note to the politics and social life of Persia and of Rome, but equally to their religion.

In both, we find an excessive ceremonialism; and the superficial investigator may perhaps imagine he sees in this the exhibition of analogous spiritual traits. But it only needs a little study of the two faiths to see from what different motives it springs and by what diverse ideas is sustained in each case.

In Rome, it comes out of that narrow, calculating spirit, that cared for religion and the gods only as it could get them to back its own ambitions and minister to its acquisitive efforts. Among the Parsees, on the contrary, it is simply the excessive carefulness and scrupulosity into which

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their ardent loyalty to the holy Ahura-Mazda, and their abhorrence of doing anything which, by the slightest impurity of thought, word, or deed, may give unwitting assistance to the hateful Angro-Mainyus and his host, the hostile army of evil spirits, against whom a true man must always be contending.

Such, in general, are the characteristic differentiations which the great races and the chief civilized nations have given to the common staple of religion. Thus, not merely theologic conceptions, but worship, mythology, and the popular ideas of soul and immortality, receive their ethnic modifications in accordance with the genius of the respective races and their chief branches. Perhaps one or two concrete illustrations will put this in a stronger light.

In every religion, the question, Whence has the world come? is one that demands solution; and numberless myths present us with man's early attempts at an explanation of this. Let us observe, then, in what different and characteristic ways the ethnic genius of the various races has treated this problem. The savage mind, of course, would be least able to do so satisfactorily, and its interpretations would be most crude.

Many tribes and peoples among the lower races have no idea of creation at all. When Burchell suggested the idea to the Bachapin Kaffirs, they asserted that everything made itself, and that trees and herbage grew by their own will. Their deities are *part* of the world, not its makers; and even where the idea that the world needs some origin, some beginning and cause, exists, barbarians rarely rise to the proper idea of creation, but merely to that of the bringing into visibility of land previously existing. For example, the most common of all accounts of the beginning of the world, one found in a dozen or more varied forms, is that, originally, there was nothing but water visible. A mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, and the clapping of whose wings thunder, hovered over it. This divine bird, by diving into the sea, caused the earth to appear above it, and called up all the creatures that inhabit the earth.

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In other mythologies, it is some amphibious animal — the beaver, the otter, or the muskrat — which dives down and brings up the mud which constitutes the first land. In Polynesian mythology, it is one of the gods who went to fish in the sea, when, feeling something heavy at the end of his line, he perceived some rocks, and, continuing to pull, fished up a whole continent; but, then, his line broke, and only the Tonga Islands remained above the surface. It was first settled by a company of minor gods and goddesses, who visited it from curiosity; but, having eaten the fruits of earth and breathed its air, they lost their divine nature and were turned to mortals. The childishness of view, the utter simplicity of such myths, is only too evident.

Now, when we go above these three lower races to the Mongoloids, we find myths crude enough, to be sure, but decidedly higher, and breathing a different spirit. Creation (in accordance with that reverence for ancestors that distinguished them) was the work of the first man, Pwanku. He was produced by the primal matter, but, when he had come to life, found it still shapeless and chaotic. So he went to work at once, chiselling out the earth and hewing it into shape. His efforts were continued for eighteen thousand years; and, by small degrees, he and his work increased. The heavens rose, the earth spread out and thickened, and Pwanku grew in stature six feet every day till he died. Then, his head became mountains; his breath, wind and clouds; his voice, thunder. His limbs were changed into the four poles; his veins, into rivers; his flesh, into fields; his skin and hair, into herbs and trees; his teeth and bones, into metals and rocks; his dropping sweat, into rain; and lastly, with a most laughable exhibition of primitive simplicity, the myth gravely tells us that the insects on his body were transmuted into the people of the earth.

We see in this myth, plainly enough, those materialistic associations that I have already spoken of in reference to Chinese religion; that inability to separate in thought the material from the spiritual, and the natural from the supernatural. How different from this the Semitic legend of

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creation, as we have it in the first of Genesis! How clear and broad these distinctions of Creator from creation; and how vastly superior to previous conceptions of creation is that which is presented by the majestic picture of the Supreme Being, who was in the beginning before all else, and who, by his sovereign word alone, successively brought matter out of the void and order out of the chaos, and summoned earth, sun, moon, plants, animals, and, at last, man himself into being.

From beginning to end, the Genesis account of creation bears the mark of that Semitic tendency to emphasize, above all other attributes, the power and the sovereignty of the Divine, and to separate sharply between the finite and the infinite. In this conception of a personal Creator, anterior to all the ordering and moulding of matter, a Creator above nature, who by his spirit breathed life into all animate things, the intellect of man had pushed its inquiries into profound depths, and faith had made grand assertions.

But the subtle Hindu thought could not rest here. It wanted to probe deeper still. To those who told the Vedic bard of creative feats and divine creators, he had these further questions still to ask: "That which is beyond the earth and sky,— beyond gods and spirits; what earliest embryo did the waters hold in which all the gods lay congregated?" Rig-Veda, x., 82. "From whence came this Creator himself, and what was before him and all which he moulded? What was the wood (or material) from which the gods shaped heaven and earth? Wise men, ask in your minds on what he stood when he held the worlds?" Rig-Veda, x., 81, 4.

Here, the Hindu thought opens up boundless vistas of speculation, infinite abysses of analysis and perplexity, of which the Semitic mind never dreamed. Often, it got quite lost in the labyrinth itself; but the theologic courage and philosophic strength of wing, that dared to launch out into these interstellar spaces of metaphysics, must certainly command our warmest admiration.

Among all the varied theories and questionings about the

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great problems of creation and existence, none are marked by keener comprehension and a loftier flight than that which is embalmed in the 129th Hymn of the 10th Mandala of the Rig-Veda: —

"In the beginning there was neither naught nor aught.
Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above.
What, then, enshrouded all this teeming universe?
In the receptacle of what was it contained?
Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water?
Then there was neither death nor immortality.
Then there was neither day nor night nor light nor darkness.
Only the existent One breathed calmly, self-contained.
Naught else than it there was. Naught else above, beyond.
Then first came darkness hid in darkness, gloom in gloom.
Next, all was water. All a chaos, without parts or form.
In which the *One* lay void, shrouded in darkness.
Then, turning *inwards*, he, by self-developed force,
Of inner fervor and intense abstraction, *grew*,
And now in him *Desire*, that primal germ of mind,
Arose; which learned men, profoundly searching, say
Is the first subtle bond connecting Entity
With Nullity. This ray that kindled dormant life,
Where was it then? Before? Or was it found above?
Were there parturient powers and latent qualities,
And fecund principles beneath, and active forces,
That energized aloft? Who knows? Who can declare?
How and from what has sprung this universe?
The gods *themselves* are subsequent to its development.
Who, then, can penetrate the secret of its rise?
Whether 'twas formed or not? Made or not made? *He* only
Who in the highest heaven sits, the omniscient *Lord*,
Knows all, or haply even *he* knows not."

Max Müller's Chips, vol. i., p. 76.

Thus, in their mythologies and theologic speculations, in all the varied ramifications of the spiritual life, the distinct genius of the great races is shown; and when the great universal religions came forth to run their astonishing careers, breaking down all the old national barriers, and gathering men from the most diverse races into a single ecclesiastical fold,— although for the moment these movements threatened to efface entirely the old ethnic characteristics,— they

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could but do so partially, and the old racial and national spirit soon reasserts itself, and colors the universal religion with its own special dyes.

The universal religions purchase their welcome or their continued popularity only at the price of refracting their original white light through the prisms of popular thought into something of quite a different hue. See how Christianity, in the very first century after it was taken up by the Greeks and Romans, was divested of many of its Jewish features, and in another century or two quite moulded over into a form more akin to the Aryan spirit.

Compare the aspect of Islam among the pure Semites of Central Arabia and among the Aryan Persians: in the one region, so strict and narrow in its monotheism and the *absolute despotism* of Allah over his creatures; in the other region, luxuriating in the mystical sentimentality and pantheistic speculation of the Sufi philosophy.

Or put side by side the features of Buddhism, as it appears in Ceylon, and as it has been transformed in the course of its migrations among the Thibetans, the Chinese, and the Japanese, and no one can fail to see how the native spirit of a race dominates the whole aspect of any faith that it may be led to adopt.

Such, in outline, are the characteristic traits of the great races. To sum them up: it has been the part of the Mongoloid races to exhibit the breadth of Divinity, so to speak, exhibiting the deities as sympathizing familiar spirits, sitting by every hearth, companions whose help in earthly enterprises the prudent man duly seeks by gifts or flatteries.

It has been the part of the Semitic race to impress upon humanity the height and the grandeur of the Divine; his unequalled glory and terrible power; his inaccessible majesty, his rigorous sovereignty, from which there was no appeal.

It has been the function of the Aryan people to exhibit the depth, the interiorness, the mystic indwelling, the insoluble mysteriousness of the Divine, interpenetrating the lowest forms as well as dwelling in the highest; the one reality

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of all appearance, an all-pervading motion and spirit, an infinite life, which is the fathomless background to every finite form,—yea, every form that men have thought divine. Here is an ampler and a profounder conception than either Mongoloid or Semitic nation had reached. Profound insight, splendid idealism, and a fascinating mysticism, distinguish the higher types of Aryan religion.

But, comprehensive and subtle as the synthesis was, we do not find in it the fulness of truth. Its pantheistic element and spirit of self-assertion needed to be balanced by the monotheistic truths and solemn awe belonging to the Semitic race. Its absorption in the Infinite and reverence for physical nature needed to be supplemented by that regard for the finite spirit and respect for human nature which we find in the Mongoloid or Turanian faiths.

To give the world the complete religion, universal in its aptitudes, that it needed, the truths that Turanian and Semitic faith had discerned must be fused with the rich and complex elements of Aryan thought, and must give them stability and unity. This it was that in the fulness of time Christianity achieved. Absorbing into itself whatever spiritual truth Turanian Assyria and Semitic Judaism, and Aryan, Greek, and Roman could supply, the gospel that Jesus Christ proclaimed, and Paul and John diffused, gave to the world, at length, that full and well-poised system of religious truth, whose principles, like Euclid's principles of geometry, may be, doubtless, much further developed, but can never be superseded as the best and strongest foundation beams of religion.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

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THE UTE INDIANS OF COLORADO.

During the last decade, much attention has been drawn to Colorado by the valuable reports of the government geographical and geological surveys of Prof. Hayden and Lieut. Wheeler, by the marvellous discoveries of mining prospectors, by instances of extraordinary success in raising cattle and sheep, by the rush of population in that direction, and more than all, perhaps, by the disquiet and menace of the Indians.

We are told that a ranch is bought for $50,000, stock for $76,000, that the expenses for three years are $28,149, —amounting in all to $154,149,—and that the profits on cattle and ranch are $129,651; that $14,000 is invested in a sheep ranch and stock, and that the yield in three years is $10,902.70; and that mining products prior to 1880 were $92,257,409.90, two-thirds of it since 1870. In 1879, the returns in gold and silver were in round numbers $15,000,000. Gold was discovered in the mountains at Leadville in 1878. In 1880, Mrs. Dall found 8,000 residents there, and a floating population of 30,000. In 1879, between ten and eleven million dollars' worth of metal was taken from Leadville alone. The story of the killing of Agent Meeker and some of his employés and of Major Thornburgh by the Indians, and of the rescue of the heroic women of the Agency, is very fresh in the minds of all. And now come to us the reports that the Utes, as the only alternative of extermination, perhaps, have been pretty thoroughly expatriated. The sketch I am about to give of the history of this tribe may be of interest and value as a sample of the manner in which the race has generally suffered.

The Utes appear to have been natives of Colorado. They relate that they first occupied a region near the sources of the San Juan and Uncompahgre Rivers, the very heart of some of the present most valuable mining country. They have frequented the mountains, but have occasionally roamed over the plains in the eastern part of Colorado and in Kansas, in search of buffalo; and here they have come into con-

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flict with the Sioux and Arapahoes and Cheyennes, against whom there seems to have always been a deadly enmity. They never have given up this privilege of hunting for buffalo off of their reservation; but the animosity of the white population which has rapidly collected between the mountains and the buffalo region, if not the scarcity of game, will prevent the exercise of that privilege hereafter.

In 1863, when a treaty was made with the Tabeguache band of Ute Indians, they claimed the land west of the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and the justice of their claim was recognized; and, west of their western limits, the Territory of Colorado was occupied by other bands of the same tribe. This boundary was, of course, very indefinite and crooked, yet much more intelligible to the Indians than parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude.

To be within limits, I have claimed for the Utes all west of the divide, although there may be 5,000 square miles more between the divide and the eastern base. This leaves Pueblo at a distance of some sixty miles to the eastward, and Denver about forty, and makes the Ute territory approximately 38,700 square miles.* The territory to the east of the Ute country was at this time claimed by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. By the treaty of 1863, Middle Park and North Park, containing about 6,624 square miles, —about equal to the States of Connecticut and Delaware, —were ceded to the United States. Thenceforward till 1868, all territory in Colorado west of these parks and of the divide was understood to belong to these Indians.

In 1868, a treaty was made by the Ute Confederation, consisting of seven bands, pushing the eastern boundary back to the one hundred and seventh meridian, and the northern to a line fifteen miles north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, thus ceding to the United States 7,992 square miles, a tract larger than Massachusetts. In 1873, a treaty, or an agreement, as it was then called, was made, ceding the San Juan mining district, a parallelogram of land containing

* The estimates of territory are made by means of Prof. Hayden's drainage map of 1877.

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5,760 square miles, equal to Connecticut and Rhode Island, leaving to these Utes 18,324 square miles or 11,727,360 acres, as given in official reports.

Here let me digress to call attention to a bill which passed Congress in 1871, which occasioned the change of the name "treaty" to "agreement." I say the *name*, for it did not materially affect the treatment of the Indians. It does have significance in the history of the animus toward the race.

In 1879, the southern Utes, with the consent of the northern, were induced to cede an L-shaped piece of land to the south and west of the San Juan district, on condition that a reservation should be set apart for them at the head-waters of the Piedra, San Juan, Blanco, Navajo, and Chama Rivers, to be hereafter defined by proclamation of the President. Here was another cession of say 2,000 square miles. This agreement, however, was never carried into effect, but was virtually annulled by the agreement concluded in the spring of 1880. At about the same time, negotiations were going on for securing to the United States a four-mile square tract in the Uncompahgre Park, which had been guaranteed (if it is not absurd to apply such a word) to the Utes under the agreement of 1873. And these negotiations were finally successful, through a delegation of Utes permitted to come to Washington.

But the largest cession of all remained for the agreement of 1880. By this agreement, these Indians accept lands in severalty, and give up all claim to the reservation. This means to receive about 950 square miles, and yield up 18,324 square miles, or to have their territory reduced 17,374 square miles, nearly equal to Vermont and Massachusetts together. These successive reductions of territory are made more striking by the linear representation on the next page.

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LINEAR REPRESENTATION OF THE REDUCTION OF UTE TERRITORY.

Before 1863, not less than 38,700 square miles.

By treaty 1863, reduced to 32,076 square miles.

By treaty 1868, reduced to 24,084 square miles.

By treaty 1873, reduced to 18,324 square miles.

By treaty 1879, reduced to 16,324 square miles.

By treaty 1880, reduced to 950 square miles, all, or nearly all, outside of Colorado, and so represented by the line being to the left of the others.

One-fifth inch represents 1,000 square miles

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It is interesting to note under what influences these cessions have been made.

Little of the discussions in Indian councils ever gets into history. It is only occasionally that the talks and doings fully transpire. We hear little of the wilful misrepresentations and intentional misunderstandings, the bribes, the threats, the treachery of interpreters, and the cheap talk about the kind feelings and purposes of the Great Father; yet these things crop out enough in conversations in the Indian country to give assurance of their prevalence.

The designation of bounds by meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude is at any time indefinite to the Indian, even though you fix the starting-point from which you would make your line due north or south or east or west; and, as in many cases the country has not been surveyed, no starting-point can be established. It is very evident that in the treaties of 1868 and 1873 the Washington commissioners did not know much better than the red men. Brunot, special commissioner in 1873, says, "The southern boundary-line of the reservation was a considerable distance north of the natural boundary-line which the Indians assert was given them at the time of the treaty of 1868; and that the mistake was not theirs is probable from the fact that an actual survey located in New Mexico, some distance below the boundary-line, towns that had, prior to it, been claimed as being in Colorado."

Alluding to the lines designated in a former treaty, Ouray, the head chief, said: "All the Utes understand the lines, and it is as we say. The lines in regard to the mines do not amount to anything. It is changing them all the time — taking a little now and a little again — that makes trouble. You said you do not know anything in regard to these lines, and it may be the same in regard to the lines you make. There are many men talk about it to us: they say they are going to have the lines as they want, whether the Utes like it or not. It is common talk: everybody talks it to the Utes. . . . It is a long way off to the States, and they say the man who comes to make the treaty will go off to the States, and it will all be as they want it."

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Shavano said, "When I was in Washington, the treaty put the line on the top of the mountains, and not where the line is put now; . . . that is why it is hard to make this contract. The lines have been changed, and it is bad faith on the part of the Government."

The Los Pinos Agency, which was to be by treaty upon the reservation, was placed nine miles east of it; and the Indians declared that they understood that the Cochetopa range, some twelve miles further east, was the boundary of the reservation. When the San Juan mining district was to be set off, and the Utes refused to dispose of farming-lands, the commissioners could at best but surmise that there were none such within the parallelogram they wished to secure to settlers, and give their surmises with assurance to the poor, nonplussed savages. And it has been a standing joke ever since that a delegation of the Indians were taken into the midst of the mountains and told, with a sweep of the hands, that that was the country the white men wanted, and that they did not ask for any farming-lands. It was only with this assurance that the treaty could be made; and it is to be noted that the Uncompahgre Park was specially secured to the Indians by the terms of the agreement. So little was known of the country that it surely is not to be wondered at that it was afterward found that farming-lands were claimed by settlers as within the limits of the reservation, and that this very Uncompahgre Park was in possession of "squatters."

The ignorance of Commissioner Brunot in regard to Indian lands under agreement of 1873 is manifested by his saying: "I think you understand what I think is good for you; but I know I am not telling you what many white people want me to tell you. Many white people would want me to say to you, you ought to sell the good farming-lands on the south; and some would want me to ask you to sell the Gunnison; and some would want me to ask you to sell the Uncompahgre. I would not ask you to do any of these things, because I know a time will come when the Utes will want land to raise stock, as the white people do,

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and you must have that country for it. But I do advise you to sell the mountain country."

It is well known that the Utes have yielded up their claims with reluctance. When the San Juan district was under consideration, there was for a long time an absolute refusal; and nothing could be accomplished till some of the negotiators were shrewd enough to offer the Chief Ouray a salary of $1,000 a year.

He was diplomatic enough not to appear to be influenced by the offer at the time, but the next morning was present with his Indians to sign the agreement.

Many Indians whose names are to be found in the document declare that they never signed it. I think it more likely that they did not know what they were signing, or that somebody signed it for them, than that they lied.

It may have been too much to expect that three-fourths of the male adults of such a roving tribe should be reached and their consent obtained to parting with their land; but such was the requirement of the treaty of 1878 respecting the future; and the agreement of 1873 has the signatures of but 297, while the whole numbers of the bands of the Utes with whom the agreement was made aggregated, according to official returns of the same year, 5,219. The whole number of these Indians may have been overestimated. Deduct one-third, and still 297 would make but one male adult to every eight or nine of the population. When the effort to obtain the "four-mile tract" in the Uncompahgre Park was meeting with a positive refusal, the Indians were plainly told (so it was reported in a paper of that vicinity) that the settlers meant to have it in one way, if not another, and that they had better take what money they could get for it.

It will not do to say that these Indians have not been largely influenced in making treaties by the compensation offered, yet they have also been mindful that there was an irresistible tide of white population setting against them with an impulse all the way from the Atlantic seaboard. They have simply yielded to the inevitable. They have as great aversion to-day to taking up farms in severalty and giving

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up their hunting-grounds as we should have to taking to the hunting-grounds for a living and giving up our farms, our offices, our stores, or our factories.

Bad faith on the part of the United States in respect to treaties is perhaps too notorious to need illustrations; yet there are a few instances which should not be omitted in this sketch of the Utes. It would be no easy matter to give every instance of neglect or refusal on the part of Congress to make appropriations, or of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to apply them, or of fraud in contracts or deception in issues. Many delinquencies and frauds have been adroitly covered up; many, though believed, cannot be readily substantiated. It is, however, a matter of notoriety and amusement among the settlers of South-western Colorado that the cattle bought under the treaty of 1863, and contracted for as *American cattle*, which is understood to mean docile cattle from the States, were mostly of the wild Texan breed, and utterly unfit for domestic purposes. They were kept upon the range for many years at great expense, and what were not lost were finally killed for beef. The two herds at Los Pinos and White River Agencies were reported in 1873 as numbering 1,445. It is an equally notorious fact that the flock of sheep purchased under the same treaty were mostly wethers instead of ewes, as according to contract they should have been, and so did not increase and were issued for meat.

Several things are noticeable in regard to the treaty or agreement of 1873. As to the Uncompahgre Park, it must be acknowledged that it was not all left to the Indians by the metes and bounds of the surveyor, as the agreement required it should be; that the survey was accepted by the Secretary of the Interior, notwithstanding the repeated protestations of the agent; that, although it was afterward set apart for the Indians by proclamation of the President, it was purchased from them under the assurance that, if they did not sell, they would be deprived of it by the irresistible encroachment of the whites.

Again, in regard to payments under this agreement, it must be said that — although the miners and settlers, already

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many in the San Juan district, went there by thousands immediately after the terms had been settled; and although the agreement was concluded in September, 1873, and approved April, 1874, and an investment in bonds was at once made which was to yield $25,000 per annum to be disbursed at the discretion of the President "for the use and benefit of the Indians forever," and $1,000 per annum was to be given to Ouray for his services "for ten years or so long as he should remain head chief of the Utes and at peace with the United States"—nothing of it all was received at the agency for these Utes till August, 1875, and nothing except the income for Ouray till the summer of 1876. If the $25,000 annuity was paid earlier than the summer of 1876, it must have been in place of and not in addition to the payment of just claims under former treaties. Such delays may be unavoidable, but our Government is chargeable with making promises which it either cannot or will not keep. The blame seems to belong to Congress or to the Department of the Interior. Certainly, the Indians cannot be expected to understand such dilatoriness. And now, under the agreement of 1880, the Uncompahgre Utes, instead of being located on lands in severalty within the limits of Colorado or the Grand River, have in reality been located in Utah, on the plea that there were not enough good lands on the Grand River. Ought not this insufficiency to have been known before, and can the Indians regard the contract as other than a ruse to get them out of the State altogether?

We are told that they are quiet and peaceable, and that no difficulties are expected from them; "that it took some time to induce them to leave their old reservation, but, when they were informed that the military would soon force them, they submitted to the inevitable and went."

It is not the first time that threats have had a wonderful power of *inducing*.

The White River Utes, to whom belonged the murderers of Meeker and his employés, and who had been previously removed to Utah, are reported as having stayed at Thornburgh Agency long enough to receive their money under the

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agreement, amounting to $12,000, and then to have returned to their old home in Colorado. It is said that Capt. Meacham did all he could to "induce" these Indians to remain in Utah. Probably he had not military force enough to *attract* them. Nothing concerning the disposition of the Southern Utes, Ignacio's band, seems to be yet divulged. The special commissioners have reported that there is not enough land in the portion of Colorado designated in the agreement; and they, too, will probably be removed out of Colorado, as was made the alternative in such a contingency. It is expected that they will go, if they have not already gone, on to the La Plata River and its vicinity in New Mexico.

It is quite likely they have been *induced.* Whenever the powerful inducement shall be discontinued, very many of all these bands of Indians will be apt to drift back to their old camping and hunting grounds, though to their peril.

The Indian's love of his home is none the less because it is spread thinly over a large domain. The plains Indian is fond of the plains, and the mountains Indian of the familiar mountains.

I doubt if the Indian can change his country "of his own sweet will" as easily as a white man. He lacks the incentive of new enterprises, and the everlasting hope of riches. Neither one nor the other is contented when compelled to migrate. The mountain-tops, the streams, and the valleys are as dear to the red man as our household gods to us, especially when he is told he must see them no more. We little know what a treasure he contends for when he resists the encroachments of miners and settlers. When the Los Pinos Agency was removed ninety miles farther west, in 1875, it was not strange that the Ute looked with sorrow upon the change, and asked, "How long before white man come?" Nor is it to be wondered at that, when the United States surveying parties invaded their territory with their long pack trains, and took observations with their mysterious instruments, the Indians should surmise that they were the forerunners of settlers. Were they not as much,

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whatever else they were? Of course, a few Indians, who corresponded with the more rough and impetuous class of our own population, resisted, and frightened the surveyors off. The great majority, however, of the Utes, with their wonted peaceable disposition, forbore and disapproved.

Carl Schurz, ex-Secretary of the Interior, argues well that the Indian can never be finally settled till he consents to hold land in severalty like the white man, and to cultivate it. Game is becoming too scarce everywhere for the sole support of even skilful hunters. "The plains are being occupied by cattle-raisers, the fertile valleys and bottom-lands by agriculturalists, the mountains by miners,— what is to become of the Indians?" The pioneers are apt to look upon Indian reservations as the most valuable country, with the natural perverseness which likes whatever is forbidden, and with a love of daring and adventure.

Secretary Schurz admits that the Government "has sometimes lacked in vigor when Indian tribes needed protection. It has in many cases yielded too readily to the pressure of those who wanted to possess themselves of Indian lands." And again he says, "When a collision between Indians and whites had once occurred, no matter who was responsible for it, and when bloody deeds had been committed and an outcry about Indian atrocities risen up, our military forces were always found on the side of the white people and against the savage, no matter whether those who gave the orders knew that the savages were originally the victims and not the assailants."

There can be no question of the humane purpose of Secretary Schurz in his treatment of the Utes. At the time of the Meeker massacre, a less judicious course, a readier yielding to the outcry of the people of Colorado, would surely have precipitated a very cruel and expensive war, which would have exterminated the Indians speedily, or more likely left a remnant in the mountain fastnesses to be a terror to the settlers for a few years, only to be eventually hunted down like wild beasts. If the old story be true, namely, that it costs little less than a million dollars to kill

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an Indian in war, the mere expense of such a war would be no small objection.

But because the aim of the Government should be to locate the Indians upon lands in severalty, and because some policy needed to be adopted which would so far pacify the exasperated people of Colorado as to restrain unauthorized hostilities, it does not follow that the limits of these Indians should have been at once reduced from 18,324 square miles to 950. Because it would doubtless be much to the well-being of the red man to raise corn and potatoes instead of digging for roots, to supply himself with cattle and sheep instead of deer and buffalo, it does not follow it is best to leave him nothing to do except what, as a matter of fact, he will not do.

The facts from which Mr. Schurz argues — namely, that white civilized (?) men will encroach upon reservations as they always have done, and the soldiers will fight on the side of the whites as they always have done and until the territory of the red man is reduced to a moderate acreage like that of the whites — become offset with the equally stubborn fact that the Indian does not take to farming intuitively, and will not cultivate the land for many generations. It may be wrong in him not to do it. Is it not also wrong for the miners and settlers to overrun the reservations, regardless of solemn treaties, or for the military to sustain them in so doing, or for the Government to insist upon so hasty a relinquishment of the old mode of life?

It may be admitted that the reservation system is necessarily to be regarded henceforth as only provisional, and that in all our dealings with these people we must anticipate their settlement upon farms.

It may be, also, that we should not allow these poor ignorant creatures to decide themselves what is best for them; still, are we not — we, as well as others, ask — to yield to facts in the case? Will we not allow the provisional arrangement to last a while longer? In regard to the Utes, whatever may be said of other tribes, it is certainly true that they can most readily commence civilized life as herders. In this

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employment they can continue for a time their nomadic life. All understand herding horses already. Many of them have learned to herd sheep. From herders of sheep, they will become herders of cattle; from being cattle ranchmen, they will, within reasonable time, become workers of cattle and plant corn and potatoes.

In 1876, 3,000 sheep were distributed among them. In 1880, Ouray, the chief, reported that the sheep had done well,— that they had increased, had been sheared, and that the wool had been sold.

In regard to the Utes, it ought to be considered that all the lands of Colorado and Utah and New Mexico, with the exception of a few small river-bottoms, require irrigation, and that irrigation requires much forethought, care, skill, and perseverance.

No one can be acquainted with any one tribe of Indians and the way the Government treats them without the suspicion that they are all treated too much alike, without sufficient regard to peculiarities of character, condition, and location. In 1876, when there was trouble with the Sioux in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, orders were sent to Los Pinos Agency not to deliver horses and sheep and guns which had been promised to the Utes, and for the supply of which contracts had been made, expressly because of that hostility, on the ground, as it would seem, that it would be giving aid and comfort to an enemy. It ought to have been known and remembered that the Black Hills were four or five hundred miles distant from the Ute reservation, that the Utes were at peace with the whites and always had been, and that they were hostile to the Sioux and always had been, and would at any time fight against them, but never with them or for them. This refusal on the part of the Government to keep its promises, carrying with it as it did a suspicion that the Utes were hostile, had a very bad effect upon them; and this effect was only partially corrected by the consent afterwards to the issue of the horses and the sheep, while the guns and ammunition were still withheld. These Indians needed their fire-arms for hunting purposes.

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If treated fairly, they would not otherwise use them. Hostility of feeling was created by anticipating it in the treatment of them.

Of course there are times when Indians should not be supplied with deadly weapons; but, in the treatment of different tribes, great discrimination should be used. And, again, the authorities should not be ready to listen to an unintelligent outcry, or to the selfish demands of those who crowd upon the Indians, and who for their own safety in trespassing would deprive them of the means of livelihood as well as the sinews of war.

It may reasonably be inferred that the refusal to issue those guns was one of the causes of dissatisfaction, under the agreement of 1873, which resulted in the massacre of Agent Meeker and his employés.

In the fall of 1877, E. H. Danforth, agent at White River and immediate predecessor of Mr. Meeker, wrote: "Goods purchased in August of last year have been lying in the railroad depot, one hundred and seventy-five miles away, since November last, a period of over nine months. Flour purchased the first of June is still at Rawlins. No clothing, blanket, tent, implement, or utensil of any kind has been issued at this agency for nearly two years; no flour except once — fifteen pounds to a family — since last May."

So long as it can be shown that there was culpable delay and neglect of the rights of the Indians under the late agreement, a short supply of goods and provisions due, an evident purpose on the part of the whites to overrun the whole reservation for mining explorations, and that the military were approaching with their old habit of sustaining the whites well known, it were hardly fair to consider opposition to the agricultural movements of Agent Meeker (the alleged cause of hostilities) as more than the immediate *occasion* of those hostilities. Governor Pitkin unwittingly acknowledged the selfish and grasping animus of the Colorado people when he wrote after the massacre that, "should the Government grant permission, he could raise in twenty-four hours 25,000 men to protect the settlers. . . . The State would be willing

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to settle the Indian trouble at its own expense. The advantages that would accrue from the throwing open 12,000,000 acres of land to miners and settlers would more than compensate for all expenses incurred." Of course, it would more than pay. And so the general Government seems to have thought, or else it had not backbone enough to stand up against the pressure of the people of the State. Of course, such permission was not given; but it is only after a little politic delay that Colorado has got all it asked for, namely, the expulsion of the Utes from the State. If they return, they do it without permission, and consequently without protection. It is doubtful if the poor fellows can ever safely set eyes upon their favorite mountains and valleys. Now, if it be asked what should have been done, it may not be easy to answer. Nothing could be done which would not appear like injustice in the light of all the past acknowledgments to the claims of these Indians.

That we must either disregard, or cancel by mutual consent, treaties that have been made under anticipations very different from actual developments; that a certain amount of concession to popular clamor is necessary; that, in respect to eventually taking lands in severalty, we may suppose ourselves to know what is good for the Indians better than they know themselves,— all this may be true: but to take nearly 12,000,000 acres away from the Utes at one fell swoop, to compel them at once to give up their roving habits, to leave their familiar haunts and occupations and adopt industrial pursuits, is simply monstrous in its expectation and its cruelty. It were harder than any changes of occupation you can conceive of within the limits of civilization; and where is the man who could suddenly change from cattle-herding and nothing else to book-keeping? Even with the proverbial versatility of the Yankee, such a change would be attended with suffering, sickness, and failure. For at least one more generation, the Utes should have had enough territory left upon which to roam and hunt, and migrate from place to place with sheep and cattle. Compulsory civilization may be all right, as com-

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pulsory schooling for our children is right; but as the kindergarten is a fit transition to book teaching, so is herding the proper initiatory to culture of the soil.

The Indian must sooner or later share his natural opportunities for a living equally with the whites, and be satisfied with the same amount of territory; but it does not follow that he should be expected to be satisfied with it at once.

The 12,000,000 acres have been acknowledged to be theirs, whether properly or not, and it cannot be said that they have given it up willingly. They reluctantly ceded any of it, and entirely left the State only by compulsion. If the United States were not to blame for supposing, in years past, that the Rocky Mountains would never be wanted by the whites, certainly the Indians were not, and they ought to be eased up in the relinquishment of them as much as possible; and, if they must come to agricultural life, let them do so gradually, as we should certainly wish to under like circumstances. The support promised during the learning period is far less desirable — far less likely to hasten the time of their independence — than profitable and congenial employment like herding. Had one quarter of the reservation been left to them for another generation, the transition from hunting to a nomadic life with flocks might be hopeful.

Would not this have been at the same time politic and less cruel? There would, doubtless, have been greed among the miners and settlers till they had grasped the whole State; but they were not alone to be considered.

Granting, if you please, that the Utes should have been removed on to lands in severalty at once, should not their preference of locations have been regarded? Pre-occupation should give some claim to choice. Why remove them to as remote a country as possible? The Government must make a stand for them somewhere. It may as well be understood sooner as later that their farms, if not their reservations, are to be held inviolate. Perhaps the present locations in Utah and New Mexico are equal to any in Colorado. That the Indians themselves did not think so was reason against making the removal.

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Before the Uncompahgre Utes were removed, the poor fellows made many unsuccessful attempts to have the agreement by which they disposed of their reservation reconsidered, and so modified as to enable them to remain and occupy the Uncompahgre Valley. "They were especially vehement in their demands to be permitted to remain about the ranch of their late chief Ouray, and to have the agency moved to to that point," a distance of about ten miles below the late agency. "They were told that they had accepted and signed the agreement, and that the commission had no authority to modify or change it." * Again, after the commission had returned from selecting the new location, the Indians repeated their wish to remain at Ouray's place. They would not go to the new location without threats of compulsion.

The nearness of the valley of the Uncompahgre, the home of their choice, to white settlements and a market for surplus produce, as soon as there should be any, should have been regarded an advantage. The early settlers in a new country are not by any means the best for the Indians to come into contact with. The New York Indians who remained in New York State in 1851 improved more and prospered better than those who migrated west.†

This constant crowding westward has all along kept the Indians from intercourse with better population, and discouraged improvements of the land. Ouray had a farm of considerable value, and several other Indians had cultivated the land successfully and made some money out of it.

In the abandonment of the reservation system, it is hard to see how the liability of conflict between the races is to be lessened. If the red men are not to be penned up within their acres (and why should they be any more than the whites within theirs?); if, like the whites, they are to be allowed to range over the public domain for game, the sudden transition to civilized pursuits may be avoided as with a large reservation, but at the peril of more constant and serious collision with the settlers than heretofore.

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*See Report of the Special Commissioners.

† Otis' *Indian Question*, p. 103.

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With the ordinary injustice to the race, it is likely that the Indian, who depends upon roaming for very support, will be restricted, while the white man, with already abundant arts of living on a limited area, will go free. The excuses of the military must be more plausible than ever, though untenable, for always defending the whites, when Indian reservation has become public domain.

The treatment of the Utes is less excusable in view of the fact that they have always been known as a peaceable tribe. There can, of course, be an amount of oppression that the best people cannot endure. It has often seemed to me that the time would come when neither love nor fear would prevent a collision. Then there would be "horrible massacre" if the Indians conquered in an open fight in defence of their homes and their rights; "glorious victory" if the soldiers were successful in sustaining an invasion. There has been much less difference in the modes of warfare than in the proper significance of these terms. Certainly there has been much less difference in the cruelty of the two races than in their culture.

The proverbial cruelty and treachery of the Indian is but the natural resort of weakness against strength and ignorance against knowledge.

The Utes have been removed to their short quarters. The injustice done will not be undone. And now, does the past forbid us to hope that the best possible will be made by the Government out of the condition of helplessness and unhappiness to which it has brought them? They are surely entitled to everything that can be done for their welfare: they must have food and clothing until they can provide themselves with them.

Heretofore, the efforts to make them independent have not been co-ordinate and commensurate with the direct supplies of the necessaries of life. The appropriations for annuities have generally been abundant; but the money allowed for school-houses and schools, for workshops and tools, for agricultural implements, for live stock of the right kinds, and for mechanics and farmers who can not only work but teach how to work, has been altogether too meagre.

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Had the cattle and sheep already mentioned been what they ought to have been, and what the Government intended they should be and paid for, and what they would have been except for the dishonesty of the contractors and the connivance or "gullibility" of the agents, the advancement of the Utes might perhaps have been much greater and the encouragement to teach them much greater. There is still reason, however, to be hopeful.

The Utes belong to a low grade of the race; but they can be taught, and in a few generations may become skilful and industrious. No persistent and systematic effort to improve them has been made. Children must be placed in boarding-schools where they may be under constant supervision and can acquire the art of living as well as the rudiments of learning.

It were desirable that some of them be brought to Carlisle or Hampton, and be returned as teachers in the common branches of the schools and in industrial pursuits. Let it also be the aim of the Government to see that the Indian is stimulated by deriving profit from what he raises and manufactures.

No one is more aware of the difficulty of making these people work than the writer. While among the Uncompahgre Utes for two years as agent, he can claim to have accomplished very little in this direction, yet enough to be assured that, with a proper sequence of acquirements and in the course of say a half a century, a complete revolution in their habits could be effected. Only let the welfare of the Ute be duly considered in all our transactions with him; let him be recognized as a man, with all the essential qualifications of manhood; let us but realize what as a people we owe him, not only as a man, but for the sacrifices he has been obliged to make for us,—and no suspicions of his incapacity will permit us to slacken our efforts for him for at least a century. The Utes of Colorado, I repeat, have not yet had a fair chance. It is to be hoped that their hour of greatest oppression has passed. As we point to them now to illustrate the past treatment of their race, so may they hereafter

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be examples of what may be accomplished under that wiser and juster policy of the United States which must soon be inaugurated. Nothing, perhaps, is more hopeful for the race than the public sentiment which has been created in their behalf within the past three years.

The report of the commissioners appointed to select the lands to be held by the Utes in severalty for farming and grazing purposes recognizes the difficulty of bringing the Utes speedily to civilized habits, and recommends an extension of the territory to be allotted under the agreement lately made, with the limitations and restrictions common to Indian reservations, for the double purpose of extending the herding district for a series of years and of protecting the Indian from too close proximity to the whites. This is really a recommendation of a retreat from the hasty advances made upon the territory of the poor savages. It remains to be seen whether justice and humanity will induce Congress ever to take such a step. If this recommendation is adopted, the Utes will have small reservations restored to them, within which their farms will lie.

Judging by the past, we must say this tribe is doomed; and its experience is paralleled by that of many another tribe. But we have no right to be hopeless. We owe these poor fellows more than we can possibly do. We never can compensate them for the wrongs they have suffered at the hands of our citizens, which the Government has been too powerless or too indifferent to resist. Nor can it be denied, whatever general intent of kindness there may have been, that there has often been a lack of humanity in legislation and administration.

Such stories are truly pathetic; and the common attempt of an enlightened race to excuse itself by recounting the barbarities of savages, not often unprovoked, is utterly vain and futile. It is by no means pleasant to contemplate the righteous retributions of heaven or the verdict of posterity.

HENRY F. BOND.

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"THE COMPANY OF JESUS": ITS FOUNDER AND ASSOCIATES.

The fact that this year marks the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the permanent settlement of the Jesuits in this country quickens the interest in the history of this remarkable order.

In the February number of this *Review*, Rev. J. H. Allen, treating of the "Papal Reaction in the Sixteenth Century," dwells upon the prominence of the Jesuits in this reaction, and discusses, with his rare ability and justness, the virtues and the vices of the Roman Catholic system. With no thought of trenching upon his ground, the purpose of this article is to refresh the memory by a sketch of the founder of this "Company of Jesus" and a few of his remarkable associates, who were able to make it what it was in its best days,— though not able to avert the results which must ever attend such a complete subjection of the will, conscience, and soul to the dominion of one mind.

Mr. Allen's article includes this quotation from Macaulay: "In the Order of Jesus was concentrated the quintessence of the Catholic spirit; and the history of the Order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction." To this, we would add Dr. Littledale's testimony in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "The whole honors in the counter-reformation belong to the Jesuits singly."

To those who would give the Theatines under Caraffa, 1524, a share in this reaction, the major influence must still be granted to the Jesuits. It was this order, in the days of the Protestant Reformation, that most vigorously sustained a counter-reformation within the Romish Church, which, according to the confession of her own historians, needed it badly enough.

As the curtain of history rises at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it reveals the Church of Rome, as far as its outward power and prosperity were concerned, at its highest. From Europe's most northern cape to the far extending peninsular of Italy, the theory of a Universal

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Church was almost unquestioned. If, here and there, a voice was raised in feeble protest, it was quickly suppressed, if loud enough to be heard. "Nobody doubted, scarcely, in Europe, that a general Father, clothed in infallible wisdom, and armed with powers directly committed to him for guidance or punishment of mankind, was the heaven-sent arbiter of differences, the rewarder of faithful kings, the corrector of unruly nations." * Not unnaturally, with this enormous power there was an accompaniment of vice that, unchecked, must have completed its own ruin.

To the long list of immoralities, simony was added,—the granting of indulgences by the pope for money. This alone brought untold millions into the pope's coffers, who, not satisfied, would still augment the stream by granting remission from sin to those who would make a pilgrimage to Rome. This brought to the Eternal City, it is said, two hundred thousand in a month; and, on one occasion, the treasures these pilgrims brought with them were raked up into piles. The most magnificent and gigantic works were begun, among them the building of the great St. Peter's Church, unrivalled among the cathedrals of the world. Rome the magnificent was also Rome the profligate. Among the throng that poured into the city at this time (1510) was a modest German monk, sent, it may be, on some business of his convent, or perhaps to fulfil a vow. With his heart thrilled with the expectancy of the glory which was before him, with almost speechless reverence, we can imagine him treading the streets of the city of the infallible pontiff. Alas! alas! the true vision of Rome was such as to awaken horror in the pious monk's mind. "In terror and dismay, he left the city of iniquity within a fortnight of his arrival, and hurried back to the quiet of his convent," a sadder, but a wiser man.

Seven years passed. In the meantime, the poor monk had become a doctor of divinity, professor in the University of Wittenberg. On the eve of the Festival of All Saints, Oct. 31, 1517, all Germany was startled, as by a thunder-bolt from

* White's *Christian Centuries*, p. 420.

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a clear sky, with a printed sermon supporting a series of propositions against the granting of indulgences. At last, the man had come who dared publicly to arraign the Church. That man for the hour was Martin Luther, who had made a pilgrimage to Rome seven years before, and who is reported to have said, long afterward: "I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome. I should have always felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on that point."

I have seen in an old book a picture representing Luther writing in his confinement at Wartburg, with a pen, one end of which reached to the city of Rome in the distance. The characters he was there inscribing leaped from his burning lips with a power sufficient to awaken all Christendom to a sense of the enormous villanies practised upon them by the Romish Church. Her hour of judgment had come; and swift destruction might have followed hard upon it, but for the "Company of Jesus," so called at first, which has rendered incalculable service to Roman Catholicism.

The appearance of Ignatius Loyola on the page of history at this time is a striking illustration with Luther of how necessity makes great men.

The Romish Church must be reformed to save it, and its reformation must come from within its ranks.

As it fell to the lowly monk to lead in the great protestation which resulted in a rupture from the mother Church, so it fell to this Spanish gentleman of noble birth, distinguished for his bravery in war and for a lofty conception of a mission, to lead in the work of at least trying to reclaim his church from its errors. His father's home was a castle on the river Urola, about a mile from the town of Azpeitia, in the province of Guipuzcoa; and in this somewhat royal family seat Ignatius, the youngest son, was born in the year 1491. He was trained to the profession of arms, and was a true type of the chivalry of his time, so distinguished for accomplishments and high sense of honor. In his soul burned the spirit of courage, and he longed to make his

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name famous for brilliant prowess in arms. But he was destined for a greater work than any opportunities his sovereign, Charles V., could have given him in which to win renown. In consequence of severe wounds received in a gallant defence of Pampeluna against the French in 1521, all his cherished plans for future military glory were laid aside,—though not at once, for he suffered all a mortal could to regain the perfect use of his limbs (twice endured the opening of his wounds, and submitted to the tortures of the rack without a murmur). All this suffering was but the introduction to another field greater than that of martial glory. The nature of this man, as that of all the knight errantry of Charles V.'s time, was strongly imbued with a religious spirit; and, as he lay upon his weary couch of pain, chafing for health and strength to once more take up arms, to while away the tedious hours, he read the life of Christ and of some of the saints.

It was not long before a remarkable change came over him, not of belief, but of life and purpose. He conceived the idea of renouncing his military ambition, forsaking home and friends and every worldly tie to consecrate himself to the faith; in other words, to become a soldier of the Cross.

Accordingly, having partially recovered his strength, he left his former methods of life no more to return to them, and in preparation for his great work, so different from his former life, devoted himself to fasting, penance, and prayer. His self-inflicted tortures were only equalled by the East Indian devotee. He hung up his arms and armor before a shrine of the Virgin, donned a hermit's garb, and fled to the wilderness and hid himself in the fastness of the mountains. He lived in a cave. He arose at midnight, spent seven hours in prayer upon his knees, twice daily he scourged himself, and for one whole week abstained from eating, till forbidden by his confessor from resorting to such practices. He was so depressed at times with a sense of sin that he contemplated suicide to free him from his misery; but finally, after waking from a dream, he resolved to banish forever the thought of his past life.

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He placed implicit trust in a woman who told him he would yet see Christ; and he was afterwards "satisfied that he did see Jesus and the Virgin with his bodily eyes, and that the mystery of the Trinity was revealed to him by divine inspiration." Henceforth, says one of his biographers, "there was no more need of testimony of Scripture for him; he would have died for the faith unhesitatingly, the truth of which he now saw with his eyes." "He passed from agonies to transports," writes Francis Parkman, "from transports to the calm of a determined purpose. The soldier gave himself to a new warfare. In the forge of his great intellect, heated, but not disturbed, by the intense fires of his zeal, was wrought the prodigious enginery whose power has been felt to the uttermost confines of the world." *

The days of his self-immolation were succeeded by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he meant to stay, but was ordered back to Spain by the Pope, whose eagle eye was upon him. Here was a man not to be lost sight of, though not yet deemed ready for service. He was forbidden to preach until he had passed four years in the study of theology, under which requisition he went at once to the most celebrated university in the world then, at Paris, where he lived a life of poverty and self-abnegation, barely saved from starvation by a miserable pittance received from some friends in Spain. Under great difficulties, Loyola, as student, obtained a smattering of the languages; but combined with his studies he showed a desire to communicate his religious views to his companions, one of whom, Peter Faber, he easily converted.

His next convert was a most noted one, being no less than Francis Xavier of Navarre, a most remarkable young man, of noble family, talented, rich, handsome in person, a favorite at the king's court, and a professor of languages at the University. This work of drawing men to him went on till five more, distinguished for talents and position, named Lefèvre, Laynez, Bobadilla, Salmeron, and Rodriguez,

* *Jesuits of North America, p. 8.*

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were influenced to conform to his views and observe the religious exercises prescribed in a book he had written, which is one of the most complete methods of subjugation of the flesh and mind and soul and conscience ever produced by man. One might look far for so striking an exhibition of the power of mind over mind. This forlorn outcast, unlearned, poor, dishonored in his own country, forsaken by his family, a student on charity, a stranger in a strange land, yet by his sanctified air and solemn warning everywhere repeated with the same terrible earnestness,—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—had won over to his cause men of the first ability for wealth, culture, and influence, men who afterwards made themselves, with their remarkable leader, renowned in the "Company of Jesus."

There must have been a strange power of fascination about this man, to captivate and rivet to himself such men as these, and bring them willingly to cast aside every social tie, every worldly interest, every lofty earthly ambition, and subject themselves entirely to his will. Loyola was eminently one of that class who are born to rule.

And now a scene occurs which might well employ the genius of an artist.

Night has folded the great city of Paris in its dark embrace. Its thousands are hushed in sleep, unconscious of a meeting on the summit of Montmartre of more significance to Europe than anything, except it were Luther's bold protest against the granting of indulgences.

That act of the German professor and preacher was the beginning of the Reformation that would carry him and his followers outside of the Church. This act was a reformation from *within* the Church, which it must have, or die.

There under the glittering canopy of heaven, on this lonely hill-top, at a time when the Church was rotten with corruption, these eight men with solemn mien,—men of influence, men of high standing, men of varied culture and attainment,—are met to take upon themselves the irrevocable vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. A

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surrender it was, total and complete, of all that the world is wont to regard most desirable; subjection it was, total and complete, to the hardest fate, "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*," "for the greater glory of God."

"They would act or wait, dare, suffer, or die, yet all in unquestioning submission to the authority of the superior mind in whom they recognized an agent of divine authority itself." *

Within the Church were various orders and brotherhoods like the Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic Knights, with their military ideas, or like the Benedictines, Dominicans, and Franciscans, with their monastic discipline; but, though partaking in some degree of both, the "Company of Jesus" was unique among religious orders.

Theirs was an active, aggressive work, not passive and retiring; a work in the world and for the world, not a work out of the world and from the world. "Habitual intercourse with the world was a prime duty, excluding external regulations of dress, rule, and austerities when necessary to enable its emissaries to act in every place," in a king's court, or in a university chair, or the lonely life of a missionary.

We find Loyola in the early part of the year 1537 in the city of Venice, with nine associates, about departing for their holy work in Jerusalem, in which purpose they were thwarted by an existing war between the Venetians and Turks.

Disappointed in this, Loyola attached himself to one Caraffa, a leader in a movement of ecclesiastical reform, and the head of the religious order of Theatines. Their methods were austere, and their offices embraced somewhat different conditions than were common in other orders. It is supposed that Loyola, by his connection with them, was led to form the plan of his Company, which he would soon appeal to the pope to sanction.

In November, 1537, Loyola announced to his associates his intention to name their fellowship the "Company of Jesus" and that they would offer themselves to the pope

* Parkman, *Jesuits of North America.*

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as a special militia. Loyola, Faber, and Laynez, after some days spent in prayer, betook themselves to Rome, while the rest of the fellowship began their work as home missionaries in the towns of Northern Italy. Now they are before the pope, Paul III.,—these men who are ready with their lives in their hands to do his bidding.

A cold reception awaits their proposal for a new order. Already a convention of cardinals had reported "that the conventual orders were such a scandal to Christendom that they should all be abolished." *

"There was a strong and general feeling that the monastic system had broken down utterly, and could not be wisely developed further"; and though the pope (Paul III.), on perusing Loyola's papers, is said to have exclaimed, "The finger of God is here!" still he was loath to extend his favor, and his cardinals sustained him to withhold acquiescence. But a more careful study of the papers changed his mind, and at length, on Sept. 27, 1540, the bull was published confirming the new order, limiting its members to sixty, which restriction was removed by a later bull in March, 1543. So came into existence "the Company, or Society of Jesus,—the strongest and most remarkable institution" (considered all in all) "of modern times." †

On April 7, 1541, Loyola, over his personal protest, was unanimously chosen superior; a week later he entered on his new office; and on April 15 the newly constituted society took its formal corporate vows, as a religious order, in the Church of St. Paul-without-the-Walls.

Its members were now sent in various directions,—Salmeron and Brouet on a secret mission to Ireland; Bobadilla to Naples; Faber first to the Diet at Worms, and then to Spain; Laynez and Le Jay to Germany; Xavier to the far-distant Indian mission at Goa; while the general, besides keeping his watchful eyes upon every man, buried himself further in work close around him, also perfecting the orig-

* *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

† White's *Christian Centuries*, p. 435.

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inal draft of the Constitutions, in itself a work of ten years' time. What was enjoined on every member of the Company was in turn exacted of him. Loyola was revered as "God's anointed." His command was to his followers as the will of God, and no less to be regarded. Self-conquest must be achieved as preliminary to subduing others.

To acquire these ends, Loyola considered a life of activity was of more importance than a life of secluded meditation. Only as much of the latter was prescribed as to fit one to be master of himself. He saw also that a system of education "on Catholic principles, as opposed to the free intellectual training of the modern world," would be the means of gaining great power. Hence arose the excellence of the Jesuit schools and colleges, which were recognized as the best in the land. Again, he saw the importance of firmly establishing his faith in new countries, thus laying the foundations of the great structure which was to assume the religious domination of the world. Added to education and self-sacrifice was the power of the confessional, through which the Jesuit could touch the secret springs of the heart and lay it bare.

But where were men to be found, in a world given up to luxury, to renounce all for the service of complete subjection of body, mind, and soul, to the will of one man?

They were to be *made;* and it is just here we see the almost superhuman power of Loyola. He not only made the men he drew to him in a certain degree machines, but they were machines with minds capable of conducting their own movements, yet never swerving from the principle of the one cause to which they were pledged. He thus made men, and his system still makes them, when united for good, able to do more than any company of men in the world, and on the contrary, when joined in evil, the strongest power for darkness. It is said, "Every one who enters the Company is first tried like a musket," and if not able to stand the trial is rejected. They sift and sift, and can afford to reject till they get the right man. Having been received, he must forsake everything,— parents, home,

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friends,— cut loose from every tie, and bind himself to hold no intercourse with the world save to carry out the one idea, the will of his superior.

Unswerving obedience in thought, deed, and word is the first and unfailing principle. As upon the wings of the wind, the "Company of Jesus" spread to all parts of the world. No mission too distant, no hardships too great, no work too laborious for these devoted men. Missions were established in India, China, Japan, Paraguay, in the mines of Peru, in the islands of the Indian Ocean, in the wilderness of North America.

From the very first, the most devoted of Loyola's Parisian converts was the noble youth Xavier, brilliant, accomplished, loyal to death. There was no one of the eight who took those solemn vows in the midnight on Montmartre who combined so thoroughly the requisite qualities for a missionary. At the farthest ends of the earth he could be trusted. He was accordingly commissioned by the pope, at Loyola's suggestion, to plant the seeds of the Romish faith on the shores of the Indian Ocean, and forthwith took passage for Goa in Hindustan. The voyage was attended with much suffering. He shared the lot of the humblest, performing cheerfully the most menial offices for the many sick on board the vessel.

The motto the Jesuit missionaries adopted upon setting out for a foreign shore was these words: "I will go. I shall never return." So went Xavier to his distant mission, to literally fulfil it, paralleling in his heroic labors the example of the Apostle Paul. Ten years he wrestled like a giant hero in those benighted countries, establishing in that time missions in Japan and China, the islands of the Indian Ocean, and a chain of posts through all India. His travels were equal to a distance twice around the world. But there is a limit to human endurance; and even the iron constitution of Xavier, which had been proof against torture and self-inflicted lacerations of the body, exposure to deadly malaria, fatigue, and suffering of every description, to a degree almost incredible, at last gave way. Having taken passage on a vessel about leaving the coast of China, he was at-

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tacked with a violent fever. Feeling that his end was near, he directed his attendants to carry him to the shore; and there, on the naked, treeless beach, he bade them leave him to contend with the tortures of a wasting fever. No downy couch received his sinking frame, no soft pillows supported his aching head, no anxious, sympathizing friends bent over him to catch his every wish. Death had no terrors for him; calmly he waited the progress of disease, noting the gradual departure of strength from the limbs that had borne him so faithfully; the growing dimness of the eyes whose fiery glances had made kings tremble; the failure of the voice whose warning tones, like a silver bell, could once be heard over the howling mob. Suddenly his countenance was suffused with an unearthly light, and, partly raising himself with his expiring strength, he grasped his crucifix and "fell on sleep" with these words upon his lips: "*In te Domine speravi,—non confundar in aeternum.*" The chill blast of the wintry wind on the bleak Chinese coast chanted his solemn requiem, while the waves, like bereaved friends, seemed to be murmuring his loss. Before such consecration and sacrifice, the voice of the critic is dumb.

Notwithstanding this success in the far East, the work of the Jesuits in Paraguay was more remarkable. Perhaps this mission best illustrates the fair first-fruits of this order. They gathered together in the villages of that country three hundred thousand natives, taught them useful arts, united them in one tie of brotherhood, and prepared them to appreciate and enjoy the benefits of civilization. How much nobler was their employment than that of those Spanish desperadoes under the Christian name, who were burning and pillaging the towns and pursuing with bloodhounds the natives of Peru and Mexico, or of the English traders trafficking in human flesh on the coast of Africa!

The story of the Jesuit missions in North America, as told by Francis Parkman, reads like a fascinating tale. He finds it, in his own words, "marvellous as a tale of chivalry or legends of the lives of the saints.... Trade, policy, and military power leaned on the missions as their main sup-

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port: the missions were to explore the interior; the missions were to win over the savage hordes at once to Heaven and to France. Peaceful, benign, beneficent were the weapons of this conquest.

"France aimed to subdue, not by the sword, but by the cross; not to overwhelm and crush, but to convert, to civilize, and embrace them among her children. The story of missions for many years is the history of New France." *

It is a matter of special interest in connection with these missions of the Jesuits in North America that this year marks the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, if not of their first arrival on these shores, at least of their permanent settlement.

In 1611, according to Parkman, "the close black cassock, the rosary hanging from the waist, and the wide black hat looped up at the side, and the features seamed with study, thought, and discipline, proclaimed the Jesuit priests' arrival on these North American shores. . . .

"Then first did this mighty Proteus, this many-colored Society of Jesus, enter upon that rude field of toil and woe where in after years the devoted zeal of its apostles was to lend dignity to their order and do honor to humanity." †

In 1613, under the Englishman Argall, who sailed up from the James River, the French Colony at Port Royal was attacked and the company were dispersed. Some of them, with the Jesuit Baird, were carried to Jamestown.

In 1625 there appear again, at Quebec, three of the mysterious followers of Loyola, named Lalemant, Masse, and Brébeuf,—not altogether welcome guests, as they come to supplant the missionary work of the Récollet friars. They were received kindly, however, by the charitable friars.

Their stay was very brief, hardly more than alighting before "a descent of Huguenots fighting under British colors overthrew for a time the miserable little colony with the mission to which it was wedded." ‡ But, eight years after,

* *Pioneers of France in the New World*, pp. 417-18.

† *Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 264.

‡ *Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 415.

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Quebec was restored to France, and Champlain, under commission from Richelieu, resumed command.

The boom of the saluting cannon on the morning of May 23, 1633, brought Champlain's confessor, Father Le Jeune, newly arrived, to the convent door, to find it darkened by the stately form of his brother Jesuit, Brébeuf, that moment returned. The broken thread of Jesuit enterprise was resumed (indeed if it could be said to have begun before) with Le Jeune as superior, "who in his journal exudes in praises of Richelieu, not always a theme of Jesuit eulogy."

So we stand close upon the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the resumption of Jesuit influence, which was practically the beginning of their work in North America. "Who," says Francis Parkman, "can trace out the crossing and mingling currents of wisdom and folly, ignorance and knowledge, truth and falsehood, weakness and force, the noble and the base? Who can analyze a systematic contradiction, and follow through its secret springs, wheels, and levers, a phenomenon of moral mechanism?" In short, "who can define the Jesuit?" *

Pleasant are many pictures which have come down to us. That of the "fearless Marquette" has always won admiration, — who, about a century after the foundation of the order, set out for North America, calling himself "an ambassador of God to enlighten the New World with the gospel." With his companion Joliet, he traversed the whole distance from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, which he discovered June 17, 1673, and in his frail canoe passed down to the gulf, stopping on the way to teach the natives, who everywhere received him with joy.

At one point in his journey, he was deserted by his Indian guide through fear of danger; but Marquette, unconscious of fear, proceeded on, calmly remarking, "I should esteem it the greatest happiness to die for the glory of God." Planting the seeds of his faith in the wildest of regions, Marquette returned to his former station among the poor Hurons,

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* *Pioneers in North America*, 417-18.

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in what is now Michigan, leaving the fame of his discovery of the Mississippi to be borne by others.*

On the 18th of May, 1675, as he was passing Lake Michigan with his boatmen, having arrived at the mouth of a stream, Marquette proposed landing to offer mass. Withdrawing himself from his companions, he went off alone to pray, till, having remained so long away as to excite suspicion, search was made, and it was found his gentle spirit had taken its flight. His body was tenderly buried by the shore of the lake, near the mouth of the stream that bears his name; and so deeply was his character impressed upon the minds of those savages, that tradition says years after, when the fierce storms lashed the surface of the lake into wild fury and tossed the frail barks of the natives, they would call upon the quieting spirit of Marquette, and the winds would cease and the waves be stilled.

The peaceful though lonely departure of Marquette was the lot of but few of the zealous defenders of this cause in North America. Many suffered most horrible martyrdom from the hands of those they would have blessed, and all bore witness to their fidelity with their lives, shrinking from no sacrifice and courting fatigue, danger, exposure, and terrible death. Few traces are left of their missions or conversions,— a costly sacrifice for such poor results. Even had the mission work resulted in permanent French colonization, it would have at least added to the glory of France. But it is claimed by a recent writer in the February *Atlantic* for 1883 that the French have no genius for colonization. Certainly, when we see how little remains of what was obtained at so costly a sacrifice, we are forced to feel that something was lacking in the French character,— not the spirit of bold adventure, surely, but a certain power to stick. This is acknowledged by their observant men like Vicomte d'Haussonville, one of the guests of the nation at the Yorktown celebration in 1881, who mourns that the Empire of France in the New World has departed, and that her influence, ex-

* See *Memoirs and Writings of J. H. Perkins*, vol. ii., p. 133.

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cept in the matter of women's dress and the comic opera, is wholly extinct. (See April *Atlantic*, 1881.)

But with regard to the devotion of those early French Jesuits, are we not too apt, in our prejudice of the order, to lose sight of these noble examples of fortitude and earnest desire to consecrate themselves for others, to "save souls," as they honestly believed? The principle of abject submission of mind and will may be altogether bad, but it did not prevent these men from showing forth the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice; and their failure — if it was so in God's sight — was innocent.

Few men live to see the fruit of their great projects mature; not so with Loyola. He lived until his order had reached the very zenith of its power. On the night of the 30th of July, 1556, a shadow passed over this great man's countenance; he bade all his attendants leave him, and gave himself to his thoughts. The hour of death is a solemn time to all conscious mortals, and not infrequently shrouded with dread and fear,— more so in that time than now; not so with the chief of the "Company of Jesus." He faced death as calmly as he had endured his many sufferings. He must have had a conviction that success had crowned his efforts, and he certainly felt he had been called of God to the work. Just as the gray beams of the morning were breaking, the Fathers gathered around their expiring leader. The feeble beating of his pulse was scarcely perceived, and but for the brilliancy of his eye, before whose calm yet fearful gaze the sovereigns of Europe had quailed, they would have thought he was gone. Perceiving a breath of life, they offered him cordials, but he waved them from him. They were about sending for medical aid, a feeble gesture forbade them. Kneeling by his bedside, they bent over him and caught from the last breathing the name of "Jesus." So great was the reverence felt for him, amounting almost to worship, that it is stated the learned Laynez, who succeeded him as general, was convinced that he was so beloved of God that no request was ever refused him; and the sainted Xavier was accustomed to kneel when he wrote

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letters to him. His very dwelling was held sacred, and no one of his followers would dare indulge an impure thought within its precincts. The following inscription upon his tomb will show the deep love and reverence of his followers: "Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination Pompey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they was Ignatius."

For half a century or more, the "Company of Jesus"—for so Loyola preferred to call it—continued to flourish under the inspiration of its founder, who, though dead, yet ruled in spirit through the flying years. To the influence of six men, the institution is still indebted for all the power for good it was able to exert as a reforming agency within the Church of Rome,—to Loyola the founder, to Xavier the great missionary, to Laynez the theologian, to Borgia the author of its system of education, to Bellarmin, not a general, but a most astute teacher of the arts and resources of controversy, and to Acquaviva the law-giver.

From this time, the beginning of the seventeenth century, the "Company's" evil reputation began to eclipse its good report. The pope becomes for the first time their avowed enemy. They are driven from England as conspirators against the life of Queen Elizabeth, and later again for their share in the Gunpowder Plot. From France they are driven as accomplices in the attempt to assassinate Henry IV., and from Holland as having resisted the pacification of Ghent. Philip II. of Spain complains bitterly of them to Pope Sixtus V.

Under Pope Gregory XIV., they are favorably treated.

Sept. 25, 1639, the first centenary is celebrated, and there were then thirty-six provinces, with eight hundred houses, containing fifteen thousand Jesuits. Richelieu held them in check, but under Louis XIV. their star was in the ascendant.* With many dark and bloody tragedies the name of this order is now associated. The mutterings of the storm which was soon to break upon the order are now in the air.

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 654.

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The seeds of decay are germinating within itself. A succession of devout but incapable generals succeed Acquaviva; and, though recruits of rank and wealth flock in, they are more desirous of glory than they are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of the Church. Outwardly they seem to be growing stronger, but inwardly a fatal cancer is eating at the core.

As the order grows more wealthy and numerous, it becomes corrupt. Its plots extend through the whole system of society. Its emissaries are everywhere at court, in school, in church, and even in great business speculations, directly at variance with Loyola's plan.

The false principles which lie at the foundation of the Constitutions now after a century's working are showing their evil fruits. Complete spiritual despotism can but work evil. The virtues of its founder and first men could not save the tree from bearing evil fruit. Their schools were excellent for a time, but the spirit of liberality was crushed. Great truths were kept out of sight, or, if forced out for consideration, were passed over as lightly as possible. Only certain books were allowed to be studied, and those written in the interest of the Romish Church. Students in the schools were biased in favor of the order. The aim of their preachers, though men of great learning and power, was to bring men into the Romish Church, and not to repentance for sin. Their missionaries looked more to numbers and nominal conversion than to the Christian spirit. Their confessors made the way easy for the sinful, provided they were completely submissive. The Jesuits invented the base principle of mental reservation. Even perjury and murder were winked at, duelling was not discountenanced, and the betrayal of friends was no offence, if the order was benefited. A system of casuistry is ascribed to this order which tended to overthrow all moral obligation. These were the evil fruits of an order which, in its beginning, was aimed singly at reformation. But when the Jesuits thought themselves so powerful that nothing could stay their onward march, at *that* time, if

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not their extermination, at least their overthrow was at hand.

Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., a talented but unprincipled woman, was largely instrumental in the movement which led to the fall of the Jesuits in the eighteenth century. It is said that they incurred her hatred because they endeavored to make her break off her connection with Louis XV., and refused her absolution on any other terms. She persuaded the prime minister of France to unite with King Pombal of Portugal to overthrow them,—which endeavor succeeded so far as France and Portugal were concerned.

Soon the devout Charles III. of Spain was convinced that the Jesuits were plotting against his authority, if not his life: immediately upon which followed the edict from the King of Spain, forwarded in sealed dispatches to be opened the same day, and to take effect simultaneously on all branches of the order in Spain, Africa, Asia, and America, even at the same hour, on that memorable day, April 2, 1767.*

One source of hope yet remained to the Jesuits after this terrible Edict of Expulsion,—in Ganganelli, the new pope; but even this last straw failed them. After a long time of indecision as to whether he would show favor to the monarchs of Europe or the Jesuits, he decided against the latter in a decree signed in July, 1773; and thus 41 provinces were suppressed, 69 colleges closed, 22,589 members, including 11,259 priests, were turned adrift.

The crafty order, in the endeavor to frighten the vacillating pope into a favorable decision for them, threatened his life in case he decided against them. Future events seemed to prove it was not a mere threat (though it is a

* I find Dr. Littledale states (in the *Britannica*, "Jesuits," p. 654) that the immediate cause of the Jesuit ruin in France was the bankruptcy of F. Lavalette, the Jesuit administrator of Martinique, a daring speculator who failed for 2,400,000 francs, and ruined some French commercial houses of note. Ricci, the general, repudiated the debt, judgment was brought against him, the general lost his case; but, in the trial, the Constitutions of the order were produced as evidence, and thus made public, to the utmost indignation against the order. Upon this, the Jesuits were suppressed in France in 1764, and *utterly expelled* by the edict of April 2, 1767.

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question of doubt). Poor Ganganelli rose from a meal soon after, pale and trembling from the effects of poison, it is claimed, with these last words upon his lips, "Oh, mercy, mercy, I have been compelled!"

No peaceful submission to the papal brief followed. Attempts at resistance were made, but they were ineffectual. Still the order did not die. Frederick II. of Prussia and Catherine II. of Russia, though both free thinkers, strange to say, offered the Jesuits a home in their domains. Russia now formed the headquarters of the company. They elected three Poles successively as generals, taking only the title of vicars, till on March 7, 1801, Pius VII. granted them liberty to reconstitute themselves in North Russia, and permitted Karen, the vicar, to exercise full authority as general. In 1804, they were restored in the two Sicilies. After appearing under many disguises in France, in 1814 they reappeared under their true name.

Dispersed again in the revolution of July, 1830, they soon reappeared, though put to much inconvenience in the reign of Louis Philippe, notably in 1845. In 1848, they seem to have recovered all their rights, and gradually became the leading educational and ecclesiastical power in France, till they were once more expelled in 1880, though they have since been quietly returning. In Spain, they have had a similar varying fortune of expulsion and return. Russia in 1820 drove them out. Holland did the same in 1816, which expulsion resulted, however, in securing them a strong position in Belgium. Switzerland expelled them in 1847–8. In South Germany, including Austria and Bavaria, little is known; but in North Germany, owing to Frederick II., they became very powerful, especially in the Rhine provinces, moulding the younger generation, spreading ultramontane views among them, and so leading up to difficulties with the civil government, which issued in the Falk laws, and their expulsion, by decree of the German Parliament, June 19, 1872. In Great Britain, they never have risen to numerical or intellectual importance. At first slow but steadily, and then rapidly advancing, did

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their power return in Rome; at first shunned by Pius IX., afterward gaining his complete confidence, and obtaining from him a special brief erecting the staff of its literary journal, the *Civiltà Cattolica.**

The order in this country went on for nearly half a century after its introduction, wrestling with paganism in the northern wilds, and, under the bold explorers, penetrating the forests and coursing over the lakes and rivers from the Atlantic shores to the Mississippi and thence to the Gulf.

Quebec remained the centre till after the settlement of Louisiana, when a province was established there. The order sustained a brief eclipse following the suppression in Europe, but quickly revived after the restoration, establishing missions among the Indians on the Missouri in 1824, and in 1840 spanned the continent, touching the shores of the Pacific in Oregon.

In spite of their main principle of spiritual despotism, the progress of the Jesuits has been rapid in this country.† Their number in the United States and Canada in 1874 was 1,062.

Speaking of the Jesuits, says Francis Parkman: "No religious order has ever united in itself so much to be admired and so much to be detested. Unmixed praise has been poured upon its Canadian members. Whether this is just, the history of missions must determine. It is certain, however, that the Society of Jesus has numbered among its members men whose fervent and exalted natures have been intensified, without being abased, by the pressure to which they have been subjected." ‡

For Loyola, whose genius and indomitable will established and developed the order, it is difficult to restrain admira-

* *Britannica*, pp. 655, 656.

† The Dominion of Canada has three colleges with a novitiate, several residences and missionary posts among the Indian tribes of Lake Superior. In the United States there are seventeen colleges, located as follows: in South Boston, Worcester, New York City, Fordham, N.Y., Philadelphia, Fredericksburg and Baltimore, Md., Washington and Georgetown, D.C., Spring Hill, Mobile, Ala., St. Louis, New Orleans and Grand Coteau, La., Bardstown, Ky., Cincinnati, San Francisco and Santa Clara, Cal.

‡ *Jesuits of North America*, pp. 11, 12.

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tion. We believe his purpose was sincere to train a body of men who, under the most admirable discipline ever instituted, would correct and reform the errors of the Church.

This they did do at first; and the excellence of the Jesuit schools, which could attract such minds as Descartes, Bossuet, Corneille, Voltaire, and the high character of many of its missionaries and preachers, command admiration. To the Protestant Reformation, Loyola honestly led a counter-reformation; and, had his mighty mind and invincible will remained at the helm, many of the abuses into which the order fell might have been averted. Yet, after saying this, the principle of yielding up the conscience and the soul to the will of an earthly superior is most pernicious, and must result, as it has, in the worst phase of spiritual despotism.

It is a matter to excite wonder to see this order flourishing among our free institutions. It would seem that it must be a very uncongenial soil; still, we must remember the large foreign element in our civilization, which gives it ample space in which to spread.

It becomes us to match their zeal for education with an equal zeal to plant and sustain as good and better schools. It becomes us to emulate the Jesuits in their enthusiasm, to show an equal willingness to make sacrifices. Then we need have no fear that any secret machinations of this order will undermine the foundations of our government or imperil our free institutions.

GEORGE HERBERT HOSMER.

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PREACHING.

The fundamental distinction between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism is that, while the former seeks to help man through sacraments, the latter seeks to help him by the "foolishness of preaching." The demand for the quickening word was perhaps the loudest at the beginning of the Reformation; and, in answering that demand, Protestantism found one of the sources of its influence, and it has all along developed in the line of preaching, and laid special stress upon its importance. Sacramental churches allow preaching, but Protestant churches insist upon it. The gift of preaching is the essential quality of the Protestant minister. It has been wittily said, he *may* be pious, but he must be eloquent. No amount of inward graces or of external usefulness can quite compensate the lack of it. Churches are full or empty, as the discourses of their ministers are acceptable or not. Ministers may, if they choose, deplore this condition of things. They may urge that people should attend church for other and deeper reasons,— for the preservation and increase of the social or religious sentiment, for the sake of example, and out of a spirit of loyalty. And in so doing, especially if they urge people in an interesting way, they may repress a little the undue growth of the peculiar Protestant spirit. But they cannot eradicate it, without destroying the principle upon which Protestantism rests. Whether they wish it or not, it will depend for its growth and vitality upon the quality of its preaching. Protestantism appeals to the desire of men to be quickened and informed through the medium of the spoken word, and it must stand or fall as it sufficiently or inefficiently meets that desire. And now, since preaching is such an important factor in the life of our churches, it is well to ask ourselves what is meant by preaching, what methods of preaching are best, what are some of the causes of its ineffectiveness, and what is the best kind of preparation for making it more effective and useful. Perhaps the whole consideration of these questions will depend upon the definition given of

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preaching or the conception of its function. According to the view of its essential character will be opinions of what are the best methods, and the causes of failure or success.

What, then, is preaching? In its primary sense, as we all know, it is a proclamation of something. The prophets proclaimed some message of threatening or promise which they had received from God. The apostles spoke out of the new consciousness awakened by the life of Jesus. But preaching does not end with a mere declaration of something. The conception in the mind of the speaker must be stated in such a way that it will convince the mind and move the heart of the hearer, in reference to some religious truth. It thus differs from other kinds of speech. The poem is a statement of some truth, in such a way as to make the reader admire its beauty; but a sermon is an address so arranged that the hearer may not only be moved to admiration, but to obedience. The end of the lecturer is gained when he convinces, that of the preacher when he arouses to action. The essayist is satisfied if he pleases, by an adequate command of his materials and a felicitous arrangement of them, the few who are interested in his theme. The preacher ought not to be satisfied, unless there is inspiration in what he speaks, for all.

Other speakers may choose topics which suit them; but the preacher, unless he chooses to yield his special function, must choose his in the sphere of morals and religion. It is not his business to speak of everything that lies on the surface of human affairs, but of that which lies at the base of all human activity, and which must always determine the form of its manifestation. In short, preaching is the persuasive statement of religious or moral truth, with reference to practice. This, however, is only a statement of what preaching is. It is not intended as a limitation of what the preacher may properly do. He may deem it wise to discuss certain problems of criticism, of philosophy, of social life, and so on, and by so doing may render useful service. He will only be mistaken, when he considers such discussions as entirely fulfilling the purpose of preaching.

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In my definition of preaching is contained the suggestion of the best methods. It follows from it that it should be simple. The poet or the essayist may properly say that it is his right to express his thought in the way that best suits him. He has no duty to the public in this respect: it is a pure matter of taste. But preaching is, as we have seen, a matter of practice. It deals with the moral and religious obligations of man, and these are of universal concern. It should be the object of the preacher so to arrange his thoughts and so to express himself that his meaning may be apprehended with reasonable effort on the part of the average hearer. If his subject is one of universal significance, if it is intended to supply any general need, however deep its implications, it may be stated in such a way that people in general will know what is meant. I have been told of a minister who preached a sermon in one of the suburban churches, which the most intelligent man in the congregation said he had to make the greatest effort to follow and dimly understand. What was the value of that discourse to the congregation? It may be said that, in trying to be simple, preachers may become shallow. If that be so, it is better that even a commonplace truth should be stated in an impressive way than that profound thought should fall upon sleepy eyes and unheeding ears. But I doubt whether it is so. I do not see any necessary conflict between simplicity of style and depth of thought. It is often the case that failure clearly to understand the speaker arises out of his previous failure clearly to see his own intention and meaning. And, admitted that there are subjects in themselves so profound, and demanding so much closeness of reasoning and subtlety of statement that they cannot be generally understood, it may be questioned whether such subjects, except at special places and under special circumstances, are appropriate for pulpit consideration.

In the next place, the sermon should be direct,—by which I mean that it should have an immediate purpose. That is, perhaps, the greatest merit of the real sermon. It may not

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read so well in the newspapers, but sermons are not made primarily for that. It may not be so interesting to the readers of it — if it has any — a century after it was delivered. But it will accomplish the object of all sermons,— the action of minds and hearts with reference to some present fact. Many sermons seem to have no reference to anything in particular. They seem to be mere deductions from a text or discussions of an abstract principle, without any perception of the conditions of the people to whom they were preached. They remind one of the sermon of a minister from the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish": "The subject of repentance is one which, at times, should be brought to the public mind." They belong to that class of sermons which hit nobody, because nobody has been aimed at. The true sermon is discovered, when it is seen to have a special application to the real needs of a real audience, and when every hearer from time to time feels that the secrets of his heart have been revealed. Mr. Froude well describes this kind of preaching in his account of Cardinal Newman, when at St. Mary's, Oxford,— "He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room." It is such preaching that makes us all feel that it is no useless function that keeps the hearer awake and attentive, and sends him away with resolve and aspiration in his soul.

I spoke of preaching as having for its supreme object the persuasive presentation of moral and religious truth. This leads me to speak of another necessary quality of preaching. It should relate to that which touches men most closely and to the needs which are supreme. After all, this is the real feeling which underlies the demand for preaching, and which is the ample justification of it.

In spite of appearances to the contrary, the men and women who are of any value in any community like to have the problems of life considered from the stand-point of moral and religious principles. That is why, whether conscious of it or not, they go to church Sunday after Sunday. They

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have had enough of the times, now they want the eternities. They want to see the times transfigured by the light which abiding principles throw over them, and the preacher who most fully answers that demand will always have a faithful hearing. He who speaks to the times, who discusses everything except religion, may attract for a time by the novelty of his themes, but produces no abiding results. Others can do far better in discussing politics and historic characters and literary questions than he. Others can take far better care of the surface interests of life. It is for him to recognize the real reason for his being, to touch the central questions of the soul. It may sometimes seem to the preacher as if he were doing a small work in thus restricting himself within such limits, but his restriction is the secret of his strength. It is within this range of thought that men seek him. He may not touch so many things, but he will effect something. He may appear to himself to be repeating the same thoughts, but the best things need the most frequent utterance. The most useful teachers of mankind have not been those who have tried to cover every subject, but those who have impressed one deep lesson. The real demand upon the preacher is not so much that he should tell some new thing as that he should make acknowledged truths appear more real and commanding. "I like to hear what I know," said an old man to me, some years ago. I thought at the time that it was a very foolish and weak saying; but I now see what he meant to say, and in that meaning is contained one of the great duties of the preacher. He wanted to hear the things that were matters of consciousness; he wanted to have an interpretation of his deepest questionings; he wanted the truths he already professed made clearer. The discourse of things that had only an external relation he cared little, perhaps nothing, about. It is the satisfaction of that demand, of the abiding yearning of the soul, that will make the preacher's work real and lasting. And he need not think that in doing it he is only satisfying the desire of simple and unlettered people. Even the most cultivated are most interested in the things which vitally affect character and faith.

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One of the ablest men in the State of Massachusetts told me that he had remembered for thirty years a sermon on Progress. And Bossuet, when dying, said, "Speak to me of necessary truths." Preaching about these central themes may not draw a curious crowd, but it will satisfy the deepest cravings of earnest souls. It may not gather congregations, but it will form a living church. It may not startle, but it will edify. It follows also from our definition that preaching should be positive in its general tone. I am well aware that, in the presentation of many themes, there must be some criticism, to prepare the way for a clearer understanding of the truth that is to be presented. But, when the whole object of the sermon is purely critical and destructive, however valuable and interesting it may be as an essay or lecture, it is out of place as a sermon. Negative preaching is a contradiction in terms. For preaching is a proclamation; but, if the herald has nothing to say except that he does not know, or that he is only sure that somebody else is wrong, he might as well keep silent. Preaching, to be real and effective, must be positive. It must be the statement of certitudes, the utterance of attained convictions. It must have the ring of assurance and the promise of some resting place. If the preacher has nothing of the kind, it is not for him to take the preacher's place. Negations have their place, but that place is not in the pulpit. And people instinctively feel it to be so. They want assurance, and not doubt. The preacher may call this a superstitious sentiment, and in some of its forms of expression it may be; but it is, after all, a superstition in which Goethe shared, when he said he cared not for the man who had only doubts to offer. A man through his own honest doubts may attain to a gospel, but let him preach his gospel. For, if ever a positive tone was demanded, it is to-day, when men, uncertain about so many things, are ready to fall into a state of scepticism about everything. Let the pulpit, at least, not encourage this state, but, by the positive utterance of a word which has the tone of reality about it, show men ready to despair that there are

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some things that still remain, and may be relied upon. If he can only say he does not know and that he has no truth to offer, he need not expect a hearing from earnest souls, who believe there is some light in this universe, and believe they can find some of it. And, as for a hearing from others, it is of little importance. It is only the hearing of earnest souls that counts for anything. It was the positive preaching of eighteen hundred years ago that saved the world: it is the positive statement of the best and highest thought that can save it to-day. And now I may be asked, if preaching is to be restricted to moral and religious questions, and is to be simple, direct, central, and positive, How can questions pertaining to the criticism of the Bible, to the philosophy of religion, to the determination of doctrine, be answered to satisfaction? I reply that there are other ways and means provided, which are much better than those furnished by the hour of preaching. The lecture-room, the review article, the volume, will amply supply an answer to all such inquiries. Those who are interested in such subjects will be much better served by these agencies, while those who are not will be more edified by the simple declaration of attained convictions. A reason for more formal doctrinal preaching is often found in the fact that young people grow up in our liberal churches without knowing why they occupy the position they do. But suppose there had been regular courses of instruction in doctrinal views, the irregularity of church attendance would very often destroy the effect of systematic exposition. And it is not likely that young people who have not profited enough by the excellent works of liberal Christian writers to know why they are liberal Christians would be much helped by hearing the reasons given or would make the efforts that are always needed to supplement properly such statements of reasons. As for the discussion of critical questions, I doubt whether any mind unprepared by previous careful reading would be edified by it. Sometimes, I am asked some comparatively simple question in such matters, and, while I am trying to answer, perceive by the blank look

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on the face of the questioner that he cannot comprehend the principles on which such inquiries are conducted, and he cannot be expected to do so until, by patient study of the facts, these principles assume meaning to him. At the age of nineteen or twenty, I read as carefully as I ever read any book, Horne's *Introduction to the New Testament.* I am persuaded that the labor I spent upon that work was valueless, and that in the nature of things it must have been so. And, if careful reading of the printed page does so little, how much less must the fragmentary discussions which, in the nature of the case, the preacher can give! The fact is, no system of doctrine, no conception of a critical school, no philosophic view, can be injected by the preacher. But, while saying this, I do not intend to imply that these things have no value for the preacher. There is a way of making valuable to his people, and imparting them. And that is by way of hint, of insinuation, of simple passing statement. And this is the method I find which Lang, the great Swiss preacher, uses in his admirable sermons. He was in full sympathy with the views of the Tübingen school, and one of its ablest exponents. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the phases of modern philosophic and scientific thought. But in his sermons, instead of formal discussion of these themes, there is the practical application of the conclusions derived from his own private discussion. For example, he preaches a sermon on Christ walking on the sea. In his brief introduction, he shows how this account originated in the thought of the early Church, and then, in a glowing sermon full of comfort and consolation, makes the application of that thought. It is a wise combination of critical knowledge and real preaching. Then, again, when the preacher is saturated with a view of things, when he has not only read, but read into it, and, what is still better, lived into it, he cannot help communicating it. It is the atmosphere which he diffuses, and those who hear him cannot fail to imbibe his drift and purpose.

The turn of a sentence, the significant phrase, the way in

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which he views life and duty, make themselves felt; and people take in through their pores what they might have refused, or at any rate failed to have taken in through their understanding. One may read sermon after sermon of John Henry Newman without finding any formal statement of his fundamental opinions, but I doubt whether there is one that does not make the reader feel that he is looking at things from another point of view. If the preacher has a conviction, a view, a system, and it is a reality to him, it will become without much conscious effort a reality to those who hear him. He need not struggle for unity of pulpit teaching. If the unity is *in* him, it will appear of itself: if it is not, all effort for unity is vain.

And now I ask the question, which I shall try to answer, why preaching is not more effective. Some reasons may be found in the mind and heart of the hearer, but these need not now be considered. Other reasons that may be found in the preacher are far more important. One cause of some ineffective preaching is that it is too good, by which I mean that the thought is too subtle, and the expression of it too elusive, for popular discourse. Preachers too often forget that, as the merits of an oil painting are not realized at a glance, but that a charcoal sketch will better answer the purpose of single exhibition, so a sermon too richly freighted with thought, and ornamented with all the graces of style, may fail to do what the direct, straightforward sketch may do. Such sermons are often an addition to our literature; but the value of a sermon is not in its literary excellence, but in its present effect. I think that this is the defect of the later sermons of James Martineau. Even in reading them, one is compelled to retrace his steps to catch the subtle thread of connection, in a sentence or paragraph. And this is the opinion of some of the most intelligent people I know. It is sometimes urged as an objection to extemporaneous preaching that the preacher cannot hold in his mind an elaborate train of thought. To this, I think, Cardinal Newman makes a most effective answer, when he says ("Idea of a ~~Universe,~~" p. 424), "A

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discourse which from its fineness and precision of ideas is too difficult for a preacher to deliver without such extraneous assistance is too difficult for the hearer to follow." Preachers sometimes wonder why sermons so carefully wrought make so little impression. There may be many reasons for it, but perhaps the real fact is that the minds of the hearers were not prepared to follow the intricate reasoning or elaborate statement.

Again, sermons are ineffective, because they are not intended for the whole congregation; and what is not intended is seldom accomplished. I have been told of a minister who said that, when he preached at a certain place, he only preached for Judge Shaw. Whether the Judge needed the whole sermon for himself, I am not prepared to say; but I have no doubt that it produced very little effect upon others.

No sermon that is not addressed to man as man, which is not prepared with reference to the real needs of all, will be an instrument of good. The bulk of the hearers will realize that there is nothing for them, and the few for whom it is particularly intended will usually have too much contempt for such a preacher to profit by his sermon.

Still again, sermons often have no vital relation to the present condition of the congregation, and in consequence lose all their force. They are preached to an ideal and not a real congregation. They are not based upon what the preacher knows of his people, but upon abstract conceptions of human nature. The hearer feels their irrelevancy, and begins to think the whole idea of preaching purely visionary. Then, sometimes, the preacher may allow his idea of what a sermon ought to be to conceal from him its real end and aim. As the artist is betrayed into thinking more of the technicalities of a picture than its revelation of the beautiful, as the musician often thinks more of difficulties that are to be overcome than of the total effect his music is intended to produce, so the preacher often is tempted to think more of conforming to some ideal standard of literary excellence than of the work his sermon has to accomplish. So sermons become felicitous in expression and fruitless in re-

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sults. Sometimes, the preacher is aware that some other method would produce more practical good; but he persists in pursuing his ideal. He finds all sorts of excuses for his failure except the true one,— that he is thinking too much of the improvement of his sermons, and too little of the improvement of those who come to hear them.

Sermons are often ineffective, not because of any lack of intrinsic excellence, but because of the failure of the preacher to make people listen to them. It is not enough to have a good thing to say: it must be said so that people will be compelled to pay attention. The mistake that many preachers make is in supposing that people come resolved to listen. Some do; but they are usually the ones who least need the sermon. But the mass of a congregation or audience listens only when it is made to feel that it must. Words must not merely fall upon the ears, but be thrust into them. Mr. Emerson, in his wise essay on Eloquence, speaks of several audiences in every audience. The preacher has partially failed who does not somewhere touch them all, and force the most heedless one to listen. If the boys in the gallery pay no attention, the sermon so far is a failure; if they do, then it is a real success, whatever critics may say.

And, now, as to the means the preacher may employ to make himself more effective in his public ministrations. It seems to me these means are suggested by what has been already said as to the best way of preaching, and the causes of its ineffectiveness. If the sermon is in the truest sense successful, if it appeals to the sense of reality, it must be based upon a knowledge of men and affairs, and especially upon the thorough knowledge of the people to whom it is preached. Books and papers will supply one part of this demand: faithful pastoral visiting is the only means to the other. Some think this is an outgrown necessity, but to my mind it is just as needful as ever. The preacher cannot estimate how much he does for others by it, but he will soon find how much he does for himself in the way of preparation for his sermon. In this case, as in so many others, the instinct of centuries is worth more than the theory of an individual.

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Then, too, if the preacher wishes to impress his congregation, he must first have something he wishes to impress. The sermon should have its source in a profound conviction of moral and religious principles, and a system of thought, in which these may find their place. Valuable preaching there may be without any explicit system upon which it is based; but there can be no doubt that its value will be increased tenfold, when it is evident, though not expressed, that the preacher has a purpose and meaning in what he says, and a relation to something deeper and more comprehensive in the background.

One of the greatest external helps is the reading of the speeches of those who have moved men. We all know that reading affects style. The style the preacher demands is that which will reach and touch the largest number. To this end, he need not read the closet orators, however well their work may be in itself. Let him read the speeches of the orators who have made men listen. The careful reading of the speeches of John Bright, or the sermons of South and Spurgeon, or the orations of Wendell Phillips, would endow the preacher with a mastery of effective speech. These men know how to say things well in simple English which all men can understand. They can open the preacher's eyes to the fact that the use of philosophic jargon and scientific slang is not a necessity, but a nuisance.

But above all means to efficiency is the belief of the preacher that his work is worth doing, with the devotion of all his powers. Let him magnify his office. Let him feel that, if he does not do all he expects, the fault is not all in the work, but to some extent in the feebleness of purpose with which he attempts to do it. Let him be contented if he can, by the exertion of his whole nature, impress some hearts with the consciousness of a divine life working in and through them. Let him be sustained by the assurance that

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

And in his times of darkness and depression, when his voice

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seems like that of one crying in the wilderness to which no answer comes, his comfort will be that he has spoken as he was best able and as God moved him to speak, and that his word shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent. To him belongs obedience to the divine call, to God the time and manner of success.

F. B. HORNBROOKE.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

The return of this season of summer rest, when half the world is roaming the earth over seeking for what is called relaxation, brings with it renewed discussions of the questions which seriously perplex ministers and congregations. The inevitable movements of society are of themselves settling some things. That all persons who are busily employed should have some period, longer or shorter, when the whole pressure of care and the burden of business are thrown off, seems to be quite generally acknowledged. The cares and burdens are more readily taken up and more faithfully borne. And the exodus of a very large proportion of some congregations makes the decision easy for such churches to close their doors. Choirs join the universal demand to have a vacation; and congregational singing is distressing, with only a solitary voice here and there in the great church. It may be insisted upon that the few who cannot get away, or do not get away, should still have their sanctuaries open; and some will still be influenced by the plea that the interest or the worth of a few souls is not to be balanced against the paltry cost of carrying on the services of religion for a few Sundays. Those who sustain the churches say, Why should we provide another minister or another choir for the few listless hearers, and these chiefly strangers and worshippers for a day? We do not believe it is very often any question of economy. It is a question of interest. It may not signify any decline in the religious spirit; but it has to be confessed that the custom of summer journeying, or change of residence for a few weeks or months, has rendered it impossible to preserve that interest which makes worship effectual. Occasionally, that interest may be with the smallest congregation, and under the most adverse circumstances; but a minister must be exceptional and more than human, who is not the least affected by the conditions which so seriously modify all the habits of a rich or fashionable city congregation in these latter days. The minister cannot create all the interest: there must be some reciprocal enthusiasm of numbers or of devotion, and these are just what are wanting. He would be a bold minister who should advocate, as has lately been done, closing churches altogether for a few weeks, because worshippers would then seek their altars

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with renewed zeal: that would reach but a part of the difficulty. Worship is but a part of the purpose of churches, and the Sunday services but a part of the minister's work. If only the course of nature waited upon our summer recreations, if troubles ceased to fall, if the hand of death could be stayed, then all could go off upon their rest and pleasure-seekings without hesitation; but we believe that many ministers have fallen in too easily with the fashion of long vacations and utter desertion of their posts, when the offices of religion are as much needed as ever. Of course, in all literary work,— and that occupies a large part of a minister's time,— there is much so different from all other pursuits that to it no ordinary measure can be applied. It can be done in one place as well as another. A single sentence may express the toilsome study of hours, a single verse the inspiration of a year, a single sermon may embody the results of months of thought and work. Still, the fact remains, or at least to the worldly mind it is an apparent fact, and one of which it makes much, that the ministers who so easily fall in with the fashion of running off to summer resorts for two or three months every year are not faithful to their injunctions to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." Indeed, the day for enduring hardness, unless it be for material successes, seems somewhat out of date.

There are many to whom it goes without saying there is no need of such advice. It seems to be taunting their infirmities, their sufferings, or their misfortunes, when theirs has been the story of endurance through whole years of disappointment, of loneliness, of heavy labor. When we think of the vast proportion of our fellow-creatures whose life is a ceaseless toil from dawn to dark and for uninterrupted years, of men of large business capacities and enterprises who are rarely free from great responsibilities and perplexities, of real students in the deep problems of existence over whom hang the troubles and sins and clashing interests of society like clouds which never lift,— in comparison, the few devotees of fashion who endure hardness only in seeking some new pleasure, who may make some stir and win some notice in their busy pursuit of rest when there has been nothing to rest from, but who really count for nothing in the great movements of human life, are hardly those whose ways are most worthy of imitation; and it does give some reason for reproach, where so many ministers seem to abandon

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their fields of labor for so long a time. We fear that it does give some encouragement to the idea that, in an age which seems to have a mercenary, a venal, a materialistic, and an unheroic character, this very character is ministered to by those who should oppose it. With a vast progress in many directions, there seems a marked decline in the spirit of sacrifice, the appreciation of the more spiritual aspects of our nature, and in resistance to those enervating customs which have brought all past nations to shame and ruin. It certainly belongs to the Christian ministry, to those who hold up in such vivid pictures the brief but busy ministry of Christ and the tireless activity of the apostle Paul, to oppose by example as well as words any easy yielding to that spirit which would escape the burdens of life, or give the impression that we are ready to accept all the indolence which fashion might offer. And, so far as education is concerned, we feel convinced that the custom of vacations has been greatly overdone. Although many of the best educators may approve it and although temporarily all may agree to it, we are assured there will be a reaction; that it is an unnatural strain upon the young to do the work of ten months in seven or eight; and that a longer and more even period of study would be better than this heavy pressure, and this entire abandonment to pleasure and to rest.

With the question of vacations is connected the whole matter of our overwork as a nation, and the gospel of relaxation, an expression first used by Herbert Spencer, and since become quite popular; but we are inclined to take the criticisms of a wearied and worn-out foreigner with large modifications. Most of the complaints of overwork come from that class in society which has nothing to do, put to its wits' end to find some new or attractive resort or some means of spending its idle hours. Mr. Spencer may be an instance of an overworked man; but, as a rule, among students it is not overwork of the mind, but insufficient care of the body which breaks them down. The hasty generalizations of a sick man, even of one who has proved so careful an observer as Mr. Spencer, from brief visits to a few great business centres, are not of much worth. Our activity, energy, ambition, inventive skill, and haste to gather a fortune certainly surpass other lands; but an evident result of this activity is such an increase in the com-

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forts of life and in comfortable homes that the very activity has brought with it an increased desire to enjoy them and to find the time to enjoy them. Labor-saving machines have far more than compensated for the numerous half-holidays of Catholic countries, and the daily hours of labor have steadily decreased. One who has seen anything of the peasant life of the old lands, who has seen them in long processions toiling up the hillsides to their day's work with the first gleams of the sun, and waiting for its last rays to guide them back to their dismal abodes hardly to be named homes, knows that to speak of the same classes in our country being overworked is the criticism of ignorance. In all centres of great business activities there is for a few hours an intense strain, a tremendous pressure, a wearing excitement; but how soon the day's work is over and how late it begins, how early the streets are comparatively quiet! What multitudes in various avocations of life, clerks in government employ, in banks, in stores, who rarely have more than six or seven hours, frequently not that, and all the remainder of every day for their own use or enjoyment! The matter is more complicated where the responsibility of intricate, weighty, wearing business concerns so presses upon a man that he can never leave them behind; and this is particularly true of those mental occupations which, the more they are pursued, the more they overcome the body, and even with ample time for, still take away the possibility of, rest. A life of great physical activity brings man more and more into a condition of abundant health, which shakes off care and burdens; a life of great intellectual activity brings him more and more into a condition of shattered nerves, of pondering serious problems, of a sensitive disposition which is forever feeding upon itself. But it is perhaps inevitable that there should be instances in every department where overwork cannot be escaped, or where it is voluntarily assumed, with whatever risks it may bring, in the exigencies of life for the sake of coveted prizes; but, from these, we are not to judge the multitude.

It is not overwork so much as it is fast living which characterizes this land, and we are surprised that a man of Mr. Spencer's habits of observation and philosophical reflection should have so mistaken the one for the other. It is not the necessary or self-assumed tasks which are exhausting us: it is giving up everything for the consuming passion of rapid accumulation, it is this growing desperation for position, it is this wide-spread desire to obtain

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something without giving an equivalent. There runs a story of an Eastern monarch, who had been a noble ruler, but who received a message from an oracle that he was to live only twelve years more. He instantly resolved that he would turn these to the most account, and double his life in spite of destiny. He fitted up his palace gorgeously. He denied himself no form of pleasure. His magnificent gardens were brilliantly lighted from sunset to sunrise, so that darkness was banished from the circuit of his estate, so that whenever he was awake the stream of pleasure was ever flowing, and the sound of revelry was never still. Thus, he determined to outwit the oracle by living twenty-four years in twelve. But, at the end of six years, he died. The oracle foreknew and made allowance for his cunning scheme.

This is what *we* are doing instead of overworking.

One of the most serious results, and one most likely to be overlooked of a controversy such as has arisen over the subscription to the Andover creed, as well as the discussion which involves all theological questions in a transition period, is that men otherwise pure-minded, just, and of a fragrant piety, in attempting to harmonize present thought with past formulas, put new meanings into the old phrases without frankly and honorably confessing it, and thus are guilty of a gross and inexcusable deception of the popular understanding, and tend to take all true meaning out of words. They use them intentionally to conceal rather than express their plain meaning, and to make their congregations believe they are upholding the doctrines of their fathers, when they know they are preaching something entirely different. When words are used as the tricks of the schoolmen, they cease to be kindred to those of which it was said, "They are spirit, and they are life." The great Greek historian marks it as one of the surest signs of moral decay, when men used words falsely, when, as he says, "they altered at their will and pleasure the customary meaning of words in reference to actions." This is a common fault in eras of theological controversy; and perhaps there never was a better illustration of it than when, in speaking of inspiration at a recent meeting, Dr. Hodge said, according to the report, that plenary inspiration was not to be regarded as literal or verbal. Now, if anything was meant by such an unfair, unhistorical, and confused statement, it was simply to play fast

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and loose with one of the deepest and most sacred questions before the consideration of our age. It was to give to the common mind an impression that the evangelical theologians were still holding the good old doctrine of plenary inspiration, and holding it, to thoughtful minds, with all the freedom that a critical and doubting period could ask. It was in substance an interpretation of inspiration as broad as the most liberal could ask. What, indeed, has plenary inspiration meant for these centuries, if it has not meant *full*, literal, verbal inspiration? and why cannot an honorable and thoughtful man have the courage to say, This is what it really does mean, this is what it really has meant through all these years, but I am inclined to dissent from this meaning and to modify it? Plenary inspiration, or any doctrine of inspiration whatever, or any theological doctrine whatever, is of far less importance than frank and manly expressions between man and man, without any attempts to confuse meanings. We have respect for any opinion sincerely held, and clearly and strongly defended: we have only contempt for this studied effort which runs through so much of the theological teaching of the present time,— to introduce modern thought into the old statements of faith, and yet to make people believe they are the same. We have all respect for the founders of a theological institution whose chief aim was to oppose all liberal Christianity through all eternity, and to guard that aim by every conceivable plainness and strictness of expression; but it is far better that the buildings of such an institution should stand unoccupied, a silent testimony to the progress theological thought has made, than to have young men resort thither to be instructed by persons who subscribe to the old creed for substance of doctrine, when the substance of their interpretation destroys the doctrines so dear to the founders.

Now, Dr. Hodge knows full well that plenary inspiration is a term very dear to all orthodox persons. He knows, too, that its meaning is very simple and precise, and has never been deviated from; and it is that *every* word which is found in the canonical books of the Bible has been inspired by God, and is to be received without question as the word of God. Perhaps he does not believe this; but, then, why not frankly say so, instead of trying to preserve a term which he knows is universally understood, and then make it mean something else? We believe that such a treatment of the most sacred subjects, claiming beyond all

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others perfect honesty and transparency, does more to demoralize the public standard of right than all other causes combined. Perhaps one of the best recent statements of the true evangelical doctrine of inspiration as it is held by all their sects, according to their authorized bodies, is that of Gaussen, translated by Dr. Kirk, of Boston. This, of course, defends plenary inspiration and it tells very plainly what it is,—"that inexplicable power which the Divine Spirit formerly exercised over the authors of the Holy Scriptures to guide them *even in the employment of the words they were to use, and to preserve them from all error as well as from every omission. The Scriptures are from God,—all the Scriptures are from God, and every part of the Scripture is from God.*" It might be difficult to find any eminent scholar who to-day would defend this theory, but this is the simple and intelligible theory of plenary inspiration. Perhaps Dr. Hodge does not accept it; but, if not, why not say so, rather than secretly and in some mysterious and confused way to force the liberal interpretation of the Scriptures which Unitarians and others have long maintained into the orthodox terms?

The complications and the close interdependence of modern social relations were never, perhaps, so fully shown as in the partial interruption and uncertain operation of the telegraph system. Rapidly, its wires had bound city to city and village to village all over the country, until we little knew how completely our business and domestic connections and plans could be disturbed by its temporary suspense. It is a marvellous illustration of the admirable manner in which this great social machine works. How smoothly it runs in all its mighty parts! How faithful, as a whole, its servants are! Only such an outbreak, such a banding together of all those who carry on this vast system, can show to the people how important their charge, and how necessary they should have a reasonable compensation. The political economists are fond of talking about the law of competition as the one arbiter to which all business matters must be left; but the incalculable element of human sympathy is far more powerful, and sometimes, by a great outburst, overturns all other calculations, and must be taken into the account. Serious as the inconveniences may be from such a strike, one cannot wonder or blame, when he goes a step farther back, to think how

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immense fortunes have been rapidly gathered by the most fraudulent means. It is easy enough to talk of persons keeping out of such callings or of finding some remedy by legislation rather than thus disturb the affairs of a continent; but such advice seems rather in the interests of and after the style of Gould than to show any just or humane spirit. Why not, in the first place, find out some remedy by legislation against the gambling of the Telegraph Company, when it is well known one such man as its head has more power at legislative halls than the whole band of operators? Telegraphers may have, as is seen, "power to inflict enormous loss and inconvenience on the community"; but is no notice to be taken of the untold loss, inconvenience, and suffering wrought by the stock-gambling of these vast monopolies? We may safely affirm that the dogmas of *future* punishment have come to an end. All the more, then, is this age called upon to recognize the necessity and worth of *present* punishment,—not in wrath, not in cruelty, but to bring to justice these very persons who with such a high hand have carried on their monopolies in glaring dishonesty, and before whom the community has been powerless. If this strike helps in any degree to fasten the blame where it really belongs, its lesson will not be entirely lost.

THE BROMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY OF ITS FOUNDER.

At the anniversary exercises of the Bromfield School in Harvard, Mass., a few weeks since, an interesting paper was read by Henry B. Rogers, Esq., of Boston, concerning the history of the family whose name the school bears, and upon the site of whose picturesque and venerable residence it has lately been established. The school was founded by Mrs. Margaret B. Blanchard, a descendant of the Bromfield family, to which the reader of the paper, himself a benefactor of the school and the President of its board of Trustees, also belongs. His description of the historic mansion and its early occupants, and his reminiscences of the social and the church customs of a New England country town in the first quarter of this century, have interest and value beyond the occasion which called them forth, and connect themselves with some of the most respected names and important incidents in the history of Massachusetts. Few schools of even earlier foundation are richer in historic associations and memorials, as the family portraits of several generations which look

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down from the walls of the school-rooms bear witness; and none has been founded in a spirit of more conscientious benevolence and pious self-devotion than characterized the excellent and remarkable woman who gave nearly a hundred thousand dollars for its endowment. Her charity is approved in the establishment of a prosperous and well-furnished academy, which is already attracting pupils from abroad, and giving new incitement and ampler opportunities to the young people of the community in which it is situated. "It is the best thing that ever happened to this town," is coming to be the testimony of the people to its value and enlarging influence. What more well-placed and fruitful benefaction is possible, than to set down in the midst of a country town — just too small to be legally required to maintain a public high school, and drained by the large cities and the West of much of its wealth and growing life — a well-furnished and endowed school, with library and apparatus for scientific training, easily accessible to all graduates of the common schools, a place of thorough training for an academic course or for practical life, and a centre of intelligence and intellectual interest and enterprise in the town and surrounding communities!

Whether the public school system is to be shorn of its high school department, as some politicians and certain extreme sections of the public believe and demand, or whether, as we trust, it is to be maintained intact, and in some directions even enlarged, there will remain the same call for the endowment of higher schools and academies in sparsely settled communities; and provision for them by private munificence is one of the certain means of securing the future for these communities, and for staying the depressing and deteriorating influence which comes of the draining away of the active and wealth-producing lives and the coming in of families of less intelligence and poorer moral training, or of raw immigrants with the primary lessons of American civilization and citizenship yet unlearned. Even the most modest endowment in such communities of an opportunity for instruction beyond the narrow range of the common schools —in such communities often very primary in quality and of short duration — would be a godsend and a source of unspeakable delight and profit to many a bright boy and girl. The gift of a fund for this purpose, sufficient to pay a teacher's salary perpetually or for a term of years, or even for a single autumn term each

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year, after the good old custom of the hill-towns in Western Massachusetts, would do much to enlarge the mental life and improve all the schools in any town lacking such means of higher instruction. Such provision for his native town would be a gracious payment of the debt which the prosperous native of many a quiet and perhaps decaying country town owes to the institutions which sheltered and trained him for the success he has achieved elsewhere, and may be commended to all who wish to set a stone in a sure place among the foundations of prosperity and character for the future of the State.

The address of Mr. Rogers, which we print below, gives the history of a generous benefaction of this sort from one whose strong character and conscientious generosity furnish to all who knew her a striking and beautiful illustration of the best elements of New England life in a generation that is now almost wholly gone.

MRS. MARGARET B. BLANCHARD AND HER FAMILY.

It is sometimes pleasant and, indeed, useful to look back as well as forward, for out of the memories of the past come not seldom the hopes of the future. So, too, from the seeds sown by the good and true, who have gone to their long home, spring in due season the full-grown blessings of the present time.

My presence here to-day allows me to use this occasion to illustrate the truth of the above remarks.

On this spot, more than a hundred years since, stood a large and stately mansion which had been erected and occupied, before our Revolutionary War, by a clergyman of the name of Seccomb. It was of an ancient pattern, with a wide, panelled hall running through it from north to south, and a wide oaken staircase with richly carved balusters leading to the story above. The rooms on each side, above and below, were square, low studded, and lined with wood in panels, painted white. The fire-places were wide and lofty, fitted to contain wood some five feet in length; and in cold weather were sure to contain a roaring fire, which almost blistered the front of the body, while the air it drew from the doors and windows chilled the back. The front of the chimney-piece was lined with small, square china tiles from Holland, on which were depicted Adam and Eve, Noah and the ark, Jonah and the whale, Balaam and his ass, and other scenes from the Old Testament, all of which afforded a perpetual source of amusement to the boys and girls of the family.

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The house was overshadowed by noble sycamore and elm trees, and long rows of the latter lined the avenues which led to the burial ground and the public road. The whole scene was peculiar and strikingly picturesque, and few strangers passed near it without stopping to gaze and admire.

On this estate, when I was a child, some sixty years ago and more, lived Col. Henry Bromfield, the eldest son of Edward Bromfield of Boston, whose house and garden occupied the whole area through which Bromfield Street in that city now runs. He had been bred a merchant, and was largely interested in the London and West India trade; but, during the siege of Boston, he was shut up there and compelled to endure all the trials and sorrows of the Revolutionary period. After its close, from considerations probably of economy and quiet, he removed with his family to this town, where he died at the age of ninety-three, after a residence there of nearly half a century. He was my grandfather, and I loved him as a child loves its mother; for, though an old man when I knew him, he was full of life and pleasant stories.

I seem to see him now before me as on a summer Sunday morning he walked, accompanied by my father and mother and myself, through the north avenue and burial ground to the old puritan-looking meeting-house on the hill, in the dress of the olden time,— a broad-skirted coat and vest, cloth breeches, knee buckles, silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes, a powdered wig, a three-cornered hat, and a golden-headed cane. Certainly a highly picturesque figure, not to be seen in our day, but a perfect specimen of a gentleman of the old school; courteous and dignified in his manners, and respected and beloved by the people who awaited his coming at the church door and opened right and left to let him pass in, as was the custom of the day, he returning their civility with a smiling face and kindly greetings. The same ceremony was reversed when the meeting was over. The congregation rose and waited till the colonel and his family walked out,— a token of respect not unusual at that time to age and social worth. He was known to all the country round as a worthy and kind-hearted man, a good neighbor, and a special friend of all the neighboring clergy who were his frequent and welcome guests. Among them may be mentioned the Rev. Isaac Allen and Dr. Thayer, the former of whom preached his funeral sermon. In his youth, he was thought to be of a delicate consti-

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tution; but he passed through his mature and declining years to within a month of his decease without an ache or a sickness of any kind, when a sudden cold, caught by standing on the snow, caused his decease at the age I have named. Through life, he was remarkable for being an early riser and an exceedingly small eater.

And, with the image of the man, how clearly comes up that of the old meeting-house, with its bare walls, square, high-backed pews, and swinging seats, its double row of windows and lofty pulpit, and last, but not least, its solemn-faced deacons sitting beneath it to watch and admonish any sleepy or unruly boys! I have said, swinging seats: I should explain. They swung on hinges, back and forth; and, when the people stood up to pray or sing, they raised them to give room to stand in; and, when they had done praying or singing, they shut them down with a noise, to which the youngsters willingly gave an additional slam-bang that resounded through the house like thunder, and almost deafened my unaccustomed ears.

Col. Bromfield had an only son named after himself, who in early life, and before our Revolutionary War, went to London, and established himself there as a merchant. After various vicissitudes of fortune, he finally succeeded in obtaining a moderate property, when he retired to the beautiful town of Cheltenham, where he resided till his death at the age of ninety. He resembled his father in temperament and in many of his characteristics, and was regarded by all who knew him as a man of intelligence, honor, and moral worth. He was a near relative and a warm friend of the celebrated painter, Copley, and after his decease became the guardian of his son, the late Lord Lyndhurst.

Sarah Bromfield, one of the daughters of my grandfather, married the Rev. Eliphalet Pearson, LL.D., a noted Greek and Hebrew scholar, at various times a professor in Harvard College, a principal of the Andover Academy, and one of the original trustees of the theological institution in that town. After the decease of her father, she with her husband removed to this place and took possession of the family estate, where they resided during the remainder of their lives.

Their daughter, Margaret Bromfield Pearson, the munificent donor of this school, was born on Nov. 10, 1787, and, while resident here with her parents, was married to the Rev. I. H. T.

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Blanchard, at the time the pastor of the First Unitarian Society in Harvard. For several years, the couple resided with her parents in the family mansion; but on their termination, to the great regret of his people, Mr. Blanchard was obliged, on account of ill health, to resign his pastorate, and to seek rest and recovery in milder climates. His wife accompanied him in all his travels in this and other lands, and watched over him with a tenderness and assiduity that could not be surpassed. Her efforts in his behalf, however, were only partially successful. He gained indeed sufficient health and strength to go to the town of Natick in Massachusetts, at the request of some of its inhabitants, and for a time to assume the pastoral care of a parish there. But his disease soon returned; and, to his great disappointment, he was compelled to abandon his profession altogether, and eventually went back to his paternal home in Weymouth, where, after some years of suffering and weakness, he died beloved and respected by all who knew him. After the decease of her husband, Mrs. Blanchard returned to Harvard, though not to the house she had left, that being occupied by her brother Henry and his wife, who had taken possession of it on the death of his parents, but to a new one which she built, and where she resided till her death in 1876, at the age of eighty-nine.

Of her character it is almost needless to speak; for her intelligent and active mind, her strong common sense, her ready apprehension, her willing and implicit obedience to the dictates of a most susceptible conscience, her deep religious spirit, her ready interest and sympathy in all good public undertakings, and in all the personal trials and sufferings of her fellow-creatures, and her persevering and unwearied efforts for their comfort and relief, are known to all who had any knowledge of her in this town, and to a very wide circle beyond it. Indeed, from youth to old age, her life seemed to be one long series of acts of kind and wise benevolence to the sick, the poor, and the bereaved; and yet her modesty and refinement of nature enabled her to perform them without display or apparent consciousness of their value. For the poor blacks in bondage, she had special regard, assisted them often during her life, and in her will gave four thousand dollars to the institution at Hampton, Va., for their education. As was to be anticipated, she had many intimate friends, and a large correspondence, which she carried on with singular fidelity to within a very few years of her decease.

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For some years after her marriage, her pecuniary resources were very limited; but afterward, through bequests made to her by her uncle in Cheltenham and her cousin, John Bromfield, in Boston, as also from her share of her grandfather's estate, she became possessed in later life of a comfortable property. And then sprang up at once in her mind the idea of establishing this High School for the benefit of the children of this town and its neighborhood, and in honor and memory of the departed worthies whom I have named above, and who during their lives were so dear to her. To her, the property received from these bequests was a sacred trust, deposited temporally in her hands for the public good, and was not to be drawn upon by her except for such a purpose, or for her own necessary personal expenses. To this idea she rigidly adhered, and indeed sacrificed to it much of personal ease and comfort, in order that by great economy and good management she might be able to add to the original amount.

Such was the long indulged purpose of this excellent and remarkable woman, and such is a brief sketch of the names and history of the venerated individuals who were her nearest relations. I have traced it lightly, I know; but sufficiently, I trust, to enable you to understand the principal facts, and to excite within your hearts a sentiment of deep-felt gratitude toward this departed, gracious lady, to whom you are indebted for the privileges and opportunities you now enjoy.

The old mansion house which stood on this spot so long was many years since, while occupied by her brother, Mr. Henry B. Pearson and his wife, in one-half hour destroyed by fire. The long rows of stately elm-trees which lined its avenues and shaded its grounds have mostly withered away. The people who lived on the place and loved it so well, with the friends and acquaintances who partook of their hospitality and enjoyed the scenery, are here no more. But, instead thereof, what do we see? It is the old story over again,—birth, growth, maturity, decay, dissolution, and out of dissolution new birth and fresh life. Instead of the old mansion is this new, commodious, and beautiful schoolhouse; instead of those old residents are these children in the flush of life and hope, filling its halls and rooms, and romping over its fields and avenues. And thus, as I said in the beginning, what these good and noble men and women planted has come to flower. And if you, my young friends, with the help of those

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who have you in charge, do your very best, you and we, with God's help, may confidently look forward to a precious and bountiful harvest.

"THE DECLINE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH."

Such is the title of an article in the July number of the *New Englander*. It startles on the first reading, and equanimity is gained only on the supposition that the fact of decline is to be instantly and indignantly rejected. But no such denial is made; but in sadness, not in anger, the decline is confessed,—relative decline, of course. The population has increased faster than Congregationalism. This is acknowledged to be a fact, a sad, a lamentable fact. The increase of the population of the United States in the last ten years has been thirty-one per cent. The Baptist Church has gained *sixty-three* per cent.; the Episcopal, *sixty-two* per cent.; the Methodist, *forty-three* per cent.; the Presbyterian, *thirty-one* per cent., or has just held its own with the increase of the population of the country, yet the increase is less than one-half of that of the Baptist. The Congregational Church makes the poor show of only *twenty-three* per cent., or but a trifle over one-third of the increase of the Baptist and Episcopal churches.

The writer confesses that "this condition of things is depressing"; but there is a lower deep, more depressing still. "The exhibit for the last year is even more unfavorable than the exhibit for the last decade."

Some cause must be sought for this unfavorable comparison. The writer maintains that it cannot be found in the "loose organization" of the denomination; for the organization of the Baptist denomination, which is even more independent than the Congregational, has made "enormous gain." Still, the writer is disposed to conceive that a more efficient organization would have been beneficial, and promotive of the spirit and success of propagandism.

"A more important reason of the comparatively slow increase of membership lies in the fact that the Congregational Church endeavors to accomplish spiritual results by merely intellectual instruments. Intellectual eminence" is a distinguishing characteristic of the ministry and membership of that body. Emotional Christianity has not been emphasized with sufficient force. Hence, the Church has failed to make converts as fast as have the

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Methodist and Baptist churches. Besides, there has been a good deal of doctrinal wrangling in the Congregational denomination.

The writer "ventures to suggest a third reason of this comparatively slow growth,— a reason far more creditable to the Congregational body than the two already urged. Indeed, it is a reason which in itself is most honorable. It is the absence of the spirit of denominationalism. It is the lack of clanship. This Church holds the progress of Christianity to be more important than its own growth in numbers and power. Colleges founded and endowed by Congregationalists are published as non-sectarian. Families removing where there is only a Presbyterian church unite with that, and families moving from New England to the West are more likely to join the Presbyterian Church than to organize one of their own. The Congregational Church lacks the *esprit de corps* of the Methodist, the Episcopal, and even that of the Baptist Church." In a word, the Congregationalist is too liberal to grow rapidly.

If this last reason is true, it is a grand Christian reason, and one not to be ashamed of. It is "honorable," indeed "most honorable." But it is not wholly true. Do Congregational colleges honor other than Congregationalists or evangelicals of their graduates with special degrees, men of high scholarship, and so recognized everywhere? Is it a rule among them to disregard sect, and regard only scholarship in the distribution of their honors? A glance at their catalogues will show that men of the liberal denominations are disregarded almost universally. Surely, no strong claim can be made to lack of clanship, unsectarianism, as long as this is the case. When literary honors are dependent upon denominational relations, there certainly can be no looseness of the sectarian chord which need be alarming to those who are bound by it and fear to be unbound. However, we are thankful for the article as it is, and shall hope for better things in the future in practice. R. P. S.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"WHY UNITARIANISM DOES NOT SATISFY US."

This lecture by Mr. W. M. Salter, given before the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago, is written in a very gentle spirit; and the title of it ought not to cause in us any antagonistic feeling, but, on the contrary, a desire to see why our faith does not satisfy a serious and thinking man.

We are far enough from being satisfied with ourselves, and we do not always practise what we preach; and we do not, on the other hand, preach as much as we really practise of religion, which, although not a moral failing, like the other, is a weakness destructive to vigorous organization. But the fault Mr. Salter charges us with as the main one is, in our eyes, our greatest glory, our only excuse for being. He acknowledges that we are not dogmatists in the orthodox sense, but that we ask too much in the way of speculative beliefs. We hold still, he says, "to the simple postulates of Christian faith; namely, that men have a Father in heaven, that they will live again after they die, and that Jesus, meantime, is our Guide and Master."

What can be truer than this? We believe this assertion fully. Let our extreme conservative and timorous brethren take heed to this frank confession from our Free Religious brother, when they charge us with abandoning, as a denomination, the Christian verities and name. Let them see now the acknowledged difference between a society for ethical culture and a Christian church,—our church, in fact. These three simple words, according to our writer, make the difference between us and him,—God, Jesus, and immortality: the Infinite Power and Beauty a living, personal Force; the divine Man, our type for humanity; and the great hereafter. We would speak with the utmost respect of any man who, having once possessed these unspeakable gifts, has renounced them, when we see their reflex influence still in his life and character; but we must sorrow for the sheep to whom the shepherd preaches such sore denials. We are glad to see that our Western brethren are involved in the same condemnation in this lecture, as it gives us a greater feeling of oneness to be so recognized as all holding to these few simple articles of faith.

The writer alludes to the National Conference, and the vexed

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question and final statement of "faith" accepted there. In his opinion, "Unitarianism as a body has made no progress worth mentioning since that day."

Mr. Salter's next reason for dissatisfaction with Unitarians is that they demand too little on the practical side, as they do too much on the speculative. They "inaugurate charities, but do not go very deep with them"; and "their conception of duty is pure and good, but commonplace." Here, again, we are grateful for what seems to us praise more than we deserve. We are glad if so much is true of us, and humbly pray for that greater enthusiasm for humanity of which he speaks,— that enthusiasm, or love of souls, which is not confined to any sect or ethical society, but dwells where "the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." Our lecturer declares that the highest moral ideas have been conceived and the largest movements of moral life have gone on outside the churches during the last hundred years. We cannot agree to this statement, although he is undoubtedly sincere in believing it. It is true the churches are backward in regard to reforms. So are political institutions and all old organizations. But where did the men come from who led these reforms? Some of them he has named,— Wilberforce, Channing, Parker, May, Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Bushnell, and others. From the very bosom of these churches whose inert or narrow life they struggled with like all great leaders of their race. But their zeal for God and the right, their moral integrity, was inherited from generations who lived and died in these very churches.

It seems as if our writer really loved us, after all, in spite of himself, because he makes rather up-hill and inconsistent work with his charges against us. The good Father knows how many and great our shortcomings are in his sight: we know them ourselves, but we do not think Mr. Salter always hits them. For instance, he thinks we make religion "too much of a sentiment to cover and refine the daily life"; and, on the next page, he says our religion "is too near this world, . . . it does not wrap our souls away into the vision of an eternal beauty that lies beyond it." On another page, he says Unitarianism is unsatisfactory on the practical side: it lacks a great thought; that we are to create ourselves the perfect order of things, instead of Omnipotence in another world. Again, he says we pray without any deep belief in prayer: we do not pray for rain, etc., it is true; but we pray

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for spiritual blessings, "which are the things that need praying for the least, as they are most within our own power." In short, our friend, as the Scotchman said, is dissatisfied with us because he *is*, and we love our church because we *do*. We are willing to take all these friendly criticisms in a bunch; and let each one of us put on the coat that fits him. Meanwhile, we will so improve that perhaps our friend will some time think better of us and come back again. We cannot forbear recommending to him and to all our brethren the sermon of Dr. Putnam on "Doubt," which appeared in our May number. It seems to us worthy of being printed in golden letters.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S "LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

This book is from the press of Macmillan & Co., and covers a part of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries.

Mrs. Oliphant opens her book with a very modest preface, almost too humble, we might say, like the attitude of women twenty years ago, who were obliged to apologize to the community for writing a book at all. Mrs. Oliphant is too well-known and able a writer to have any such timidity, and we begin to suspect there must be something the matter with her book to justify her apprehensions.

We begin upon the introductory chapter, which is interesting and valuable, running over the three periods, the Elizabethan Age, the time of Queen Anne, and our own epoch, showing the decay of freshness and spontaneity in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the revival of the true poetic feeling in the nineteenth. Mrs. Oliphant speaks of Cowper as the poet who first threw off the chains of classic elegance and nicety which distinguished his predecessors. Cowper is so little read now that the ordinary reader, scanning his measured verse, would be likely to class him with all the rest; but, if we have patience in this age of startling effects to read him, we shall find that she is correct in saying that his simple pictures of nature and expressions of human feeling were quite independent of the stilted rules of the age. We can understand why our mothers carried the little copies of Cowper's poems in their pockets, and solaced themselves with his tender lays in the midst of the prosaic life of this New World. But we begin to understand why Mrs. Oliphant is diffident about calling this book a Literary History of England. The style is wanting in the clear-cut, compact general-

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izations which we should expect of history. It is diffuse, sometimes a little involved, occasionally loose in the construction of sentences.

If the book was offered as a miscellaneous collection of thoughts upon various literary persons and epochs, we should accept it as stimulating and suggestive. But, even then, the writer sometimes narrowly fails of holding our attention upon some of her pages by her habit of discoursing too much upon her theme, and diverting the attention by obscure references which we care nothing about, and turning us away from the main topics of interest. As we go on with her book, however, our disposition to criticise is lost in enjoyment. The chapter on Wordsworth and Coleridge is full of fine critical judgments. She draws a vivid picture of Wordsworth and his sister, as these two unworldly beings first appeared in the neighborhood of London. She deals with Wordsworth's puerilities and his egotism with an unsparing hand, but calls the "Ode to Immortality" the divinest utterance of modern poetry. Poor Coleridge comes back to England, broken down and wasted, and bursts out into generous but melancholy admiration at the steady success of Wordsworth in his chosen art. Mrs. Oliphant thinks this utter freedom from any taint of jealousy in the shipwrecked man a beautiful spectacle, and one which Wordsworth himself could not have presented in similar circumstances. Coleridge flickered out with his philosophical theories and his wild, inspired talks and lectures, but his "Genevieve" and "Christabel" were immortal. His "Ancient Mariner," that weird poem, the author gives us a very fine description of, entering into its meaning in a more subtle and yet realistic way than we have seen from any critic. The chapter on Southey and Landor is truly delightful reading. Mrs. Oliphant, as she goes on, allures us more and more by the fine glow of sympathy with which she surveys these great men; while, at the same time, her criticisms are keen and original. She admires Southey's admirable character, the success of his generous, well-ordered life, while she sighs at the muse who would not give him genius. In speaking of his imaginary poems, "Thalaba" and "Kehama," she says, "They are wildly unreal, but always matter-of-fact," as contrasted with Coleridge in the "Ancient Mariner," where everything is simple and natural, and yet full of dreamy mystery and poetry. In speaking of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, his best work, she dares the assertion that "scholar-

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ship like ignorance is narrowing." It kept Landor's mind dwelling on conventional themes; and his lords and ladies, and poets, statesmen, etc., however elegantly they may talk in the style of their times, "lack character," she declares. This criticism may be correct; but we can still admire these conversations for their richness and variety of thought, if not for their dramatic power. The chapter on the Lambs is sweet as a bunch of clover. After various pictures of Charles and Mary together in their modest room in the Temple, and the young author laughing and crying as his drama was hissed off the stage, she says, "As soon as Elia stepped out into the world, his gentle immortality was secure." And, then, we have the brother and sister treading the sorrowful way of life so lovingly together till death parted them. Now appears the wild, opium-eating De Quincey, hanging around the cottages of the Lake poets, laughing at them, petting their children, and wasting his fine genius in the dreams and terrible waking of intoxication.

In the chapter on Critics and Reviews, we have a most vivid picture of the rise of the *Edinburgh Review*, and that little knot of liberal, able, witty, audacious young men in the Scottish capital, who sprang into notice, scared England, and changed the whole face of criticism. Afterward come the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's;* and the giant form of Christopher North moves on its shining way, a glorious star, but not leaving much trace behind it, and then we have Walter Scott. This whole chapter is a charming substitute for Lockhart's Life of Scott, for any young person who has not the patience to read the more lengthy volumes. It gives us the whole story in tender touches of admiration, love, and sympathy for the great man in his misfortune. Mrs. Oliphant sees and criticises often in pictures, we may say; and we have in her an example of that fine instinct recognized in the feminine nature, whether in man or woman, which leaps instantaneously and unerringly at convictions that logic must painfully work out. She also has a vivid power of expression in her best pages which enchains the attention and delights the imagination of the reader. The second volume occupies about eighty pages with the Godwins, Hazlitt, Hunt, the Misses Porter, etc., and about fifty more, with Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Hemans, Roscoe, Montgomery, Cobbett, Milman, Foster, etc. Then, we come upon Byron and Shelley,—names redolent of wild theories, passions, and poetic genius, which must always

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enchain our attention. Holland House rises before us with its courtly hospitality and patronage of talent, and the two geniuses horrify and fascinate by turns this elegant salon. Mrs. Oliphant is hard upon Lady Byron, that woman "admired and worshipped by an adoring circle, and regarded with fierce indignation by her husband's partisans." For our part, we have always looked with just pride upon a pure and austere woman who was not willing to hang on the chance favors of a dissolute husband, because the world of letters and fashion pitied and admired him. It is a grand spectacle of the moral dignity of womanhood. She punished Byron terribly without ever intending it. He was cold as stone to her, until he felt himself disgraced and condemned; and, then, he indulges in weak, mawkish sentiment about her before the public, which she well knew the value of. And yet, to our surprise, Mrs. Oliphant says that, at the latter part of her life, she sank into something like the contempt as well as execration of the greater part of the public. This contempt, if it existed, seems to be owing to the fact that she would neither deny nor affirm the truth of the infamous stories circulated about her husband, but went down to her grave in silence.

"Shelley," says Mrs. Oliphant, "was immoral as a matter of principle; Byron sinned with a tremor of conscience. All instincts were good with Shelley, but Byron was a man of unbridled self-regard and passions. Shelley was an enthusiast, Byron a cynic." In speaking of the influence of France at that time, she says, "Both were children of the Revolution; and the condition of revolution lasted their whole lives long,— they never got out of its fatal atmosphere." She admires however, the splendid diction of Byron, and the march of his passionate thought. It suited the feeling of the age. Society was ready for it, enraptured by it. But who would be intoxicated by it now in England? We might ask the same question in this country. Even our young people do not care to read Byron much. Shelley's melodious, aërial measures, his grand paganism, she delights in, while she forgets his wild theories. These chapters are fine pieces of criticism. We have a sympathetic chapter on Keats; then, criticisms and sketches of Moore, Hook, Peacock, Cunningham, etc.; next, Maria Edgeworth, Miss Austen, etc.; then, Hallam, Bentham, Mill, Wilberforce, Chalmers, etc., and the book is closed.

We still feel that these volumes would gain in power by a re-

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duction in size. As we have said, a great deal of Mrs. Oliphant's power lies in her luminous way of setting a character or scene before you. In the case of the most marked and interesting persons, we would not lose a jot of her incisive criticism, not one of her pictures; but, with many writers not specially attractive, she could afford to discard her details, and give us the main facts and a touch of criticism. We cannot call any of these pages dull; but there is a lack in the unity of effect, which a more careful artistic eye might remedy. If the book were called Pictures and Criticisms of Literary Men and their Times, etc., and reduced to two smaller volumes, we think it would have a large circulation among the best readers, young and old, in this country.

"CHRISTIAN IDEALS AND HOPES."

We take pleasure in giving a notice of this interesting book, from the pen of our esteemed friend, Miss H. S. Ware:—

Once in a while there comes a modest little book which, for its fine and gentle temper, one is almost ready to put on his book-shelf with some of the more choice mystic-pietisms,—like the *Theologia Germanica*, Tauler's *Sermons*, the *Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love*, and the like. Such is *Christian Ideals and Hopes*, by St. John Tyrwhitt, of Oxford. It comes out by the imprimatur of the "Tract Committee" of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." As "tracts" go, it hardly seems to belong to the family, from which a reasonable being is ready to "make tracks" as fast as possible. They are often but fuliginous and ill-savored; but this, full of sweetness and light. The tenth chapter, on "The Iconography of Heaven," would make, printed by itself, a tract one would willingly be colporteur of, both for art's sake and piety's.

No matter if there are items of traditional theologizing along, and of views of Scripture and its meaning, averse from a more reasonable understanding, as we take it to be. The religiousness of its thought and the gentleness and elevation of its spirit carry one into a region where polemics find no room; and we give ourselves up to the piety, earnest faith, winsome charity of it.

It is an "Argument from Moral Beauty"; arguing therefrom God and heaven, and our divine ideals and heavenly hopes. Its basis is the Beatitudes, a foundation, indeed, to build upon. Indeed, what else? Off this ground of spiritual ethics and religion pure and undefiled, heaven's base, to hope for or believe in, is built on stubble. Sure, it is the only foundation which is laid. All apocalypses, fancies, dreams, visions, all "views" of heaven, save as they are consubstantial with this, are but the stubble, wood, hay, which we are assured are to be burned; having far too close a relation, to escape this, with the tares and

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thorns and corrupt trees of human ignorance and sin, which the Son of Man assures us will at last go to the burning.

It is pure and simple for the ideal, moral and spiritual. For this, it is willing to bear with some symbolisms and some grosser views of heaven, as picturing this, which are scorned or made fun of by many. This shines through the orthodoxies where they occur along the book, and gets the better of the traditionalisms which the heresy of better reason and purer beliefs fails to go along with. "Love is the centre," it declares, "of the Christian ideal; and all our spiritual life and happiness, all we ought to be and want to be, centres in this wondrous word and the ideas it conveys."

The long debate — how far "personal" is applicable to God — is fairly enough, enough for all practical purposes, resolved where it defines: "If, in that application, it means a Deity capable of and, in fact, loving each of us personally to all eternity,— if a hope no less than that is expressed by it,— whatever may become of the word or be substituted for it, nobody, who has once possessed the idea, will ever give it up to the end of time. For this is the Christian ideal of final happiness or heaven; and this alone profits, and other things satisfy not. 'Fecisti nos ad Te, Domine, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te.'"

Christ, it says, is our realized ideal. "The character of moral beauty which he displayed in himself is unquestionable. We only feel it imperfectly. As Plato would say, the wings of our souls flutter at it helplessly, yet with desire. But the happiness we feel in such adumbrations of that moral beauty as are possible for us here is the genuine rudiment of a positive happiness of the same nature surely promised us. And the more we exert ourselves in anticipation, the more convincingly real our anticipations are, because they are a *part* of that which they shall be. They are shaped, in fact, by our sense of beauty, moral or material."

Many signal passages might be quoted, if space were left, from this little book, to the same effect of its gentle and lofty religious mind. Others might be quoted,— as on Symbolism in the primitive Church,— in respect to Christian art, upon which Mr. Tyrwhitt has taught us to look to his words as authority.

We can find space for only one more. It is where this writer seems to find solace and rest — where surely they are to be found — in those verses which close the divine poem of Dante; — those verses in which, while we read, the spirit finds something of that assurance which is forever, by the elevation it attains and in the Unspeakable which it there in silence meditates: —

> "All' alta fantasia qui mancò possa:
> Ma già volgeva il mio disiro e il *velle*,
> Sì come rota ch' egualmente è mossa,
> L' Amor che move il sole e l' altre stelle."

It is a passage in the chapter on the "Moral Ideal of Happiness": "We can only see as in a glass darkly, and can only think in material modes, and imagine or describe with the help of material analogies or symbols. But, if we started from the words, God is Love,— if we noted, among the countless testimonies which men have borne to them in life and death, only the end of Dante's Divine Comedy,—

> 'Here vigor failed the lofty fantasy:
> But now was turning my desire and *will*,
> Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
> The Love which moves the sun and the other stars,'—

we might go on to conceive for ourselves, as believers in spirit, what must be the result . . . of the final spiritual contact with, or full consciousness of, the presence of that love personified. . . . Pure and intense affection certainly shows itself, from time to time, as really stronger than death in tangible result. What may it not be, when the soul reaches its source, and is again with God, who is her home?"

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 3.

CHRISTIAN AFFIRMATIONS.*

Twenty-nine years ago, one who is now an honored leader among us gave this address, and made the occasion memorable by the breadth and sweep of outlook, the comprehensive temper, the large scholarship, and catholic sympathies which have since become known and loved of all men. Long may he be with us to inspire by his counsel and his presence! In that large discourse upon "Polemics and Irenics," which illustrated the Berry Street Conference,† pre-eminent among the many noble words which have been spoken here, Mr. Clarke surveyed the tendency of the Theology of the Future, and showed that the time had come for the "syntheses which are to reconcile" old antagonisms, that the work of our body should be the statement of the truth, which was at the heart of the old theology, in a larger antithesis to the old thesis. "Leaving to others," he said, "all destructive controversy, let us, while we criticise with the utmost freedom, always make criticism subservient to a

* An address given at the "Berry Street Conference," in the vestry of Arlington Street Church, May 30, 1883.

† See the *Christian Examiner* for September, 1854.

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practical gospel, negation subordinate to position, denial to assertion. Let us be . . . mediators in the Christian brotherhood. . . . We have great allies in human instincts, human reason, the hunger of the immortal soul, the spirit of the age, and the great course and current of Divine Providence."

Many things have happened in thirty years, but nothing which does not emphasize the wisdom and truth of this generous statement that the time has come for a peace theology, —not a weak solution of contradictory opinions, nor an imposition of silence regarding honest thought, but the reconciliation which comes from a spirit high enough to rise above secondary differences, and deep enough to go down to the common heart of faith. Who could have foretold the advance that would be made in all branches of Protestant Christendom toward building on the agreements rather than on the differences of belief? Meantime, it is impossible to state too strongly the effect which has been wrought within the churches by the tremendous experiences of the war. Men of all faiths and of no faith learned that they had a common creed in a common country. We shall go hence, on this sacred day of memory, to lay the flowers of our costliest love and gratitude on the graves of those whose life-blood dyes for us the flag which is the symbol of all priceless memories and hopes, tingeing its folds as with the glow of a better sunrise. We cannot separate those graves, labelling them Calvinist, Methodist, Unitarian. Nor can those who shared the inspiration of being citizens of the same country, the mother of us all, think lightly of the only other boon to be compared with that,—the privilege of being members of a common Christianity.

Meantime, also, the work of a body like ours in the religious development of America becomes every year a more practical problem. What is its relation to the unchurched and to the churches? Has it any mediatorial function to fulfil, and how can it fulfil it?

On the rough border-fringe of our country, you may see men who have broken loose from the restraints of civilization and left the clean and orderly home-life of the East, in the

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rebound toward the boundless liberty offered by vast spaces of prairie and mountains almost untrodden by the white man's foot. Like Esau of old, clad in hairy skins, the trophies of the chase, living in tents, with noble qualities not a few, and drawing the large breath of a freedom which develops a rough manhood to its fullest,—as you talk with them round the camp-fire, you yet see that they are unaffected by the motives, unrestrained by the moral and religious conceptions which govern our world. They are the extreme type of the population which swarms in eager, quick American life on the fringes and borders of our Christendom,—full of the spirit of the new age, which has vast earthward horizons, and cares little to look beyond them. Nevertheless, it is the vital question of religious work to-day how to open to their vision the infinite spaces beyond the largest circle where the sky touches the earth. This is a question which presses, more earnestly than they are aware, on all religious bodies, but peculiarly on us, who stand between, as it were, touching with one hand the freedom of the wilderness, with the other the inheritances of a priceless past. For *us*, pre-eminently, it seems to me, the great task is not to *minimize* Christianity in order to commend it, but above all else to show its great *agreements*, to emphasize the unisons which make its great accord.

I. First of all for us comes the fact that we stand in America as a *Christian Church*, inheritors of a great name which has stood for the chief factor in making the new age.

As we look back into the misty morning-land of our religion, the Christian Church seems at once the greatest and the humblest thing in the world. The greatest, in the potencies wrapped up in it of power and usefulness and historic significance in the life of mankind; the humblest, in its early obscurity and insignificance. We touch the history of the Christian centuries at whatever point, and find that the presence of that Church in the world has made it other than it would have been. We see it growing and greatening till its Chief came to sit on a greater throne than Cæsar's. We see it putting off its meek robes of humility and Chris-

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tian grace, and putting on the raiment of worldly pomp and pride, till it sways the conscience of Christendom and its priests are at the ear of kings. Yet all this materialized power and splendor is only the outward sign of a power and spiritual energy which were at work in those churches at the beginning, to renew and transform the world. Hidden though they were, each little company of the apostles' planting was the seed of life for the community in which it was set,—Corinth, Ephesus, Rome, and many another besides. It was a *church:* in being *that* followed, of necessity, that it had a work to do and a place to fill. Now, as we look back through the utterly altered conditions of the world, it is not strange that men often ask whether any point of resemblance can be found between such primitive communities and the societies of our new age which are known by the same venerable name. Is *a church* merged into mere indefiniteness in our modern American Christian civilization, from the fact that civilization and the modern world are in so large a sense Christian? It is, of course, a great and blessed fact to thank God for that no small part of the illuminating work of such early spots of light in the midst of a dark age is done. Christianity is diffused in the very sky that bends over the modern world, full of light and hope. Yet there is no disparagement of the universal daylight in saying that the Christian Church in this modern world still fills an immense place, and gives a centre of cheer and light to the landscape. It has a *raison d'être*, in so far as it stands for something definite in methods, in work, and in faith.

We, at least, should be the last to forget that we belong in this august procession of history, standing, as we do, in the line of succession of the New England churches which, while seeking to disencumber faith of much which was derived from the more artificial forms of Christianity, sought the more to strengthen the historic chain which bound them fast to the primitive Church.

There are those who will tell us that there is danger of becoming fossilized, if we dwell on the fact that we belong

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to an institution which has history behind it. We may admit that the peril is possible, but only if the subject be regarded in a one-sided way. In the Old World, the stream of the present holds in solution such a mass of the dust and ruin of a former age that everything which it touches stiffens out of life. But, in this our America, how utter the contrast! A land swept bare of ancient usage, of those subtile associations which weave so many cords for memory and reverence and faith,— where men rarely live in the towns they were born in, among the friends who knew their childhood and near their fathers' graves,— where children have never seen the homes in which their parents' childhood was spent,— where men and women so easily become nomads in religion. Here it is surely well to emphasize the fact that the Church is a link with the mighty historic past of Christendom,— that in it the generations touch hands, as it were, with one another in that one transcendent act which survives all the changes of the world beside,— the act of communion with the living God.

Nor are we excluded from this spiritual fellowship by our inheritance of religious independency. It is a great compensation for not being exclusively in communion with the sectarianism of one sect, if a church is inclusively in communion with the best of all sects. I cannot but believe, brethren, that our group of churches, united on this comprehensive basis of accord in a positive but broad Christianity, have a special work of reconciliation to do in pointing out the spirit and temper in which American Christendom must hereafter take larger shape and freer expression.

We ought, indeed, to believe in the Church universal now, if men never did before, in the light of manifest tendencies of the spirit of the age. Everywhere, inventions break down the old pale of demarcation between peoples, communications grow more free, the bonds of commerce multiply, "fading antipathies" and "rising sympathies" increase the fellowships of humanity. Of all these things the bad side is that they blur distinctive character and drown out the flavor of quaint customs and mellow tradi-

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tions; but they give a wider breathing-space and freer outlook, they make it easier for us to see the good and more possible to appropriate it. Now shall we hold that this is true in the lower spheres of life and not true in the highest? That would be to contradict all the deepest signs of the time. It is true there are also signs which may be interpreted the other way. Mr. Froude says that "we have entered on an age of universal democracy, political and spiritual, such as the world never saw before; and civilized mankind are broken into two hundred million units, each thinking and doing what is good in his own eyes." This is, however, more plausible than just. The disintegrating tendencies will pull to pieces the walls that divide, but hardly the underlying bed-rock of principles on which all branches of Christendom are alike founded. We believe in the Church universal, as against a mere bundle of two hundred million units, because we believe in the broadest thing which can be, as against an infinity of narrownesses and pettinesses. It is impossible that in an age when unity is proclaimed as the deepest truth of science, when the brotherhood of the human race is believed and taught as never before, when men have found the uses of organization for all the fellowships of labor and capital, the grand vision should perish of the communion of all souls with each other and with God in the Christian Church. "Christendom," in the words of Dean Stanley, "still conveys to noble minds a noble and inspiring thought." Let us congratulate ourselves that for this noble thought we stand, and that more and more the leaders of the churches round us come to this affirmation in the breadth in which the fathers of our communion made it long ago. And on what does this great affirmation rest? On the blended witness of the Spirit and of History.

II. Our fundamental affirmation is the truth that there is such a thing as the *spiritual imagination*,— a faculty which pierces below the appearances of things, and "endures as seeing Him who is invisible." This *spiritual imagination* is simply the power of *visioning*, which reflects the highest and best thoughts and aspirations which visit us. It is as

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natural and as transfiguring to the mental horizon as it is natural that a sheet of water should reflect the sky and in reflecting it glorify earth with a vision of heaven.

As religious teachers, we hold to this spiritual organ (if I may so call it), as having value and validity, as being the one door open to men out of themselves and into the larger life and sympathy with wider thought and feeling, with the whole earth and with heaven. But, in order to emphasize this in its full strength, we need to lay stress upon it in its correlation to the Divine Power beyond and above ourselves. To give this faculty in the human spirit its true worth, we must hold that there is an answering side in the nature of God himself. We must teach not only human communion with divine thoughts, but the divine communication to human weakness. A great deal of the speculation of our time seems to me to leave this possibility quite out of the account, as if men could make or unmake spiritual facts by their mere say-so,—as if God himself were the one spiritual factor which could be omitted, in reaching our conclusions about him.

Two things, then, are posited for us by the fact that we are here, spiritual beings, in God's world: first, that we are able to *see* that which is deeper than what we see; and, second, that, since God is helping our vision, the deeper it is and the better it is, so much the more can it be confided in. The vision which, without him answering, might be visionary, *with him answering* is what we call *faith.*

Whatever other things we may bring as evidences of the truth, the sincerity, the permanence of the Christian religion, no evidence is more impressive to a candid mind than the fact that in Christianity this spirit of communion with the unseen and eternal has been so wide-spread and so strong. There is an Alpine flower, rarely found except far up among the mysterious recesses of the mountains, where the stainless snows dazzle against the sky and the glaciers mass the "treasures of the snow" under the shadow of huge crags that tower sharply into the blue depths above. On the edge of those giddy precipices the edelweiss, type of purity, seems

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to catch its "noble whiteness" from the pure hues of the summits that look down upon it from their neighborhood to heaven. Yet this very flower, which seemed too shy and too remote to be ever tamed, men have of late persuaded to grow in common gardens and beside human dwellings. Even so the religion of Jesus Christ has taken the rare and perfect bloom of a spiritual relation so high and pure that it was only found on the mountain-tops of worship and communion where the saints of God dwelt, the pure white flower of prayer and trust which dwelt on the lofty level of the New Testament; and this it has made to blossom on the low plane of our common life, where plain honest folk work sincerely for their daily bread, where poor old women look out trustfully through their "faded eyes" on the world which has used them but hardly, where the sick learn patience, and the sorrowing resignation and hope, where the tempted find God strong to help them.

And from this there has come a wonderful "lift" and inspiration into Christian history, as distinguished from every other chapter of history which we know of. Prayer is, indeed, nothing less than an instinct of sane human nature. Religion in one form or another has been, the ages through, the most potent factor in human society; but, without depreciating all the might and blessing with which these have wrought through the ages,— above all, without forgetting the power with which they reveal themselves in the Old Testament,— I do not see how any just and fair mind, even among those who are disposed to scrutinize Christianity most sharply, can blink out of sight the overmastering influence of this sublime impulse and desire in creating the better part of our modern civilization itself.

The special mark of Christianity is the uplifted and aspiring spirit, reaching out toward One infinitely higher and better than itself, yet higher and better in such a way as not to be thereby removed into incommunicable perfection, but reaching down in answer to the need and the desire that seek him. This, then, it is the special function of the Church, in our time, to emphasize as the typical attitude

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of Christianity, all the more from the tendency of modern reserve in religiousness to retire more and more into unwatched and secluded chambers of the mind. Richard Owen, in his book *On the Nature of Limbs*, shows how the human skeleton hand may be developed into the angel's wing, and that which is the tool of our earthly work may be conceived of as expanding into the soaring pinion which lifts the spirit into the empyrean. Let us accept it as a symbol of what this attitude of mind and heart will do for the sincere spirit.

The Christian Church stands, then, to-day in this America a witness for the reality of faith. Everything is here in solution, which was in the days of our forefathers in fixed forms; yet it does not follow that we see any reason to doubt that the same lines of statement and belief will be followed by the faith of the future when it crystallizes, as were followed aforetime, in so far as the faith of the past accorded with the facts of history and the laws of the soul and of God's being.

And, surely, we have a right to learn from history that the true way to view whatever questions belong freshly in our own time is the *hopeful* way. Christianity has proved its *universal* quality already, in the face of problems as difficult as any that now press, though different. What the questions will be that our grand-children will have to answer we cannot tell, nor fully what will be their answer. But we are justified by all that mighty past, as well as by our own experience of what *life* is contained in Christianity, in believing that the answer will reveal itself when the questions fully open, and that the Christian gospel will be found to have deeper deeps and higher heights than we yet know.

Meantime, for ourselves, we find ourselves born into a time which is wrestling with problems of the most serious kind. An intelligent believer in the "royal law" of Jesus Christ to-day believes in it, because he is convinced that it is competent to deal with those problems; in other words, that it is universal enough to touch these with as remedial and penetrative power as it has shown heretofore.

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We find, for example, that those who go "outside of Christianity," as far as they can get outside of that which is in the very air they breathe and colors the very thoughts which they think, more than they themselves know, do so from sympathy with physical or philosophical schools of thought which seem to them fatally to damage the Christian position. What is the answer from the Christian side? Manifestly, the only answer which can satisfy will be a broader affirmation than that of the rejectors.

We all share the pressure of the same facts which force them to their conclusions about the divine problem. The wonders of recent science, the ever-growing sense of the boundlessness of the mystery which surrounds us, the unresolved *nebulæ* of thought and investigation, more remote and vaster as the nearer spangles of light are resolved into new signs of order and law,—all these are modern to our time; but these really only add depth and intensity to the conviction with which the first eye which looked up into a starry night must have gazed into the wondrous deep of space. The question and the wonder were there from the beginning; and it was partly as their answer, partly notwithstanding their mystery, that men believe in God. And the closer pressures of that which is fate, dark and terrible, unless it is the mystery of a Loving Will, all-wise, all-good, were also borne in on men from the beginning. Christianity founded in mere sentimental optimism! a religion only for those who have the good things of this world! Nay, those who have affirmed the faith in a God of righteousness have been souls that knew their full share of sorrows. Loss and pain pass no man by; and the utter mystery of death eclipses with its awful shadow those who are dearer to us than life, and our own lives at last. It is out of the story of a saint long before Christian sainthood was that the cry of Job comes to us, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

The difficulty, then, is not peculiar to minds which might deem themselves, in that case, gifted with a sort of intel lectual seership, the prophets of a new dispensation. We stand in common with them on the same ground of this

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nineteenth century, with its discoveries and its ideas, on the same ground of human nature, made up of the same primeval stratum, for all of us of joys and sorrows fused together, as they were poured forth in the morning of creation. I submit, therefore, that we are competent to put the questions alongside of the Christian answers and to affirm the answers.

III. All the questions which the human mind asks of the universe and which the universe asks of the human soul really sum themselves up into the question concerning the Being of beings. (Let us take the Unnamable Name reverently on our lips!) Shall we then, as is proposed, postpone the *question concerning God*, referring it to another court, whose sessions have indeed begun, but whose verdict is not to be rendered for some millenniums? "Let us wait," it is said, "for science to determine the question." But how can we do that? For life will not wait for us, and the gray hairs come soon; and, if the thought of God be the inspiration that we need, we need it this very hour. And death will not wait. Its shadow already steals over our hearts, and will soon swallow up all there is of us, unless God *is* and unless the future life *is*, which cannot be apart from his being. We cannot wait, save with hearts that must break. But why must we accept this appeal to that vague tribunal? What is meant when we are thus referred to science? Is it the methods of *physical* science? But those can only apply to physical phenomena: they can never touch more than the hem of the infinite garment, not the Infinite Being. Is it the methods of *metaphysical* science? But, if those methods can ever discover anything, they have long ago established the existence of the aspiration and trust on the human side which answer to the divine; and they have also proved that God is not to be proved or disproved by reasoning alone.

Besides, what is really meant by *science* deciding such a question must really be *human minds instructed by science*. Now, the real appeal of religion always has been, and from the nature of things always must be, not to human *minds*

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alone, however instructed, but to the *human being*,— mind and soul and heart, each part instructed according to its own nature; *i.e.*, including the religious affections, which are a part of human nature never to be slighted without starvation. In other words, the real appeal is to human nature, constituted as it is to-day, only with more light on *all* sides of its capacity, more on the religious, quite as much as on the intellectual side. And why should we suppose that such a being will reverse the verdict which such a being has already given? The idea can only be justified by discrediting the religious side of man's nature. But now, if we cannot trust the spiritual faculties which draw us toward God, we cannot trust anything, certainly not those faculties, if any such there be, which bid us *dis*-trust them. For all are of one piece; and, if you pull out one thread from the complex web of human nature as unsound, you leave but a sleazy remnant. You cannot hang any weight on your knowledge even of yourself, if you annul the validity of your knowledge of God. You have no right even to assume that the mind is an organ of truth, or that truth itself is constant. What sane mind can soberly suppose that such a universal scepticism is to be the final gospel? It has well been said, "The idea of sacrificing God on the altar of truth is sacrificing him on his own altar,— the altar he built himself." And not only so, but the altar itself must crumble beneath such a sacrifice as that.

A phrase may be epigrammatic and yet barren of light. The "Not-ourselves" and "the Power that makes for righteousness" both define a part, but only a part, of what we mean by the Unnamable Name. It may be, or may not be, a self-conscious power. It may be the veritable Ruler of the universe, or only a sort of "soul of the world." Mr. Arnold leaves that open for the spiritual imagination of his followers to fill up as they may. But the essential, vitalizing idea is in any event lacking,— the idea which lay for the Hebrews and for us lies in the one word *Thou*. If we know anything of ourselves, it is our own individuality, that we are persons, sundered and separate in our being from all the world

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besides. And personality in ourselves implies personality in the being who is Not-ourselves: persons must commune with a person.

True, we can by no means assume that the word Person includes all the attributes which we must believe to be in God. The idea of infinity introduces an infinite alteration. But we may be very sure of one thing; namely, that if the word Person does not include all that we conceive to see in God, it is because he is infinitely *more*, not because he lacks the very supreme quality by which bounded and finite beings are characterized,— namely, that they are bound up and girded by a *conscious unity*.

Nor do we fare better with the doctrines of the non-theistic school, who present the *whole of things* as the object of our worship. Surely, if we can trust our minds in anything, we can trust them when they recognize in nature the manifestations of a creative intelligence, akin to what we feel in ourselves, albeit infinitely vaster. Here and there a trace! The rest is mystery and wonder. But why refuse to acknowledge it, any more than we refuse to see the hand of man in some inscription of which only a few words emerge above the desert sands? The words unburied may at least reveal a part of the meaning of the buried writing.

But, further, there is a monstrous assumption at the very root of this theory of an impersonal All, of which we human beings are all a part. The theory rests upon the doctrine of evolution for its great warrant, an evolution which substitutes (as the true doctrine need not) a growing universe for an overruling Spirit. It believes that man is the highest result of things thus far on the earth, the blossom of the ages. And this is the belief of Christianity as well. But the one theory holds that all of man there is came up out of the dust; and the other holds that, however he may have come up, there is that in him which also came down. Whatever the process ascending, there was also Spirit descending. Can we believe that the present flower of the universe, man, has come to self-consciousness, has developed a conscience which understands the moral law, and a capacity of

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affection which can be transfigured into love, but that the Spirit itself of this universe is destitute of all these? Then are we capable of believing the Unbelievable. If we turn this way, here also we find an enormous demand on our faith, if not on our hope or our love.

It is to get away altogether from these drafts on our believing power that some refuse to think anything at all about God. This theory, in a generous nature, is based upon a thought of unselfish service. It is, simply, that leaving all thought about religious questions out of our concern will give us just so much more time for philanthropy and political economy and politics, and in general for all ways in which the world is to be made better. A man has just *so much* for himself to spend, and the more he spends Godward the less he has left to spend manward. But does this, then, bear the test of *fact?* Who have been the men who have helped the world? Have they not been, the great majority of them, the men of faith? And this seems most natural, when we consider that the soul has infinite capacities of expansion toward God, and that as it grows larger toward him it must also grow on other sides. Moreover, the success of this as a working theory depends on the nobility of the nature. Rare souls, fired with a passion for humanity, may possibly find in it their sufficient inspiration. Yet, as I read even *their* lives, it seems to me that they find that height thin and cold. Besides, Christianity is in the very air these men breathe, in spite of themselves. It penetrated the secluded home where John Stuart Mill was instructed in atheism. Even there, Christianity affected him by the very reaction of his father from it; and the mighty breath of its influence in the great religious poet of this century was the first quickening air which stirred his true nature into life. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there."

And so, when we are presented on yet another side with a veiled and shadowed mystery, hardly a presence, in no

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sense a person, and told that the most we can ever know is that *He is*, and that beyond that there is no searching him out either for love or for fear,— that he is a "pathetic perhaps," a sigh of the soul,— that, if we think of this hidden Being, as coming into real relations with his work or his children, he is "an intruding God marring his own creation." And we are to bow before this Unknowable, on the ground that knowledge lifts the cloud that mercifully shields our trust!

Now here there is this in common with the Christian doctrine of God, that we also bow before the mystery of God's Being. But it differs from it in this: we feel that, because we do not know everything about God and in him, that does not exclude us from knowing as far as we know. The facts which reveal him are as sure as the facts which hide him: from these, we learn humility; from those, faith. If we cannot confide in those faculties and qualities from which in ourselves we reason to their infinitely greater manifestation in him, we cannot trust to anything,— certainly not to those sides of our minds which persuade us that there is only mystery there. We know God, as the infant knows the father to whom the little arms reach out in a bond whose depths of tenderness hardly even the human father fully understands. The child knows the father through its needs and through his love. The larger its ignorance, we may in one sense truly say, the more truly it knows him. And so we know God through our wonder and our awe; through the world which he has made and which hides him by being full of him, "blinded by the very excess of light"; through the minds and souls which he has fashioned into some likeness to his own spiritual Being, and which are competent to see his revelation of himself in Jesus Christ; we know him "not an enigma to be solved, but a perfection to be loved and imitated; — if possible, to be understood, to be absorbed into our own hearts and minds."

IV. And our affirmation of the Living God carries with it our affirmation of the *historical Witness*, which is the accumulated testimony of faith.

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There is a profound significance in the fact that Christianity is the religion of "the Word." The Bible is the Christian Book. There are two kinds of religions in the human family,—those which have a written document, and those which rest on mere tradition. "*Un livre sacré est une tradition religieuse qui a eu la force de signer son nom.*" The Scriptures store up for us the accumulated religious life of our spiritual ancestors, just as civilization stores up for each generation the gains in comfort and intelligence of preceding generations. We can neither know the religion under which we were born, nor the belief which we were taught, nor the deepest needs of our own nature, nor the helps which God has for us, without knowing the Book. The attitude of a Christian Church, then, being itself a witness and a treasury of our spiritual inheritance, must be as conservative of this great repository of faith, the greatest literary fact in the intellectual history of the world, the greatest spiritual fact in its religious history. Other writings there have been, enough to cover the earth with their sheets of parchment or of paper, so often barren; but the piety of the Christian ages knows only one "Scripture." Language contains monuments that abide when columns of brass and stone have passed away like withered leaves in a gust of winter: a single word will tell the story of the faith of generations. Such a word is this great word "The Bible." Unless the history of the purest souls that have lived in Christendom be false, unless the faith which emphasized the Book be a shadow of the past, the writings which have thus been treasured by the religious affections of a world contain life perennial for the best and highest part of the soul.

Our very interest in the critical and scholarly side of the study of the Bible tempts us to an attitude which is really misprizing it, by emphasizing these things to the exclusion of those which are at the heart of faith. The generation to which we speak cannot read in the spirit in which its fathers read. Their faith took all alike as the unquestioned Word of God, infallible in every letter, of equal value in every

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part, as much the Divine Law, to be followed literally, in the extermination of the Canaanites as in the Sermon on the Mount; but our age has known a Biblical criticism which tries with unsparing analysis questions of authenticity and genuineness and inspiration. Even those who know nothing from personal study of these discussions breathe them in the air, and feel their disquiet. To such an age, it might indeed be said, *Better any way to prize the Bible than no way at all.* But no such alternative is really before us. If we had to do with some schools of Christians, it might be expedient to warn them against forgetting that there are other books to read besides the Bible; it might be important to warn them against mechanical reading of it by "stent," so many chapters a day, so as to come round once a year; they might need to be told that the New Testament is a higher law for Christians than the Old. But you and I have heard and read earnest words against making the Bible a *fetich*, addressed to congregations who knew much better what a fetich was than they did what the Bible is,—and highly approved by persons who could not tell you the names of the books of either Testament, or whether the prophets lived before or after Moses, or who such a person as Abraham was, or whether any noble text you might quote was in the Bible at all. Such exhortations hardly fall in the line of wisdom. Better *fetich* than blank ignorance, if it comes to that. But it does not come to that.

The one important thing is that we make it clear that we stand on the *Bible itself* rather than simply on any special views *about* the Bible. It is easy to fall into that mistake, especially for those who are interested in controversy on the critical side. We, whose strength is there, need for that very reason to emphasize the fact that the critical faculty and the religious nature have distinct spheres. The problems which meet the former, it is for the trained scholar a labor of years to settle. Meantime, the true claim of the Bible to men's reverence is not dependent on the settlement of them: the secret of its immortality is in the fact that it ministers to eternal wants of the soul. Consequently, in

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our age as well as in every other, the fundamental question is, How does it meet the necessities of the spiritual nature? If it answers these, it has an authority which nothing can break or change.

The special call of our Church should be to commend it not only to the intelligence of the head, but to the intelligence of the heart, with vital sympathy; to commend it to the spiritual purpose, as the book of religion. Our age has done a great deal to bring out the literary relation of the Bible to the life of the Hebrew people. But all that has been gained in this direction does not change the fact — rather illumines it more clearly — that all its parts consent in a spiritual purpose. There is a more profound unity than that of external form, merely as lying between the two covers of the same volume, running through and binding together the different parts of Scripture. We do well to speak of the Bible as one book, though it contains sixty-six writings by more than fifty authors, many of whom wrote utterly independent of each other; because there is a deep consent between them in the things which concern the mind of the spirit. As, in a symphony, the theme is at first whispered, as it were, more dimly, but taken up by one instrument and then another and another, ever recurring with harmony more and yet more full, till in the final burst of grand triumph it comes out clear and victorious, and yet is the same strain that first hinted itself to the listening ear, so the wonderful story grows and greatens from history to poetry, from poetry to prophecy, "Israel's great Torah of righteousness," as it is well called by Prof. Toy, in its beginnings voicing what in other tongues in their early rudeness is inarticulate, and glowing with ever higher teaching of the presence of God with man, till that Life of lives, which is at the heart of the Bible, strikes like a pure beam of sunlight across the dusty air of human history and transfigures the very motes that lie in its path. He is in this Book; and out of its pages his presence has shined upon countless souls and filled them with light and beauty, as the latter spring fills the sky with a tender glory

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and wakes all the voices of the birds and the blossoming earth.

The Bible, the book of our divine religion, the book of our human life,—on that we, no less than every other living branch of Christendom, must build. There are those who complain that our religion is "too Hebrew,"—that there is *something foreign* in the devotion of the Jeremy Taylors, the Miltons,—aye, and the Channings, whose thought is saturated in the Scripture. To which it is fair enough to answer, on one hand, that there is doubtless something foreign in *heaven;* and, on the other, that the brotherhood of nations is broader and deeper than the narrow lines of mere nationality. The true American religion of the future will not be some fire-new theosophy, whose first axiom is severance from the past. It will interpret the elder scriptures of the word in new scriptures of the life. Oh for more of these Bible-Christians, souls who drink wisely and lovingly of the *life* which is in the Word, going beneath the form to the substance, beneath the letter to the spirit! The world is poor and lean for more of such to-day.

Brethren, there is in the world, doubtless, much narrowness, much credulity, much error, in the use of the Scriptures. Call it "bibliolatry" if you will. But, I apprehend, the point for *us* seriously to consider is whether we are not in danger of the opposite extreme in our attitude toward it. Even in earthly things, is it not rash to say, "I will climb Mt. Blanc, but have nothing to do with guides," or "I will write poetry, but will keep original by not reading Shakspeare"? Let us, at least, not kick away the ladder till we are sure that we have climbed to its top. Mayhap, we shall yet find that it reaches the stars. No: the Bible is not outgrown: we must *grow into* it before we can grow *out* of it. It stands, and will stand, because it contains the voice of the child to the father, and the voice of God to His child. A religious body which should cut loose from it would perish and would deserve to perish. The soul which abdicates its right in it will be stunted and starve.

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True, the Bible posits a supernatural order. But let us not distort and then deny what that order really is!

Undoubtedly, the Christian miracles have often been believed as mere *wonders;* but they were never wrought for that end. It lies within the reach and grasp of our school of Christendom to interpret them by their moral and spiritual purpose, as transcendently showing forth the laws of God's own being,— the law of Holiness, the law of Love, the law of the Divine Fatherhood. The most wondrous of them may well be, in this nineteenth century, not too wondrous to impress these truths, without which, spiritually, we could not live at all,— truths which we need the more, the more we are awed by the power, the sternness, the silence of the vast universe which surrounds us.

V. And in affirming the Bible, studiously, broadly, deeply, spiritually understood, as the great witness to God, we also affirm the *personal loyalty* of the Christian religion. It is "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

The supreme potency of the gospel is not in its being a moral code or a series of theological propositions, but because it discloses to us a Person in whom the divine grace and pity are clothed upon with flesh, because we can see the very expression of its features, and can gaze face to face on our mighty Friend.

It argues nothing against this statement of the peculiar *personal* quality of Christianity as being embodied in Jesus Christ, that Christianity has so often taken on a scholastic form and built a ladder for faith to climb by logical steps heavenward, while all the time Jesus himself stood beside the first round of the ladder, and every step was one more remove away from him. The true method of formulating Christianity is that which the first age of the Church followed, and which, in every age since, it has found to be the only way to vitalize religion as a living power in the souls and hearts of men.

Thinkers have sought to make it a system of thought alone: dry minds have pressed it dry and bare, making religion a specimen for a museum of opinions instead of an in-

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spiration for life. Meantime, we have but to turn again to the New Testament, to see how early Christendom stated its faith. It is that which they "have heard, have seen with their eyes, which they have looked upon and their hands have handled of the Word of Life." Those Gospels got written, because faith was full for Christians of the mighty presence of One in history who had made all things new for them. Out of such a glow of reverent love and enthusiasm for him was the record born, that it is absolutely transparent for him to shine through. For its intense affirmation of him is only its "Amen" to his own clearest affirmations of himself in words most indubitably his, "*I* am the Resurrection and the Life," "Come unto me." Such words sound the deepest chord of the Gospels themselves. This is not *self-assertion*, but rather *self-manifestation*. One *asserts* himself, when he makes an overstrained claim to what the facts do not warrant: he only *manifests* himself, when he simply lets himself be taken for what he is. When Jesus says, "Come unto me," he but puts into words the attraction of his life, which was there without the words. The electric spark shines, because the force itself is present.

When we pass beyond the Gospels and question those other teachers in the New Testament who deal more with the abstractions of religion,—in Paul, for instance, whose writings are the stronghold of dogmatists,—under all the abstract forms of his discussions, supremely present and pervading all is this personal attraction of that Person whom he never saw till, on that day outside Damascus, the vision changed for him the look of all things. He preaches not a Christianity apart from Jesus, but *Christ*, and Christianity as built upon him. It is the "love of Christ" which constrains him: it is "the meekness and gentleness of Christ" by which he entreats. The glow of this personal loyalty to him in whose face he sees "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" kindles through that mighty soul, and melts Christendom. It was the *concrete* gospel, the gospel "of the face of Jesus Christ," which made over the world.

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And so it has been through all the Christian ages. The great teachers who have poured new floods of spiritual power through the shrunken channels of religious life in their generations have done it by the warmth of this great affection, which, like the sun of midsummer shining on Alpine heights, has thawed the frigid accumulation of whole icy ages of mere traditional faith, till they poured a quickening flood on plain and valley. So it came in Tauler to the mediæval Church, in Fénelon to the mystics who revived the type of Catholic piety, in the Wesleys to the most dead and formal age that ever froze up the soul of the English-speaking race. It was simply that these were men who had looked on the face of Jesus Christ, till they caught "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God"; and out of that sight came insight into the very souls of mankind.

Least of all can a Church which seeks above all else to emphasize the *humanities* of the gospel and to depolarize the truth of religion afford to hold that any theory of religion which binds it in a living connection with Jesus Christ limits it,— that it ties it to past history instead of relating it to the God who is always present. Least of all can it afford to relax its personal relation to this Person as the centre of its faith and hope. None so clearly as we should emphasize the solitary and commanding power of the claim of Jesus Christ upon our time, because none so clearly set forth its *human* appeal to human loyalty. It is ours to lay stress upon the revelation of the Highest, of the Eternal in his character; to show how here the *soul* looks out through living eyes,— in a real life,— the soul of beauty,— of that highest and ideal Beauty which is in the very being of God. Has this age, think you, grown dull to the power of appreciating the charm of perfect moral loveliness in Jesus Christ? Never was uttered more striking assertion of the sublimity of that moral beauty than by Diderot and Rousseau, in the age when all France turned atheist; and the vision which they saw outlasted the chaos which seemed to engulf it.

The gospel shows One whose kindred with men wins them most tenderly, yet who stands apart from them in

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rounded perfection of moral character; so wide in the sympathy of his touch that tenderest and strongest alike find in him their ideal realized; so universal in the equal appeal to all races of men that no limitation is set on him by being born into the most bigoted of nations,— the pure beam of light is uncolored by any twisted ray.

We need the more to make this faithful affirmation, because of our sensitive relation to critical thought. If the astronomer must turn his telescope skyward through cloudless and unflickering airs, to read the secret of the heavens aright, how much more so must he who gazes back through the vast spaces of the Christian centuries, and seeks to unravel the mysteries of the beginning!

Time fails us to discuss the great argument of historical conviction, on which our affirmation rests, yet this at least must be said. The wonderful subtlety and profound learning of the Tübingen school is not accompanied by a proportionate judgment. Here, for example, is the assumption that no solid historical ground is left in the New Testament. Yet they who hold it also admit that at least the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, are left. But, surely, we need not go beyond these unimpeached documents to find sufficient ground of indubitable history to build the Church upon, and evidence which compels its own acceptance that the great wonder of the life and death and rising of Jesus Christ was believed in the first generation of the Church by multitudes who had been his contemporaries, and who found the evidence good enough to stake their lives upon.

Here, again, is the assumption that "no modern theologian who is also a scholar considers any of the four Gospels as having any apostólic value," and in particular that according to John. This can only be proved by ruling out of court the names of scholars who fairly weigh with the greatest. Where men like Lightfoot and our own Ezra Abbot are brushed aside, a partisan temper seeks to sit in Moses' seat.

It is, however, absolutely vital to the negative theory to prove the utter unreliability of the New Testament narra-

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tives in little or in large. Once admit even the mediate apostolic origin of a single Gospel, and the whole edifice of denial goes by the board, unless indeed one should resort to the extravagant supposition of an apostle who was a deliberate deceiver. To those who hold that we have the record of witnesses and of the generation in which those witnesses lived, there is evidence enough that Jesus Christ stands at the centre of the world's history. Nay, a fair mind, even among those most sympathetic with the negative school, can hardly fail to find more truth to historic probability and to human nature in Mr. Matthew Arnold's explanation than in Strauss' vaporization. It would be far more probable that Jesus was greater than any record of him could adequately reveal, than that he was a comparatively insignificant factor in the development of his own religion, "influencing it not by what he was, but by what he was not."

But no, we are told, "we cannot make sure of the sayings and teachings of Christ on any one point." It is, however, held to be sure that he taught that the rich man is certain to go to hell, that he taught a religion whose principle is "directly antagonistic to culture," that his "kingdom of heaven" was only a terrestrial heaven, and that his moral precepts are an afterglow of Buddhism, and are so mingled with narrow prohibitions as to have prevented Christianity from even yet attaining even to tolerance.

But we have either less or more than this. Either we do not know, as on the principles of the negative criticism we do not, enough about the teachings of Jesus to justify us in affirming that they were partial and unworthy, or we know, as Christendom believes that it knows, that his teachings round out and complete the very points which are considered partial; that he has taught, *e.g.*, the true use of wealth and given the divine inspiration to charity; that the highest culture of the modern world is in the nations that have most deeply shared the Christian civilization; that all the spiritual conception of heaven that there is comes primarily from the words and life of Jesus Christ; that there is a specific

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difference between his morality and the Buddhistic system, in the quickening glow which Christianity does not catch from the sunset of an older religion, but from the sunrise of its own new life; that imperfect tolerance is due to the make of human nature, and that the least of it there is in existence comes from the religion of Him who has taught not indeed a system of blank indifference, but faith in the infinite largeness of truth and in the certainty that truth will at last prevail, since it is in the very being of God. But, even after reducing all our information about him to the merest film of knowledge, hardly more than the probability that in Palestine, eighteen hundred years ago, "something happened," the great difficulty would still remain, in the presence of Christ in the world's history. Only substance casts such a shadow as that life has cast on all the centuries that came after, a shadow full of light. Such a power as the life of Jesus Christ could not come into the world without introducing a new moral order. It is a universal principle of being that souls affect other souls in proportion to their spiritual gravity. As in physical nature, the larger the body, the greater its attractive force,— the earth draws the moon, the sun sways the whole solar system,—so is it spiritually. In that realm also there are satellites and planets,— the lesser souls that shine in their common sphere, the great leaders of spiritual life who glow in the heavens above us, "fairer than the evening or the morning star"; and there is the Christian sun that for eighteen centuries has poured warmth and light into the world. He could not touch men while he was on earth without affecting them. Wherever a soul touches him to-day with a living contact, it is so still.

The Christian Church to-day is called, above all else, to *focus* that Transcendent Person upon the world. And that branch of the Church which best gathers up the rays of that "pure beame of light," transmitting them unrefracted and unclouded through its transparent glass, will have the future. We need to abide by "the simplicity of Christ,"— to make his gospel as real a message of good tidings and good-will to our generation as a letter to them might be from an

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Elder Brother whom they never saw. That Spirit *can* be entered into; the pure air of that law of supreme unselfishness *can* be breathed; that radiant life *can* be so presented to men that the story of infinite pathos will sink into their souls; that Loving Spirit rejected and betrayed, those merciful ministries leading straight to the cross, will melt the very heart. The body of Christians which is possessed by this crowning fact of history and of spiritual life will surely bear those marks of discipleship which the Christian Church has called by many names, but which are essentially the same under all names. Call these marks, if any will, signs of a slavery which the rational man of to-day will scorn! We answer that it is the free loyalty of willing spirits which accepts it, and that we accept the discipleship of Jesus Christ, not as a *servitude*, but as a *divine service*. These are no chains to fret us: they are the guiding cords which draw us upward. The personal power of the *personal Christ* has converted men whom philosophy and morality, apart from that power, failed to touch. Not because philosophy and morality are not true and good; not because they cannot make men better, when they once enter a really living spirit. But to make the spirit *living* requires a more regnant and drastic energy. Since the world began, the law holds good that we must have *fire to kindle*. The life and spirit of Jesus Christ are the originating fire; and where they are the marks of their presence cannot be hid.

And all these energies flowing through the world from Jesus Christ are in their nature *cumulative*. They grow and greaten steadily. As a living force, Christianity enlarges continually. Every generation is richer in this vital power than was the generation before it. Civilization advances by the living impulse communicated to it by the Christ. And all that we count the consummate flower of civilization,— the arts that soften and ornament life; the great geniuses who have been the fragrant blossoming on the highest summits of their time, the Dantes and Shakspeares; and, quite as much as these, the great appliances by which the modern world changes the face of the world and

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humanizes this earthly home of man; those subduings of the wild forces of nature by which this nineteenth century, addressing itself in earnest to the task of bringing wholesome order into chaos, has done more to bring plenty and comfort, light and truth within the reach of the poorest than all the ages before it,—all must date back their originative impulse to the birth of "that holy thing" of God, in whose infant hand already began to crumble the cruel and godless civilizations of the past, and whose Spirit, kindling from heart to heart, from life to life, is the secret of the new life of the world.

It is not, then, a question of *names*, of light account whether we take them or discard them. It is a question of *things*, of realities. Is it not easy, indeed, to show that *names themselves* are much more vital matters than those assume who treat the name of Christian as if it were a mere counter of convenience or a meaningless badge? A man may not think his own surname the handsomest in the world; but, in the eyes of the law, *the name means the man*, and he cannot change it at his own arbitrary pleasure. It means something more still: it means father and mother and a worthy ancestry. There is honor in the plainest syllables which they have worn with dignity and unstained life. And who shall presume to say that this does not hold more deeply still with the pedigree of spiritual life which dates from our Lord Jesus Christ?

Be it ours, then, to affirm that the Church stands, as of old, for *faith*,—faith, first of all, in *conduct*, laying its stress on the Master's text, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." But it does not stop here, without furnishing spiritual and religious motives of the loftiest and most moving kind,—the motives of a simple, an undogmatic, but a most real Christianity. The spiritual motives; the *organ* of faith; the God who is the Father of our spirits, the source and inspirer of all our life; the life immortal, rooted and grounded in him, assured to us in Jesus Christ; the supreme revelation of himself to us in the Beloved Son, with all which that con-

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tains of wonder and of power; in other words, the Book itself, the foundation truths of our religion, the gospel interpreted by its own light, and not tied up to any narrower interpretations than itself,—what more inspiring views of religion, what more earnest inspirations to duty, is it possible to bring to bear upon the soul?

It is very evident, from the signs of the times, that religious men, in all forms of Christendom, are coming to be persuaded that Christianity must be presented in its simple majesty and unadorned beauty in these essentials which are its heart. It is very evident also that hosts of men and women are seeking anxiously to find what the essentials are, and to build upon them. They do not propose to let religion go or to give it up; but they earnestly desire to have a reason for the faith that is in them, and to have more faith. At such a time, a Church that will hold up with power this simple, broad Christianity of the New Testament, that will *live by it* and feel it as a power of life, has a mighty work to do for the faith and hope of the nation.

We shall not do it, if we try to persuade by a vagueness of grasp on the great facts of personal religion, a haziness of faith, a perpetual criticism, or a depreciation of historic Christianity and of the great Head of the Church, which have no more place in the religious life than a north-east day in a proper spring.

Christianity is a perfectly definable and recognizable thing: it is based on the sacred books of our religion, and must therefore hold them to be of supreme spiritual worth and historic importance; it is founded on a living relation between the Living God and his children, and this implies revelation in the past and communion in the present; it is centred in Jesus Christ, the source of the moral and spiritual potencies of the new age. Within these wide limits, great divergences of thought and creed exist, which yet belong to the same system as the planets which swing in varying course around the orb of day. Outside lie nebulous bodies, of different degrees of tenuity, not without light, perhaps not without warmth, but which, if they enter the plane of

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the ecliptic, do so rather as comets that wave their fiery portent in the sky for a brief season and then depart, than as orderly members of the Christian system.

The position of such a Church as ours is very clear here. By the argument of its own past, by the persuasion of a rational faith, by the very fact of its being at all, by the hope of and faith in its own future, it will stand *as a witness;* it will testify that Christianity means *something*, no less than the best and highest thing which the world knows or can hope for. Its affirmation will be the ringing and triumphant word of the apostle: "But as God is true, our word toward you was not yea and nay. For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, . . . was not yea and nay, but in him was yea. For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen."

HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

DID EZRA WRITE OR AMEND ANY PORTION OF THE PENTATEUCH?

It has become so common with a recent school of critics to attribute the authorship of an important portion of the Pentateuch to Ezra, and the opinion is affirmed with such emphasis and assurance, that a demand is made upon scholars to inquire whether these things are so. There is but one source of evidence on this subject to which an appeal can be made, and by whose evidence all inquirers must abide. This source is the accounts which we have in writings contemporaneous with him of what Ezra did as priest and ruler in Jerusalem, after the return from the captivity. I say "contemporaneous" with him, for traditions which were not written till five centuries afterward are utterly worthless in deciding such a question as this.

Is there, then, any *authentic historical evidence* that Ezra composed a single new law, or remodelled an old one? This question answered, the relation of Ezra to the so-called law of Moses, or the Pentateuch as we have it to-day, is settled. Settled, I say, unless men will forsake historic

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proof for baseless guesses and vague tradition. The Books of Ezra and Nehemiah contain all the history that is at all reliable of the time, the character, and the work of Ezra. The extant Jewish literature between the time of Ezra and the Christian era, more than four centuries, says not a word of Ezra, or of his having anything to do with the law as editor of the old document, much less of his being the author of any part of it. The worthies and authors of note of the Hebrews are mentioned by the author of Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach, a work written about two centuries after the time of Ezra; but Ezra's name is not mentioned, though Zerubbabel's and Joshua's and Nehemiah's are, and their good works are named. If Ezra at this early day had been reputed the author or even the reviser of the "law," would his name have been omitted? Most surely not. The tradition is of much later origin. The later Jewish traditions are most of them as incredible as they are silly. The stories in the Talmud about Ezra are too foolish to justify quotation, much less belief. The earliest recorded tradition is found in II. Esdras xiv., 19–48. This book was written about the Christian era, not later than a century after, probably. This tradition is the least extravagant of any that have come down to us, and may be quoted as giving the soberest guess of the time, respecting the work that Ezra did in the construction of the law. It is substantially as follows: As Ezra sat under an oak in the field, there came a voice out of a bush over against him, and said, "Esdras! Esdras!" and he said, "Here am I, Lord." Then he said unto me, "I did reveal myself unto Moses in the bush, and talked with him and brought him to Mount Sinai, and told him many wondrous things; and *these words shalt thou declare.*" Then I answered and said, "Behold, Lord, I will go as thou hast commanded me." "The world is set in darkness, for *thy law is burnt*. . . . But, if I have found grace before thee, send the Holy Ghost into me, and I shall write all that hath been done in the world since the beginning, *which was written in the law*, that men may find thy path, and that they which

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live in the latter days may live." And he answered me, saying, "Go thy way, gather the people together, and say unto them that they seek thee not for forty days. But look thou, and prepare thee many tables of the box-tree, and take with thee five scribes which are ready to write swiftly; and I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out till the things be performed which thou shalt begin to write; and, when thou hast done, some things thou shalt publish, and others thou shalt show secretly to the wise. Begin to write to-morrow." And he gathered the people, and said, "Let no man come unto me now, nor seek after me these forty days." So he took five men, and went into the field and remained there; and the next day a voice called me, saying, "Open thy mouth, and drink that I give thee to drink." Then I opened my mouth, and he reached me a full cup like water; but the color was like fire. And I took it and drank, and my heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in my breast, for my spirit *strengthened my memory;* and my mouth was opened, and shut no more; and the five men wrote the wonderful visions of the night that were told. In forty days, they wrote two hundred and four books. And, when the forty days were fulfilled, the Highest spake, saying, "The first that thou hast written publish openly, all may read it; but the seventy last, only the wise may read." And I did so.

Bizarre as the whole account is, and unintelligible as most of it is, two things are clear. The old Mosaic Law was lost by burning: it was restored, recovered by the miraculous influence of the cup of which he drank upon his memory, whereby he recalled it all, and dictated it to these five writers. These two points in the confused tradition as here recorded seem clear. Ezra dictated no new law: he recited the old law which was burned, and the five scribes wrote it down. This tradition does not therefore show that the Pentateuch was the work of Ezra, either in whole or in part, but that Ezra wrote it out from memory, a conjectured way of accounting for its preservation from the wrecks of the captivity. At this period, tradition did not attribute

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the authorship of the law to Ezra, but only its engrossment from memory; and, to render it credible that his memory could recall it all, he is said to have drunk of a miraculous cup from the hand of the Lord. That the "law" here spoken of was not a fragment of the Mosaic code enacted at Mount Sinai, but our whole Pentateuch, is evident from Ezra's declaring that he "would write all that *hath been done in the world since the beginning*, which are written in thy law." Genesis is well described in this clause. In a word, this earliest tradition of the relation of Ezra to the Mosaic Law, or Pentateuch, is that it was miraculously recalled to his mind, and written down, word for word, as he repeated it, during forty days. There is not a hint that he added anything to the original document, or changed anything in it. The only reasonable conclusion is, therefore, that the scribes, the Jewish scholars in the neighborhood of the Christian era, believed in the existence of the Pentateuch *before* the time of Ezra, and attributed to him its rescue from oblivion by a miraculous quickening of his memory. It is much more credible that the law was composed in the Mosaic age than that it was restored by such an agency.

The next account of Ezra's relation to the law is found five hundred years earlier in the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah. Without discussing the authenticity, genuineness, or age of these books, let it be assumed that they were composed in the period to which they relate, and that the accounts which they contain are substantially correct. What do we find in these books respecting the doings of Ezra? About eighty years after Zerubbabel led his colony back to Judea, and about sixty years after the new temple was built and dedicated, and during which period they had worshipped, "as it is *written in the law of Moses*, the man of God," or "as it is written in the *book* of Moses," Ezra appears with an additional colony. He is described as a ready scribe in the *law of Moses*, which the Lord God of Israel had given. Unquestionably, this is the same law as had been observed by the colony under Zerubbabel, and

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which directed the worship in the new temple,—the special services of the priests and Levites, the kind and quality and time of offering of sacrifices, the feasts, and the manner of their observance. And we read that "Ezra had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments," or, as it may be rendered, "law and right." This was the business of a scribe,—to apply himself to a study of the law (and this is the meaning of the original text in this place), and to instruct the people in it. This, it seems, "Ezra had prepared his heart" for, and resolved to do. Nothing is said or hinted here of his having "prepared his heart" to give a new code of laws to the colonists, or to add anything to the old code, but simply to expound to them the law of Moses, then in their hands.

This same Ezra appears to have been authorized by the Persian king, Artaxerxes, to act, to some extent at least, as governor of the colony at Jerusalem. And he is directed "to judge all such as know the laws of thy God," and "to *teach* them that knew them not," and "whosoever will not do the law of thy God, let him be punished." The existence of a law of some kind is here referred to; and the specific requirements of it mentioned in the next chapter are all found in the book of the law of Moses, the Pentateuch. Ezra is not spoken of as making any laws, but of observing laws already in existence; and all these laws are in the Pentateuch.

He finds the people transgressing many of the "commandments" of God, for which he most fervently invokes pardon of the Lord. He then exhorts the people to put away their heathen wives whom they had taken "contrary to the commandment of God," and "let it be done *according to the law*," which law is found in Deut. vii., 23.

At this point, Ezra disappears from the history for about thirteen years; and the return and acts of Nehemiah fill the first seven chapters of the Book of Nehemiah. It should be observed that no law is spoken of, but the "commandments and the statutes, and the judgments *which the Lord*

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commanded his servant Moses." No reference is made to Ezra or any law of Ezra; and the history is occupied with an account of the repairs made in the walls of Jerusalem, and the opposition that was made to the work. And, when the walls were finished, Nehemiah "found a register of the genealogy of them which came up at the first with Zerubbabel," which is inserted in the history. But up to this date there is no hint that Ezra *gave* any laws or *amended* the old ones "*written in the book of Moses.*"

But now, when the walls are finished, and in the seventh month the feast of Tabernacles was come, "the people ask Ezra, the scribe, who again appears in the history, to bring the *book of the law of Moses*," which the Lord had commanded Israel (undoubtedly, the same book used at the dedication of the new temple, about eighty years before, Ezra vi., 8); "and Ezra brought the law, . . . and he read therein . . . from morning until midday before the men and the women and those that could understand, and the ears of all the people were attentive to the book of the law, and Ezra, the scribe, stood upon a pulpit of wood, and Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, . . . and, when he opened it, all the people stood up, and Ezra blessed the Lord the great God, and all the people answered, Amen, amen, with lifting up of hands."

Ezra, however, was not the only interpreter of the law. He had help in reading, and thirteen persons are named as assisting him, "and also the Levites, to cause the people to understand the law. . . . So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. And Nehemiah and Ezra, the priest, the scribe, and the Levites that taught the people, said unto all the people, This day is holy unto the Lord your God. And on the second day were gathered together the chief of the fathers of all the people, the priests and the Levites unto Ezra the scribe, that they *might instruct in the words of the law.* And they found written in the *law which the Lord had commanded by Moses* that the children of Israel should dwell in booths in the feast of the seventh month, and

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that proclamation should be made in all their cities to bring branches of trees to make booths *as it is written*" (Lev. xxiii., 20). "And, day by day, he read in the *book of the law of God* from the first day to the last day, and they kept the feast according to the manner" (Lev. xxiii., 36), or as the custom was.

Now was the time and this the place, if ever, for Ezra or the historian to reveal that Ezra was the author of this law, called the *law of God by Moses;* and that this "*book of the law*," called "*the book of the law of Moses*," was the book of a law given by Ezra; that Ezra, the chief reader of the law, was the maker of the law; that Moses made no laws, and that all accounts and traditions to that effect were idle tales. But no such claim is made by Ezra, or his historian, on an occasion of greatest interest to the people. Nay, he and his historian attribute the authorship of this book and these laws to Moses, and to him only and always. There is no discrepancy in the testimony, both when the historian speaks and when Ezra speaks. There is a collusion, or both speak the truth. A choice must be made between these alternatives. There is no other conclusion to be reached. Here is a most barefaced falsehood, or Moses wrote or caused to be written these laws which were read, unless further on in the history the riddle is explained and the deception justified.

A brief examination, therefore, of what remains of the history of this period, must now be made.

About fifteen days after the reading of *the law which the Lord had commanded Moses*, as just narrated, the people assembled again, "and they" (the scribes named before) "stood up in their place, and read in the *book of the law* of the Lord their God; and the Levites stood upon the stairs, and cried with a loud voice unto the Lord their God, saying, . . . Thou comest down upon *Mount Sinai* and spakest with the people, and makest known unto them thy holy Sabbath, and commandest them *precepts, statutes, and laws, by the hand of Moses,* thy servant. . . . Nevertheless, they were disobedient and rebelled against thee, and cast *thy law*

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behind their backs. . . . Therefore, thou deliveredst them into the hand of their enemies, . . . that thou mightest bring them again unto *thy law.*" Can it be doubted that the law here spoken is the same as that previously mentioned as being read and "*written in the book of the law of Moses*"? And, further on, we read that "the people, separating themselves from the people of the lands unto the law of God, . . . enter into a curse and into an oath to walk in God's law, *which was given by Moses*, the servant of God."

No hint is given as yet that the "law" which was read, and disobedience to which was the cause of the captivity, was in any sense or in any degree the work of Ezra or his companions; but it is said to *have been given at Sinai by the hand of Moses.*

When the ceremony of consecrating the new walls and the temple was performed, "they read *in the book of Moses*, in the audience of the people," the passage respecting "the Ammonite and Moabite," to be found in Deut. xxiii., 3, 4; "and, when they heard the law, they separated from Israel all the mixed multitude."

Such is the testimony of Ezra and Nehemiah and their historian respecting the author of the "law," of which so much is said in these Books of Ezra and Nehemiah. It is everywhere attributed to Moses when its author is spoken of, and is said to have been given in or at Mount Sinai. No hint, direct or indirect, is anywhere given in all this history that Ezra had anything to do either with writing, arranging, or revising these laws, or collecting scattered statutes in a book, called *a* book, or *the* book, of the law given by Moses.

Such is the teaching of history, whether reliable or unreliable, respecting the relation of Ezra, the scribe, to the Pentateuch. He was one of many readers and interpreters of it, and nothing more. He did not write it, he did not revise it, he did not rearrange it. Not a line of historic evidence is found sustaining any such assumption. The traditions to that effect are modern and grotesque, bizarre, miraculous, and incredible.

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If we cling to the results which true historical criticism reaches, the hypothesis, so often announced as an incontrovertible fact, is as unsubstantial as the "baseless fabric of a vision," and should disappear forever from the pages of all sound criticism.

R. P. STEBBINS.

THE PIVOTAL POINT IN THE ISSUE BETWEEN UNITARIANISM AND ORTHODOXY.

The year 1882 will be remembered in Massachusetts by two events which made more than an ordinary ripple upon the surface of the political and theological thought of the time. The one was the election of Benjamin F. Butler to the chair of Winthrop and Andrew, the other a simple address on the Bible, before the Unitarian Club, in the banqueting hall of the Hotel Vendôme, Boston.

The ferment of thought excited by these two events has not yet subsided, nor is it likely to do so for some time to come. But any apprehension aroused by the honor given to a man who seems to have been born out of due season and whose real place in history might well have been in those stormy days that produced a Danton, Robespierre, and Mirabeau, is likely to be quieted by the consciousness that the old Commonwealth has moral vitality enough to throw off the present incumbent, with no very serious harm to her polity or her institutions.

But a deeper and more solemn concern was brought to our notice in the address of the able Biblical scholar at Boston. It was an earnest and pathetic appeal against the mistaken theory and interpretation of a book from which facts and doctrines have been inferred that have caused fear and anxiety to many minds. Its tones had scarcely died upon the air before the appeal was answered by an authoritative voice from Andover. Prof. Park, speaking to the clergy at the Congregational House, insisted that every minister or missionary, every man called to address a parish in New England or to preach to the millions in Europe or

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Asia, should emphasize three points as essential to faith and salvation; namely, the inspiration of the Bible (*i.e.*, the whole Bible), the doctrine of the atonement, the fact of future and everlasting punishment. Here, then, is something which concerns not only the Commonwealth, but the continents; here are matters that have a more vital interest to millions than any that have occupied the citizens of a single State in a political campaign; here is a topic which has filled with troubled thought and care not only the hearts of multitudes of the dead, but the throbbing, sensitive spirits of immense numbers that still live upon the earth. And what is the sad occasion of this universal disquiet, so much of it superfluous? Simply, a wrong theory about the Bible. It is a misconception of the nature of the volume from which these doctrines that have caused so much needless disturbance to the human heart have been inferred. As Romanism declares that the Church holds the sceptre of power, that in her hands are the keys of heaven and hell, that her voice and hers alone is to interpret Scripture and doctrine, so Protestantism, with equal or even greater assurance, points to a Sacred Book as the ultimate appeal in matters of religion, making the volume the arbiter of the destinies of men. "The absolute and supreme authority of the Bible," says one of the denominational newspapers, expressing the sentiment of a large constituency, "is the only ground on which the faith we teach can be safely rested."

The pivotal point in the issue between Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, as it is being developed by the discussions of the hour, is this: whether a book or a church may thus arrogate to itself an authority which belongs to God and to the human soul. In the simplest statement that can be made, no book, but the men back of the book, is inspired. Yet even Unitarians at the beginning of the century, if we may credit Dr. Ellis, made the same mistake as the other Protestant sects. They, too, argued from the Bible itself against their adversaries, quoting chapter and verse. But in large measure, we have receded from that position. We have been led to higher and safer ground. Ralph Waldo

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Emerson has undoubtedly inspired us with more courage to consult the inward oracle. Channing * and Parker, men who loved the Bible and who used it with great power and reverence, have shown us how we are to be delivered from any enslaving bondage to its pages. Unitarianism now plants itself squarely upon the position that the Bible is not an infallible book, that every part of it must be subjected to the test of the reason and the moral sense. The intellectual position of one who puts the Bible above the human intellect or conscience is no longer within Unitarian lines. The ecclesiastical status of one who quotes a Biblical text as the supreme authority for what he believes is with the orthodox churches rather than with ourselves. The New Hampshire Unitarians expressed without doubt a very general sentiment in the eleventh article of their statement,— "We believe in the final authority of the testimony of God in our own reason, conscience, and soul." According to Unitarianism, man judges the Bible. According to Orthodoxy, the Bible judges man. On this point, everything turns. Was not this the method of Jesus? Newman Smyth, in a moment when he was evidently not thinking of denominational barriers, gave expression to this sentiment: "When Jesus said, 'Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice,' he declared unequivocally that the sense of moral truth within man is the final test of revelation." † Our theistic friend Mr. Schermerhorn would ask for nothing better than this. Some would say: The mind of the Christ is the testimony to truth, but how are we to know the mind of the Christ? How are we to discriminate the thought of Jesus from that of Confucius or Rousseau, except by the exercise of that cultivated and inherited moral and intellectual sense which is the birthright of our race? Let us be consistent on this point of the authority

* Would that the sculptured effigies of these two prophets, one in Carrara marble, the other in Munich bronze, might stand before the Unitarian House that is to be, as the statues of Webster and Horace Mann before the capitol, to call to the mind of every passer-by how much our own Church and the "Orthodoxy of to-day" is indebted to the thought and speech of these saintly and heroic souls!

† *Old Faiths in New Light*, p. 70.

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for truth. It is no time for playing fast and loose with the Bible, deducing a doctrine from it one moment by a quotation of chapter and verse, and abandoning this method the next instant, to fall back upon the moral consciousness and the innate convictions. Here, it seems to me, Newman Smyth and Joseph Cook, and men of that school, are greatly at fault. In their utterances, the iron and clay of Orthodoxy, with a theory of Biblical authority behind it, is so commingled with the silver and gold of rational and universal truth that there is at least no idol sacred and symmetrical enough for us to worship. Despite much that is choice and valuable in this refurbished image, the stone cut out without hands, stern, candid, inexorable criticism is shaking, and is still farther to shake, its foundations.

See now our advantage. We do not make an imperfect and very human book the judge in our controversies. When we come across a custom or a sentiment out of early and barbaric times, when we read a command put upon the lips of Deity infinitely unworthy of him, unworthy even of ourselves, we reject it, and appeal from the pages of the book to the higher tribunal of the illumined mind. We listen to the beatings and breathings of these human impulses of ours, however loudly the so-called wise men of our day may utter their dogmas or their speculations. With reason, Orthodoxy clings tenaciously to the old theory of the Scriptures. When that goes, everything peculiar to their system goes with it. Said President Bartlett of Dartmouth College, "All movements against the evangelical belief have sprung from the natural repugnance which men feel to the idea of *eternal* punishment; and, in nine cases out of ten, the rejection of this doctrine has been the first movement toward the rejection of the divine and ultimate authority of the Bible." True enough. There are no such potent and sincere speakers as these moral instincts which God himself has implanted in the soul. A thousand theologians may repeat ten thousand times that the Bible declares that Jesus, son of Joseph and Mary, was very God. The modern mind refuses to receive the statement. They may assert on the

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authority of a book that it was essential that an innocent person should die before God's wrath could be appeased or the sins of man forgiven. Men will not accept the pagan theory. They may declare on Scripture text, with all the fervor of endless reiteration, that everlasting punishment with no gleam of hope is the doom of all who do not repent in this life The heart protests with the force of invincible convictions, and repels the misrepresentation as a mockery of the character of God and a species of refined cruelty to man.

Cradled in Orthodoxy, knowing its spirit and its methods, having seen something of its weakness and its strength, I, for one, can but believe that Dr. Ellis was as keen and powerful in his parenthesis as in the main idea of his address. There is much certainly in the Oriental phrasing of the Bible which, if literally or dogmatically interpreted, would give a show of truth to many dogmas which we reject. Take the reference to Jesus, for example, in the letter to the Hebrews,—"The brightness of his [Father's] glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Outside of the Scripture, one is not accustomed to hear such statements as this in Unitarian pulpits. Take a passage in John's Epistle: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Does that embody and express a Unitarian as well as an orthodox doctrine? Perhaps it may be construed as such, but that is not its surface meaning. This paper might be filled with texts that would give a semblance to views more in accordance with the orthodox statements than with our own. Still, I think it would be a great mistake to affirm that the Bible as a whole is an orthodox book. Far from it. A principle of interpretation brought out by Mr. Frothingham in his little volume, *The Cradle of the Christ*, may help to solve our difficulties. "Jesus," as he says, "is the name of a man. The Christ is the name of an idea. The

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history of Jesus is the history of an individual. The history of the Christ is the history of a doctrine." In the New Testament, you will find Jesus, the man Jesus, human, of Hebrew parentage, a great prophet, voicing the thoughts of God and the higher spiritual conceptions of religion to his own generation. But it is only here and there, even in the fragmentary biographies, that you can thus get a glimpse of the man Jesus. Like a vein of metal in the surrounding and incumbent mass of rock and soil, the human portraiture is often covered up by the Hebrew conception of the Messiah and the Alexandrian idea of the Logos. And in the Epistles, especially in Paul's writings, you lose almost entirely at times the simple personality of Jesus, and have instead the Christ idea. In a very important sense, as I conceive, Paul, rather than Jesus, is the founder of what is known as modern Christianity. As Plato gave us Socrates, so Paul gave us the Christ. Now, Orthodoxy keeps much closer to the thought and expression of Paul than Unitarianism does.

It continually uses the familiar phrases which represent the Christ idea. I do not by any means understand Paul to deny the personality of Jesus, but he subordinates it to the ideal conception which dominates his soul. Not Jesus, but Jesus Christ,—our Lord Jesus Christ,—that is the Pauline phrase. Orthodoxy takes this and similar phrases, and elaborates its doctrines from them. If one listens to orthodox preachers, he will find that the phrase Christ or Jesus Christ is used a hundred times where the simple word Jesus, indicating the man and prophet, is once mentioned. The great phrase of Orthodoxy is "Christ and him crucified." Hence, the popular impression that the New Testament is an orthodox book. But Unitarianism does not confine itself to Scripture statements. It feels at liberty to modify, to explain, or even to dissent from the Christ idea. It takes Orthodoxy at its own word, and says, *We would see Jesus.* It seeks in these Scriptures for the living, breathing presence of that exalted and much-beloved man. It aims to get at his word, his spirit, his method. But let a young orthodox minister use the words and phrases of Jesus rather than

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those of Paul or Peter or John, let him lay special stress upon such declarations as these, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Let him show an undue partiality for the Sermon on the Mount or a marked preference for any of the sweet and beautiful conversations of the man of Nazareth, and some dear deacon or deaconess, sitting in an important pew, will suspect heresy. They will miss the familiar phrases. There is no gospel, they will say, no Christ, no atonement, in the sermon of the young preacher. He is tending toward Unitarianism; worse than that, toward *naked* infidelity and *bald* rationalism.* There was some ground for Dr Ellis' strictures.

As an inference from the principle stated at the outset of this article, it follows that Unitarianism has a larger welcome and less fear than the other and older section of the Congregational Church for that higher criticism of the Bible which is now occupying so much attention. In the name of piety and the profoundest reverence, we wish to know, so far as it is possible, the exact truth about this choice and grand old book of the ages. At first sight, it is evident that it is a collection of archaic literature, rich, rare, exceptional. It is also a volume abounding as no other does in evidences of moral inspiration. And as we go to Shakspere for intellectual insight, to Tennyson for poetic fervor and expression, so we read our Bibles, and ever shall, for stimulus and nurture to the religious sentiment. But the book being such as it is continually calls for discrimination, for the exercise of the critical faculty. To get at its real worth and beauty, we must apply to it the same methods of judgment as are employed in the interpretation of other books,—an ancient volume like Livy or Herodotus or a modern Thomas à Kempis, Burton, or Boswell. We cannot consent to a blind, unquestioning, literal acceptance of

* When people are scant of arguments or facts, they often betake themselves to epithets.

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the Bible. That is the way of stupidity and ignorance. We certainly ought not to enter into this sacred temple of literature like rude, unpitying iconoclasts, striking on the right hand and the left, regardless of what is hit or hurt. That is the method of irreverence. Neither have we any right to bring out a spiritual lesson from this venerated volume, unless we are first frank and intelligent in the statement of the fact upon which that interpretation is based. The pulpit, above all other public platforms, should be sincere and have no mental reservations. The suspicion resting upon Orthodoxy to-day is that its subscribed creeds in local church and public seminary, nominally based upon the Bible and defended by quotation of Scripture texts, are not of a piece with the preaching of its pulpits and the street and home conversations of its disciples.

One or two simple principles of interpretation will indicate the true Biblical scholar. He will have sufficient literary intelligence not to petrify a metaphoric or Oriental phrase into a dogma. He will have enough of the poetic instinct not to mistake a glowing sentiment for a theological speculation. He will have a sufficient historical sense to be able to appreciate what Dr. Hedge so tersely states in an excellent monograph, that "Christianity like every other religion has its mythology,—a mythology so intertwined with the veritable facts of its early history that history and myth are not always distinguishable one from the other." The recognition of this simple fact, that both in the Old Testament and the New there is large and intimate admixture of the legendary with the historical element, will solve at a single stroke a thousand of our Biblical difficulties. We shall no longer have to argue the fact concerning Cain's wife, Jonah's whale, or the many mistakes of Moses. To note and mark differences, to distinguish in the Bible between fact and fiction, between the permanent and the transient, between the local and the universal, between the product of a late and scientific period and an early and credulous age, is the solemn duty of the hour in Scriptural criticism. We should not be afraid to judge this dear old book by one of

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its own maxims: Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.

For one, I believe that a better and later scholarship is to give us a finer Bible than we are to have even in the completed New and Old Testament revision. Instead of the legal fiction which puts the names of Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, and Zechariah over books or parts of books which they did not write, instead of the traditions of Ezra, Nehemiah, and the great Councils (more politic than pious in their composition) which have given us the present order of the writings, some publishing house, in the interest of the best learning of the times, will strike off the pseudonymous names, arrange and rearrange the fragments of Scripture more in accordance with the internal evidence of the dates of their composition than with Archbishop Usher's chronology which has so long mystified our minds. The old captions of the chapters, with their misleading statements, will be expunged. The growth of the Hebrew religion through the primitive, prophetic, priestly periods will be seen at a glance by the sequence of the corresponding literature. And as Ulfilas, Bishop of the Goths, is said to have left out from his Teutonic version the most warlike portions of the Old Testament, lest these stories of blood and slaughter should unduly arouse his semi-barbaric soldiers, so in the interest of a finer moral sense, a more delicate discernment suited to the society of to-day, we shall have re-edited Bibles as we have re-edited Shaksperes, from which will be omitted all passages that a minister may not read in public from his pulpit, or a mother rehearse in private to her children. This book will not bear upon its lids some conventional title, "The Holy Bible," and be put away in the parlor as a silent and dust-covered oracle, or superstitiously be imprinted with kisses in the open court-room, as an awe inspiring talisman; but it will lie close at hand as a book of use, and bear some such designation as this,—*τὰ βιβλία*: The Sacred and Secular Writings of the Hebrews and the Men of the Early Christian Church. Neither, as I suspect, shall we much longer refuse to read in our sanctuaries other sacred books,

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inspiring and devout, supplemental to the Hebrew literature. Out of the old volume, we shall no longer be frightened by the wrong and tyrannical translation, "All scripture is inspired of God," as if the Divine Creator were jealous of this one book as his revealed will and word; but we shall take the more correct and catholic rendering, Every scripture — wherever, by whomsoever written — *divinely inspired* is profitable for doctrine and instruction in righteousness. Then, we may hear in our churches, as part of the devotional preparation of the hour, not only a lyric of the temple service, but an English hymn of Whittier's or Longfellow's, a verse from John Keble's *Christian Year*, or one of quaint George Herbert's rhymes. We may listen not only to the proverbs of Solomon, but to the divine philosophy of Plato. All holy prophets, Occidental and Oriental, shall speak to us. Apostles of truth and righteousness of every nation shall be our teachers. And, when we have received in rapt silence some lofty and inspiring strain from Emerson or Channing or Carlyle, we shall be soothed into a deeper and more spiritual meditation by a sweet and tender word of Jesus or some ancient and heart-endeared selection from a Hebrew psalm or prophecy.

One must admit, indeed, that it seems somewhat of a descent to come down from the traditional orthodox theory that the Bible is one book, from Genesis to Revelation, that it was written by those whose names are affixed to its several portions, and that in every part it is pervaded with the inspiration and infallibility of divine wisdom. It is apparently a loss to substitute for this statement the theory which the studies of the great Biblical scholars of this generation are forcing us to accept; namely, that the Bible is a human book, fallible in many portions, fragmentary, heterogeneous, and that we are uncertain of the date or authorship of not a few of its divisions. Yet, if Ewald, Kuenen, Renan, Welhausen, Samuel Davidson, Dean Stanley, and Robertson Smith (and who can speak with more authority than these?) are to be believed, it is to much of this conclusion that we are to come. But is our loss so great as it seems? Is it not

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always a gain to know the fact? The fact first, devotion and poetry logically follow, but not otherwise. We cannot afford to build the splendid superstructure of religion for this or any age upon weak or tottering foundations. Have not many burdens already been lifted from the heart and conscience by this stern Biblical criticism? Is it not a relief to know, at last, what not a few have long suspected, that God did not do and command many things that he is said to have done and commanded,—that he never ordered Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, or Joshua to slaughter the Canaanites, or Samuel to hew Agag in pieces; that he never arbitrarily hardened Pharaoh's heart at one moment, and tormented him with a plague the next; that he did not strike down with instant doom a poor man who carelessly touched the ark to keep it from shaking, or sent instant death upon some shivering Hebrew who was gathering a few sticks of wood for a fire on the Sabbath day? Is it not a relief to know that God did not trouble himself about the trimmings of the tabernacle or the compounding of a perfume for the altar service? Biblical criticism tells us in clear and not uncertain tones that these are the dramatic statements, the pictorial representations or misrepresentations (call them what we will) by which the Hebrews embodied their crude conceptions and partial prejudices of the God of their church and nation. Is it not a relief to the human heart to read in the story of Jacob and Esau something better than the favoritism of Heaven; to see that Solomon's Song, a very gem of Oriental literature, was not penned with any thought of Jesus or his Church, but is a charming love-tale of those Eastern lands; to know at last that the Book of Jonah and the sweet idyl of Ruth are not to be received as actual historical incidents affording merriment to irreverent critics, but are beautiful fictions (sketches with a moral) of the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, protesting in the one case against Hebrew exclusiveness and opposition to foreign marriages, and in the other against national prejudices, anticipating the tenderness of New Testament times by showing that God would not destroy a great city (crowded

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with little children) to please an angry prophet? I think, on the whole, we have gained infinitely more than we have lost by the taking down of so many of the old grotesque ecclesiastical idols from their pedestals.

But what remains, some critic may ask, when you have thus taken away so much of the old-time tradition of the Bible? Everything remains as before. All truths, all virtues, all moral obligations and inspirations. These were never founded upon a book, and therefore cannot fail or fall, should its peculiar prestige pass away. They are in the soul of man, and there they abide forever. And, in the Bible itself, whatever is of permanent value is untouched by time or criticism. Some things can never become obsolete. The Commandments,— thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not bear false witness,— these are binding, not because they are written in a Hebrew code, but because they exist in the increasing and ever-deepening sense of mercy, honor, and purity. Every fair and beautiful dream of peace and righteousness which the prophets pictured continues to express our present hopes and desires. Every psalm of joy and devotion which the priests chanted in the temple worship still serves as the lyric vehicle of our trust in God. The proverbs uttered by many minds always enforce a practical wisdom, and every antique Oriental vision or allegory carries its imperishable moral. So in the New Testament. The parable of the prodigal son enforces for all time the exhaustless mercy of God. The story of the good Samaritan remains the most powerful sermon ever preached against sect or caste. Every gentle and loving word uttered by Jesus still moves the heart. The Beatitudes are immortal. Paul's praise of charity as the sublimest of the virtues can never be impugned.

The miracles, too. They are the poetry of our religion, and we shall ever prize and use them as such. But we shall not allow the dreams and fancies of those primeval centuries, the fond legends which the early disciples cast around the career of Jesus, many years after his death, to take the

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place of the claims that the more wondrous facts of life and nature make upon us. Beautiful as legends, absurd as actual facts, why should we permit the method in which a credulous and unscientific people expressed their worship of the material universe, or their admiration of the great and good men of their time, to take the place of our more accurate knowledge of the world and of history? Why do we need, as divine attestations, the stories of a speaking serpent, a globe deluged with water, a sun and moon standing still in the sky, a dumb beast using a man's voice, an unnatural and miraculous birth, water changed into wine, bread and fishes strangely multiplied, a dead body thrilled with life and motion after it had been three or four days in the grave? What necessity, I ask, to receive these clear and charming fancies for facts, when they are dwarfed and made insignificant by the greater wonders in the presence of which we live,—the miracle of the rising and setting sun, the miracle of the growing grass and opening flowers, and stars that come out of their eternities to cheer our nightly way? Why should we insist that the evidences of Christianity or the immortality of the soul should rest upon the strange and exceptional event of the resurrected body of a holy prophet, when there is more than enough for faith and reverence and eternal hope in deathless convictions that cannot be stifled * and in the endless and ever-recurring miracle of life from death, leaf and plant, animal and man, continually passing through mysterious gates into new known and unknown forms of physical and spiritual existence?

All that is good and true and beautiful in the old Bible is still the precious heritage of this generation as it has been of preceding ones. But the spirit of God heard in the soul speaks to us more potently perhaps than it spoke to some of the fathers, and suggests that in the sacred books of all

* James Martineau, in commenting on the *Creed of Christendom*, makes this incisive remark: "Mr. Greg was too clear a thinker to imagine that, in parting with the bodily resurrection of Jesus, he lost either any needful authority for his teaching or any evidence of the future life. As for the former, Jesus himself declared that man had sufficient religious authority without it. *If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they hear though one rose from the dead.*"

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religions, in human life and history, in the inmost recesses of our own hearts, in the manifested miracles of the natural universe, we are also to find a part of the infinite wisdom and beauty of Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

W. H. PIERSON.

MILTON AND THE COMMONWEALTH.*

Mr. Pattison's judgment of Milton is purely that of a man of letters. With that judgment there is no great fault to find, but with the point of view there is. The delicate and somewhat fastidious touch looks effeminate beside the strong, passionate, and virile nature with which he attempts to deal. In particular, he is strangely out in his estimate of the man in arguing that it was an error in Milton's course of life when he turned aside from a career of letters to enter, as he did, heart and soul, into the great conflict on which the destinies of England seemed just then to be staked; and in disparaging, consequently, those controversial and political writings in which so much of Milton's peculiar genius is expressed. It is the object of these pages to suggest very briefly a different point of view.

Milton is one of the few heroic names in literary history. Both in the romance of his early verse and in the lofty severity of his great poem, he is naturally compared to Dante. But his real greatness, more distinctly and far more purely than that of Dante, is in the sphere of action,—not in active politics and not in the field, but in acting through his writings upon the mind and temper of his time. There is no other great name in letters that would suffer so much injustice, if judged mainly by literary standards. Literature, as such, he distinctly renounced, when it came to the deliberate choice of the work of his manhood. All the splendid promise of his youth; the personal gifts that make him welcome among the best poets and scholars of his time, in Italy as well as England; the scholarly culture, fostered by his father's wise indulgence, ripe and deliberate as few young men have ever had the mind or time for; the accomplishments of the day, including music and such skill in fencing that "the lady of his college" (as for his shapely beauty he was called) could give a good account of himself with his weapon "to a much stouter man," he says, if he had been wantonly attacked; the ambition and the

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* "English Men of Letters": *Milton.* By Mark Pattison.

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dream of his early life, that he "might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die,"— all this was his, only to enhance the value of the gift he brought, when he made haste to offer his life to the service of the nation. He had "determined to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age the honest liberty of free speech from his youth."

In all literary biography there is probably not another example so splendid of the sacrifice which a mind so trained must find it hardest of all to make. The five years following his college life had been spent "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," and that rare training was to be completed now by some years of travel upon the continent, especially in Italy and Greece. He was still in Italy, where he was taken at once to the heart of the most noble and cultivated circles; and Athens, still glorious with the undiminished splendors of the Parthenon, was waiting to be visited, — when the news came that the struggle had begun which was to lay the foundation of a free Commonwealth in England. It is in referring to this time — when the dreams of youth must be harshly put aside for the tasks of manhood — that Milton uses those remarkable words to define the nature of the call he was obeying: "But, when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal."

He was now (1639) at the age of thirty-one; and for more than twenty years — that is, throughout the vigor of his manhood — all his thought, all his strength, and finally his eyesight, were deliberately given up to what he regarded as a sacred service. Anxiously as he was warned of blindness by his friends, he would not, he says, "have listened to the voice of Æsculapius himself, but to a diviner monitor within." To enable himself to do this task with honest independence, he undertook the very uncongenial drudgery of instructing boy-pupils in his own house, where his irascible and haughty temper, Dr. Johnson thinks, made the charge about equally painful to master and pupil.

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There is no author, again, whom it is more necessary to judge by that ideal which he kept so loftily pure, which he worshipped with so absolute a homage and so austerely true a consecration. For, as soon as we judge him by any common standard, we find that this heroic temper has its faults, which give the unfriendly critic only too easy a handle. His political writings, it must be confessed, are often turbulent, unreadably tedious, even virulent sometimes, under the stress of personal controversy, as it was then carried on. Something of this last may be pardoned, when we remember the insults brutally cast against his blindness and the calumny that wantonly assailed his morals.

We do not expect, either, to find political instruction from such a mind. "His scheme of government," says John Sterling, "is that of a purely ideal commonwealth, and has the fault common to the greater part of such conceptions,— that it never could be practised except among beings for whom no government at all would be necessary." It is just as well to begin by admitting thus much, so as to clear the way for recognizing the qualities which put his controversial writings in the very front rank of English prose, and make them, on the whole, a grander monument of his genius than all his verse.

At least, they are a monument more unique and distinct than any that he has built in verse; while they are at once the complement and the commentary by which we read what is most characteristic in his poetry. It is not, however, as a man of letters that we are to regard him here, but as the interpreter to all time of the profoundest conviction and passion of his age. Indeed, when we take together the heat, the glow, the splendor of diction, and the lyrical bursts of religious eloquence here and there, we have to go as far back as the Hebrew prophets to find anything to compare fitly with these remarkable writings.

The finest examples which best illustrate this last quality would require too much space to copy here. They are passages which Macaulay calls "a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style," he says, "is stiff with gorgeous embroidery."

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In particular, the prose ode, as it has been called, in the form of prayer which ends the first of his essays, "Of Reformation in England," is perhaps the most extraordinary illustration to be found anywhere of poetic and religious genius, in perfect blending, kindled to a white heat in the very stress of controversy, by the ardor of a passionate devotion to the interest at stake.

A few sentences, however, it is necessary to give, to show how this interest was identified in Milton's mind with that idea of a Christian State which made the finest inspiration of Puritanism:—

"A commonwealth," he says, "ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as his body."

And, again, of the Puritan colonies across the sea:—

"What numbers of faithful and free-born Englishmen have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide ocean and the savage deserts of America could hide and shelter from the fury of the bishops! O sir, if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think ye, but in a mourning weed, with ashes on her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes, to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from things of dearest necessity, because their conscience would not assent to things which the bishops thought indifferent?"

"Let us not," he says again, "for fear of a scarecrow, or else through hatred to be reformed, stand hankering and politizing, when God with spread hands testifies to us, and points us out the way to our peace." *

The finest examples of Milton's political eloquence—one is tempted to say, the finest in any language—are naturally to be found in the *Areopagitica*, "a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." A few words may be copied here, to show the generous enthusiasm with which he contemplates his vision of an English Commonwealth:—

"Lords and Commons of England! Consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors:—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the

* *Of Reformation in England*, Part Second.

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highest that human capacity can soar to.... Now once again, by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the repairing of Reformation itself: what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen?...

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation raising herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid day. beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms!"

It is not merely the splendid rhetoric which clothes in such figures the facts that looked quite otherwise to a profaner eye; but that these last words especially give a glimpse of the party passions and alarms that beset the revolutionary State, and in time brought the magnificent dream to naught. Within two years after this great defence of religious liberty, an angry Presbyterian * speaks of toleration as "the grand design of the Devil; his masterpiece and chief engine he works by at this time to uphold his tottering kingdom." In two years more, "Pride's purge" had cleared the Parliament of the Presbyterian party, with its helpless reactions and protests. The victorious Independents submitted their petty strifes and divisions to be controlled by the genius of Cromwell; and for ten years more the Commonwealth became a military republic, strong, full-armed, and resolute,—a despotic Monarchy in everything but the name, but far enough from the Fifth Monarchy, for which the enthusiasts had prayed and of which they dreamed.

The tenacity and courage of Milton's republican faith are best seen in the last of his political tracts, published in 1660, in the very moment of the Restoration, on "The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniences and

* Thomas Edwards, in his *Gangrœna* (1646).

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dangers of readmitting kingship in this nation,"—"now that nothing remains," he thinks, "but in all reason the certain hopes of a speedy and immediate settlement forever in a firm and free Commonwealth." He will not doubt "but all ingenuous and knowing men will easily agree that a free Commonwealth — without single person or House of Lords — is by far the best government, if it can be had,"— the form of government, so far as we can make it out, being a parliament of elective life-members in perpetual session; in short, a Revolutionary Convention like that of France in 1793, without its revolutionary passion. Here are the closing sentences: —

"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss *The good old Cause.* If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to but with the prophet, *O Earth, Earth, Earth!* to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen — which Thou suffer not, who didst create man free! nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men! — to be the last words of our expiring liberty. But I trust I shall have spoken persuasion to abundance of sensible and ingenuous men; to some, perhaps, whom God may raise to these stones to become children of reviving Liberty; and may reclaim, though they seem now choosing them a captain back for Egypt, to bethink themselves a little, and consider whither they are rushing; to exhort this torrent also of the people not to be so impetuous, but to keep their due channel; and at length recovering and uniting their better resolutions, now that they see already how open and unbounded the insolence and rage is of our common enemies, to stay these ruinous proceedings, justly and timely fearing to what a precipice of destruction the deluge of this epidemic madness would hurry us, through the general defection of a misguided and abused multitude."

It was a vain protest against the madness, as he deemed it, of the Restoration. It was the more exasperating, as coming from one who had volunteered and gloried in the defence of regicide; and we still find it strange that the dauntless republican reached, in his penury and blindness, a shelter from the reactionary storm that now set in.

The Presbyterians had invited, and still hoped to control, the Restoration. But, within two years more, the Act of

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Uniformity destroyed in the English Church the last vestige of the work of the Puritans; and a new Saint Bartholomew (Aug. 24, 1662) saw that great act of stanch and sober courage, the voluntary secession of two thousand of the clergy. The era of Puritanism was past; and from this date the freedom of conscience which it sought is to be known under the title, not so heroic perhaps, but not less honorable, of "Nonconformist."

The loss was not all on the side of the Establishment, which had so cast off many of its bravest and truest children. The conception of the religious life itself which came to prevail in England was distinctly narrowed and lowered by the failure of that sublime dream of an ideal Commonwealth. The forms of religion were left to the state-Church; the soul of piety was oftener found in what that Church excluded and disowned. English religious history is unique in having two parallel movements so clearly recognized, so distinct, and with so little tendency to run together,—one of secular indifference, one of a narrow pietism.

How cynically worldly the Establishment had grown in the eighteenth century is almost the only impression of it left with us to-day. On the other hand, the great work of Nonconformity has been among the lower middle class, to whom religion is a very serious thing, because it is the only outlook from the monotony of a hopelessly narrow and dreary life. To such as the inspired tinker Bunyan, for example, religion is not merely creed and practice: it is poetry, vision, hope; it is all that life in those humble ways can know of poetry, vision, and hope. For more than a century following the Restoration, Dissenters were practically disfranchised: no share in the glory or power of the public life of England could be theirs.

So came first exclusion from secular and political affairs, then repugnance to them. On the one hand, religion was the only thing to them worth thinking of or living for, and so what was passionate and narrow went straight to make that "other-worldliness," which Coleridge reproached as a

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bane of religious life in England; while a sincere but timid suspicion shrank from the most innocent of pleasures or anything like a sunny breadth of thought. On the other hand, those natural and easy ways by which men broaden in their interests and sympathies, while the mind grows clear and vigorous in healthy action,—the cares of equal citizenship, and the opportunity of the higher education,—the Nonconformists were debarred from by the iniquity of laws they had no hand in making and no strength to break. The crude and barbarous theology of orthodox Dissent would never have been the religion of those good souls, but that they lived an unreal life, shut in by high walls from the large life of thought and action in the world outside. The life of humble piety they led showed often great courage and sincerity; and the very force that compelled it into its narrow channel made of it something as genuine and beautiful in its kind as anything that Christian history has to show,—something of which we still have the echo in many an eighteenth-century hymn, and in the record of many a religious biography of that time. The two halves of that powerful and fervid national life are cut asunder. That is why the saints and heroes of Dissent never appear in the pages of history; while domineering prelates, with no heart of faith at all, give an evil eminence to the Church of that period.

It has been the fashion of historians and critics to scorn the lack of ideality and heroism in the eighteenth century. But its best qualities do not stand out on the surface. What was heroic in its antecedents had lost the battle. The flag of "the good old cause" was down. Its dream of a Christian Commonwealth had been roughly broken. Its best life had been driven back into obscure byways. The age of Puritanism, which is the heroic age of Christian history, had passed away; and such a City of God as men could still believe in was — what it had been to Saint Augustine at the fall of Rome — not the strength and splendor of an earthly state, but only the faint and far-off vision of one "eternal in the heavens."

J. H. Allen.

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PRIESTHOODS AND GREAT MASTERS;

OR, THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND PERSONAL FACTORS IN THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

In a previous article, I spoke of the influence of the distinctive genius of the races in developing religions. *Race is* an important factor. But there is another more patent. The Phœnicians and the Jews were of the same race: their physical surroundings and social condition were nearly the same; yet how wide apart the worship of Moloch and Astarte from that of Jehovah! We must find a new differentiating factor for this; and who that reads the records of the Old Testament, and sees how the common people were always tending to slide back into the cruel and sensual rites of the people round about, and had to be as constantly rescued by the strict discipline of the priests and the stern reproof and lofty instructions of the prophets, can fail to see how evidently Jewish morality and monotheism was no national and natural thing, but the hard-wrought work of a line of singularly elevated souls, a succession of strong-willed lawgivers, devoted, punctilious priests, and pure-hearted seers, that begins with Abraham and Moses, is renewed by Samuel and Elijah and Amos, fortified and systematized by such organizers as Josiah and Ezra and Nehemiah, and culminates at last in the Christ.

The more we study the springs of social movement, the more we notice the effect of *personal* influences.

At first, we are apt to notice chiefly the chasms between men, the distant and separate orbits in which human lives move, even when they are passed under the same roof. But, when we examine more closely, we see how men, across all the personal and mental interspaces, which can never be entirely removed, yet pull each by unseen cords into reciprocal similarity of action, just as sun and moon across their two hundred and fifty thousand miles of space have drawn upon one another with invisible chains of gravity, until their former unequal periods of revolution have now be-

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come one and the same. Religion, spiritual as it is, needs, like all other forces, its outward representations, its personal agents; and the character of these agents moulds largely the character into which the religion crystallizes, directs decisively its subsequent career.

Of these agents, of these speaking voices of the spirit and human depositaries of the power of religion, the noticeable types are the priest, the seer, and the great Teacher.

At first, religion had no separate ministers. If we look into the oldest Vedic hymns, we find there no sacerdotal class. The rites of prayer or sacrifice are restricted to no one order of men; but every head of a family pours forth the libations of melted butter to Agni at the dawn of day, and lifts up his voice in chant or prayer.

When the set season or some especial exigency occurs, calling for the greater ceremonials and festivals, it is still the patriarch or the chief of the tribe who fulfils the sacred function. So among the Greeks. We see in the Iliad how, although the priesthood was in process of formation, and temples had their special sacrificers, whose sacred function was hereditary, yet often, as Burnouf says, "the rites are performed by the hands that had just been wielding the sword, and the prayer is pronounced by a lip which before had just uttered the battle cry."

In Egypt, in China, in Rome, the priesthoods, although at length they came to be established institutions, were never separated from secular life and civic society.

But gradually, in the course of the natural division of labor that goes on in social evolution, we see a differentiation of the sacred from the secular calling taking place.

Convenience and utility, of course, encourage this. As the gods multiply and are more specialized in character and humanized in their caprices and preferences, it becomes more necessary that the sacrificer should know just what epithets and invocations and sort of offerings will best please and propitiate the respective gods. The chief who has little knowledge of these matters will hold it prudent to commit the momentous office to some man who, by his familiarity

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with the religious traditions, or the greater success which has been found to follow his sacrifices, seems to enjoy the confidence of the gods.

Moreover, the people at large soon come to look with awe upon the religious rite which puts a man into communion with the gods. The prayer and the sacrifice come to be looked on as supernatural acts, setting in motion mystic powers and altering the normal course of things. Unless this magic power is perfectly manipulated, intermeddling with it will do more harm than good.

The multitude better stand afar off when the lightnings and thunders envelop Sinai, and leave it to Moses and Aaron alone to enter the thick cloud, and converse with the awful Jehovah. Indra, the storm god, is a deity of mighty passion, and the common people better not presume to approach him, but leave it to Vasishta to intercede with him for victory in the coming battle; or else the god, perhaps, may unwittingly be offended.

Again, as reverence increases for the divine, it comes to be thought that the men whom the gods have honored by admission to their presence, and whom they will be glad to see again, ought not to be defiled by human intercourse and daily mixture with the world. They should be consecrated entirely to the service of the gods; and for others henceforth to intrude into the sacred penetralia of the temple becomes an impious intrusion.

Another thing that contributed to the growth of priesthoods was the abnormal temperaments and powers possessed by certain individuals. Gifts of healing, or vivid and frequent dreaming, the trances and hysterics and convulsions of the nervously diseased, even idiocy and lunacy, were looked upon by ancient people, as they still are by savages, as manifestations of possession by demon or divinity, and as instruments of intercourse with the spirit world. They were therefore regarded, as we still say, as inspired,—that is, possessed by some spirit having some supernatural power inbreathed into them,—and therefore were held to have received enlightenment from some superhuman source.

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To such individuals, the sick man came for healing; the prince who had had a strange dream, for its interpretation; the man beset with an evil spirit, to get it driven away; the general about to go forth to battle, for an omen or incantation to secure him victory, a charm to preserve his life; and to such men, especially and most naturally, did it fall to intercede in prayer to the deities with whom they were so familiar, and select and offer the sacrifice most potent to win their favor. All the varied offices — that is, of medicine man, exorcist, soothsayer, interpreter of dreams, prophet and priest — were theirs at first, as still, among barbarian tribes, the functions of one and the same individual. Soon, of course, they became special callings; but, nevertheless, in ancient society, they are everywhere sacred callings, to which the especial presence of the gods, and association with the supernatural world, is generally believed to be vouchsafed.

From these combined reasons, and from the deeper knowledge which soon became that of men relieved from the ordinary cares and industries of life, and whose thoughts were continually drawn to the study of the wonderful phenomena of earth and heaven, they soon became the depositaries of all the traditions and previous intellectual acquisitions of their nation, the counsellors of kings, and the guardians of men's consciences; in short, we find the sacerdotal class in most ancient nations to have held a monopoly of learning, and to have been the directors of social life, as well as the exclusive guardians and moulders henceforth of religious worship and doctrine.

The formation of such a class could not be without the most important influence on the course of religious evolution. It is evident to every student of the past,— nay, every open-eyed man sees its influence to-day. I can only speak briefly of its wide and varied action.

In the first place,— to recall some of its advantages,— the organization of a sacerdotal class especially devoted to the services of the gods and the due performance of religious rites has furnished the greatest support to religion. It

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gave the religious sentiments, before wavering and spasmodic in their action, regularity and steadiness. Its tendency was like that of the fly-wheel in machinery, to carry the activity safely by the continually recurring dead points; and, when too excited motion was imminent, it moderated it, and made its course more equable.

Religious ideas, when not made the special charge of any one in particular, are most subject to denudation, decay, and oblivion, by the friction of time and secular pursuits. It is the sacerdotal corporation only that can (before the invention of writing and printing) serve as the recipients, preservers, and transmitters of the spiritual truth attained by previous generations. There is no instance on record of religion reaching any high development, without the guardianship and help of an order or class specially devoted to its interests.

Secondly, the priesthood has been most useful in gathering up and knitting together the scattered threads of early religious tendencies and ideas, and weaving with them more harmonious and well-ordered patterns.

In Egypt and Hindustan, their influence in systematizing the nebulous theology which had grown up spontaneously in the capricious branching and blossoming of the popular imagination, into such a rank jungle of mythological and theological forms, was very great. It was the priests who in Egypt sought to give order to the divine Pantheon by their selected groups of great gods and their reduction of the others to subordinate positions; by their attempted unifications of similar divine figures in single divine forms; and, finally, by their bold, pantheistic expedient of making all the mythological gods simply varied forms or aspects of one great hidden deity. So, in Hindustan, it was to the Brahman priesthood that we owe that development of theology which raises Brahmanism from the level of simple nature-worship, at which we see it in the Vedas, to the lofty supernaturalism of the Upanishads.

It is the enthusiasm and rivalry of the priestly bards in extolling their favorite deities that was a chief motor force

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in that henotheistic exaltation, now of Indra, now of Agni, and now of Pragapati, that brought the Vedic theology at times so near to monotheism; and especially it was the Brahman priest's wonder, reverence, and faith in the mystic power of his sacrifices that led him to generalize the essence of all such occult potencies, all divine energies, in one pre-eminent, single, supernatural force,— the impersonal Brahma, or Atman; the one potential energy and absolute reality of all things.

Thirdly, the institution of the priesthood has been most serviceable in giving purity and enlightenment to religious ideas and worship.

It is a popular idea to-day to hold up religion as the great enemy of science; and, where there is too great clearness of thought, to hold the religious spirit responsible for the errors and persecutions of the *Church*, the ecclesiastic has been made the butt of the most stinging denunciation, as the great antagonist of science. But, in point of fact, when we look into the earlier records, we find that the beginnings of all our knowledge and our greatest achievements were made in the ecclesiastical folds. The first art is the carving of the amulet, the totem, or the idol. Architecture takes its origin and receives its development in the building of temples. The first writing is the priestly record, and the first literature the religious hymn. So medicine begins, and for generations belongs to the sacerdotal class,— as we see in ancient Egypt and Assyria.

Similarly, it is in that study of the stars, which the ancient priesthoods made in Egypt and Assyria, that the calendar of the year was first determined, and modern chronology and astronomy took its beginning. Even in the Middle Ages, the clergy and the monks, and the schools and universities founded by them, were the conservers of most of what was saved of ancient science, and the chief pioneers of the new science.

Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that the influence of the priesthood has not been unmixed with evil. In India, *e.g.*, it stereotyped the early social divisions into rigid, impassable barriers of caste.

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While religion ought to be the most far-reaching and close-binding tie between man and man, the priestly distinctions of sacred and secular, clean and unclean, have consecrated class hatreds and antipathies, and made disdain and inhumanity toward the most wretched and needy part of the community a duty instead of a sin.

Next, by making pious rites a means of livelihood to the sacred class, it introduced into religion a leaven of selfish interest which could not but have a corrupting influence. As a result of this, we often see crude forms of worship and superstitious ideas, which happen to be profitable to the priest, like idolatry and animal sacrifices, prolonged for generations after their mission in the religious education of humanity was ended. As in the early days of Christianity, its most violent opposition came from the coppersmiths and soothsayers, whose trade in images and auguries and beasts for sacrifice threatened to be ruined by it, so it has ever been the damage to the private interests of ecclesiastics that has most prevented progress and religion.

In the third place, the institution of the sacerdotal class has almost universally led to a formalizing of religion, often reducing it to a most empty and trifling show.

In the priest's eyes, the rite soon comes to have value in itself. The offering or the ceremony is not merely of worth as a symbol of the devout feeling which the worshipper would express, but it is believed to have a magic efficiency in itself. If properly made, it will not only propitiate the deity, it will constrain him. Hence, the ceremonials multiply, and become more and more complicated and precise.

Among the Brahmans and the Parsees, this priestly ceremonialism became most frivolously, perplexingly minute. The spontaneous flow of religious feeling could not but be most injuriously repressed. Even over the whole private daily life, as well as over distinctively religious ceremonies, the priestly despotisms of India and Egypt extended their microscopic tyranny. The whole life of the Brahman priest or the Egyptian prince was invested in a close net of manifold and minute meshes of ritualism.

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While the sacerdotal ceremónialism in these countries thus tied up man in all the details of conduct, hand and foot, in other countries it was the free play of thought that it proceeded to fetter. The organization of the individual priests (at first independent) into a closely united and rigidly disciplined body (an organization which almost inevitably takes place as a church grows) demands, for the maintenance of discipline and unity of action, that the doctrines taught be made uniform. An orthodoxy of dogmas soon becomes established. The ancient hymns and laws become a sacred scripture, soon reverenced as heaven-descended and infallible. Individual thought, henceforth, must not vary in its length or breadth from this Procrustean bed. But as religious conceptions cannot be passed down from man to man, like a piece of money, but necessarily change their form and color, according to the mental condition of their recipients, the chasm between the old symbols and the present thought grows daily greater. As the laity begin to fashion new interpretations of the ancient Scriptures and the theologic doctrines, there is a tendency in the priesthood to keep the profounder and subtler doctrines to themselves, and grant to the general public only superficial instruction and a limited acquaintance with the "religious mysteries" into which the rites of faith are henceforth transformed. When this distinction between the initiated disciple and the uninitiated masses has once been established, the decay proceeds rapidly. The old forms survive, but the spirit soon exhales. And, to the priests themselves, the emblematic rites soon become incomprehensible, their sacred books obscure, and the mysteries of their order as difficult to understand as the hieroglyphics that cover their temple walls.

The progressive thought of the time, unwelcomed by the priesthood, grows more and more independently of it.

It studies the earth and the heavens for itself, and comes to conclusions more and more divergent from the ancient creeds. It gradually fills the common people, whom the priests keep in the outer courts of religion, with its own

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free spirit. The growing knowledge is declared by the priesthoods an impious element, a dissolving and immoral force, which must be stamped out. The priesthood is increasingly looked upon as an oppressive despotism. It becomes, in fact, more and more constricting and cramping to all earnest and independent souls. Soon the struggle, long prepared, is precipitated. Sometimes, it ends in the permanent establishment of a spiritual despotism, as in Egypt of old, in Thibet to-day. But, oftener, the growing roots of human thought burst the cramping, sacerdotal flower-pot in fragments, and a new religious stock sends forth its shoots on all sides.

It is generally through the instrumentality of some great prophet that this takes place.

Originally, as I mentioned, the office of priest or prophet was not separated. The seer, by virtue of his supernatural powers of vision and sacred frenzy, was a naturally ordained priest, the most proper minister of the god, and mediator between man and the deity. But, as the priesthoods became hereditary and more strictly disciplined, the seers were left out. Nevertheless, they continued to enjoy the popular reverence and confidence; and they became regarded especially as the instruments, chosen by the gods themselves, for communication with man. The priest's business was to propitiate the deities by his stated ceremonies. It was granted to the seer to learn and declare the god's will. The concern of the one was with the sacred act; of the other, with divine truth. The priest's qualifications were those of birth and faithfulness to the sacred customs. Seership and divination were peculiar gifts, not regulated by birth or law, but god-given,—the privileges of those ecstatic and abnormal nervous temperaments, through which the breath of a god breathed. Hence, seership was necessarily left free. The prophets were always independent of other control than that of the god whose voice they heard in their seasons of inspiration; and naturally, therefore, they became the headsprings of freedom and religion.

They are everywhere men of the people, in sympathy with the popular cause and its bold champions.

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While the priests were the bulwarks of antiquity, the prophets were the voices of the present. While the priests' law was custom, the prophets' was the still, small voice within. While the priests were the conservators of ancient religion, the prophets were its pioneers and reformers. It is out of their ranks, almost always, that come the great founders of religion, to whom I must now pass on.

THE GREAT MASTERS.

A great orator and acute critic of the popular theology has audaciously suggested that there was one point in which he would like to see the system of creation *improved*. He would like to have *health* as *catching* as *disease*. Now, if physical *health* is lacking in infectious activity (and something I think might be said on the other side), certainly no clear-eyed man can overlook the fact that the propagative power of *moral* health is one of the most admirable manifestations of Divine Beneficence. See how continually and unconsciously the energetic nature inspires energy, and the patient teaches patience to those around him. See how, from farthest Orient to our Western plains, from the ancient days when a Moses taught or a David sang or a Plutarch wrote, down to the last school hour of to-day, the forceful examples of the great and the good have been communicating their intellectual quickening and moral health and religious life to millions on millions all unborn when they themselves lived and died.

Thus, the man of strong will or lofty conscience becomes the inspiration of generations,—a mighty galvanic battery, as it were, which by a process of moral induction charges with electric power age after age of humanity. These are the foremost among the forces that mould national genius into special phases. The common people are imitative; and, when some grand soul blazes across the social firmament, the admiring multitude set to copying it as well as they can, and in their inability to reproduce its grander features are apt to pattern themselves after some minor mannerisms that are more readily appropriated. When a

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Carlyle takes the lead of literature, how oracularly we all begin to talk! When a Ruskin and a Rossetti come to the front, how we drop our penchant for strength and uncouthness, and become as æsthetic as possible!

So it is, especially in religion. Hardly anywhere else do faith, authority, and custom hold so large a place. The great teacher's example is a sacred rule. The ancient commandment is an inviolable law. The transient fancy of the sacred bard, through which the gods are represented under this or that metaphor, this or that symbol, is looked upon henceforth as a revelation of the deity's actual nature, and colors all subsequent worship and theology.

In the earlier ages, these personal influences were doubtless as active as at any subsequent period. But, while means of record were not common, and society not as yet settled and centralized, the influence of any one man, however great, could not spread very widely, nor endure very long. Hence, it is only the vague shadows of such primitive prophets and law-givers, or revealers of religion, names for the most part mythical,— such as Orpheus, Calchas, Numa, Viswamitra,— of which we catch glimpses in the earlier religions.

The oldest religions were anonymous. They evolved themselves spontaneously out of the nebula of the popular faith and fancy. But, when writing made the preservation of religious instruction possible, and the more closely knit texture of society allowed religious genius to transmit the vibrations of its purer tones far and wide, then we see religions of another kind arising. These are the personal religions, which, instead of being slow accretions of tradition, have come forth, full-grown and equipped, from the great hearts of their authors, as Pallas in full panoply from the head of Jove.

As there are those born with an extraordinary and untaught aptitude for art and music; as there are those who, by a sort of divining instinct, as it were, discern at once the great truths of mathematics and the choicest secrets of poetic creation, so there are in religion inspired revealers of

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divine truth, whose devout sensibility is so delicate, whose spiritual vision so translucent, that the very heavens seem to have been opened to them, and they are able to announce the great truths for which perplexed humanity has been unconsciously waiting, with longings unutterable.

Of the religions entitled by their systematic form or number of adherents to be counted among the dozen great religions which the world has seen, it is only those (with the single exception of Brahminism), which have had personal founders; namely, Confucianism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism, and Christianity, that still survive.

All the great impersonal religions — such as those of Greece, Rome, Egypt, Assyria, Scandinavia, Phœnicia — long ago fell before the competition of their stronger rivals.

The personal religions possess several very noticeable characteristics, which all combine to give them a strength superior to the popular religions, and enable them to supplant them. In the first place, the anonymous popular religion, being as it is the slow accretion of many diverse minds, is characterized inevitably by a great deal of vagueness and diversity, and, however grand and noble in parts, has close beside it much that is petty, inharmonious, and antiquated, like an ancient chateau, where Roman tower, mediæval bastions, and modern French roof, all mingle together.

The personal religion, being moulded at one cast by some single great mind, has a unity, a harmony, a freedom from obsolete and outgrown superstitions, which secures it the support of all to whom clearness, simplicity, and enlightenment are pleasing.

Again, it is these great religious geniuses who, from their loftier heights of vision, first catch sight of the eternal laws of faith and worship; and it is they, accordingly, who first are able to focus their conceptions of God and the soul into pure ideals, capable of universal acceptance.

The popular religions are neither worthy nor capable of universal extension. Their shrines and ceremonies are gen-

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erally local in character. Their conceptions of their gods are narrow,—mere tribal or national protectors, smiling only on the one nation that is the chosen people of each divinity. Being chiefly outgrowths of emotional and imaginative faculties rather than of the ethical, their moral tone is depressed.

Nature, of itself, takes no cognizance of morality. It asks no questions about motives. It gives its rewards or punishments simply according to results. Its iron wheels move on their way regardless of the characters of those whom they raise to fortune or crush in the dust. The nature religions naturally, therefore, as we see in the Greek, the Roman, and Assyrian, have but little of the moral element.

But the personal religions, issuing as they have from deep spiritual experiences in the soul of some religious genius, have naturally been of both a broader and a higher spirit. In the clear institutions of the prophet, fundamental principles are discussed and proclaimed. And, especially, the profound spiritual struggles, the probing self-questionings, the glowing enthusiasm to help humanity, the burning indignation against wrong and injustice, which must stir the heart of any man to its deepest depths before he will feel called upon to set himself up in the face of his generation as a new prophet of religion or reformer of the world, necessarily give to his instructions a most earnest moral tone. All the great personal religions, without a single exception, have been distinguished at their advent by the radical revolution in manners and morals that they aimed to make.

But the popular religions were not merely unworthy of universal diffusion, they had no desire for it.

Each separate religion was considered as a special privilege of the tribe or nation to which it belonged. Judaism was the monopoly of the seed of Abraham, Brahminism of the pure-blooded Aryans. Religious rites were mysteries confined to the initiated, and no foreigner was wanted within the sacred preserve.

Converts, instead of being sought, were repelled or ad-

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mitted only when they forswore their own nationality, and by adoption became one of the chosen people.

The Brahmans went so far as to punish those who happened to be near enough to hear even the sound of their prayers or to witness their sacrifices.

But, in the light of the universal spiritual truths which the great founders of religions discerned, the old ethnic palisades are seen to be no proper boundaries for faith, no adequate fields for the new truths. But all who adopt the new faith are reckoned as becoming thereby members of a new brotherhood, a kingdom whose citizenship exceeds in its claims, as in its territory, any state religion. No matter in what country or in what race such a religion starts, it cannot rest there. It must send forth in all directions its zealous missionaries, with their proclamations of the precious doctrine and their tidings of the great salvation now opened to all men. Thus arise the great international religions: first, Buddhism; next, Christianity; and, thirdly, Mohammedanism. Each of them bears the name of a personal founder on its face.

All of them are distinguished by their missionary spirit, by their aspiration for universality. Buddhism arose among a people with whom the distinctions of caste were fundamental, both to their social and their religious system. But before the impetuous current of sympathy that passes from the heart of the compassionate Buddha, aching to rescue the world from its manifold woes, these barriers fall at once; and all who are willing to take refuge with the Buddha, the doctrine, and the community, are received, regardless of what class they belong to. So to Christ, so to Paul, the old distinctions of which their countrymen made so much — as to who were Abraham's children and heirs of the promise, and who were outside the charmed circle of the chosen people — were as nothing in comparison with the pure heart and teachable spirit. In Christ there was to be neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female. Of one blood God had made all nations; and all who worshipped in spirit and in truth were equally acceptable to the heavenly Father, wherever they offered up their prayers.

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With this broad cosmopolitan spirit, with this message of universal brotherhood, Christianity goes forth to Hebrew, Roman, Greek, and Syrian; and the nations who have so long held aloof from one another recognize in Christ one who was indeed a Saviour, and in the gospel a message that deserved to be called glad tidings.

Fourthly, the personal religions are distinguished by bringing to bear for the elevation and moulding of humanity the potent force of example. When Correggio, it is said, looked for the first time on Raphael's St. Cecilia, he felt within himself an awakened power, and exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!" So it is with the examples of all the great and good. They beget by spiritual procreation hero after hero, saint after saint, as sons of their great souls.

In politics, we know how much a cause gains by having some man of marked individuality as its representative. As Cardinal Newman has well said, "Common experience in life shows how the most popular and interesting cause languishes, if its head be removed; and how political power is often vested in individuals, merely for the sake of the definiteness of the practical impression which a personal presence produces." (*University Sermons*, p. 23.)

So, in the rivalship of religious faiths, those which have some grand and noble character for a rallying point — an object on which the affections could be placed, and under whose leadership the energies could be concentrated — would have a decided advantage. This was especially the case with Christianity in its conflict with classic paganism. It has been shown that a large part of the doctrines and thought most peculiar to the gospel are actually to be found in the writings of the illustrious philosophers of Greece and Rome,— such as Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, and Seneca. But why was it that they produced, when they came from the mouth of Jesus or Paul, so much vaster an effect?

Gibbon and the various historians of the period have essayed, by a variety of reasons, to explain this. But they usually direct us to causes and incidents of the great change that are merely secondary, and leave out of view altogether

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the primary force. This is to be found in nothing less than the commanding personality of Christ. It was the gracious image of Jesus of Nazareth, beaming from the pages of the gospel, it was the inspiring example of Christ's own fidelity to truth, and his self-sacrificing love for humanity, that enchanted aspiring souls, and propagated from heart to heart such disinterested and glowing zeal for the establishment of the new kingdom of heaven.

The famous sayings of the Greek and Roman sages were merely logical demonstrations, ephemeral out-gushings of sentimentalism, the rhetoric of the imagination, curling, pretty phrases. The word was backed by no corresponding deed.

Christ's words, on the contrary, were the heart-felt utterance of one whose every vein was thrilled with honest ardor for truth and reverent awe of the Divine. The sincerity of his most difficult precept was confirmed by his own tender forgiveness and self-forgetting love. His personality did not simply equal his teachings: it was something grander even than those teachings. He indeed preached the beatitudes; but, what was more, his life was a daily beatitude.

Here is the true secret of Christianity's success,—the sublime manhood of Jesus, of which his most gracious words, his purest thoughts, his most saintly acts, were but faint out-shadowings. Out of this majestic, soul-stirring humanity, his lightest word received a sacred emphasis; and the great moral and religious truths which he proclaimed went forth to the world with a divine authority and a world-conquering power, which they had never before possessed. Embodied in his inspiring personality, they became intelligible to the dullest, they were brought home to the attention of the most indifferent, and awakened all that was deepest, most earnest, and most aspiring in that generation.

Thus, incomparably strong in the magnetic power of the character of its founder, the gospel of Christ speedily stirred ancient society to new spiritual life, and won its

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way, in spite of emperor, priest, and sophist, to the throne of visible empire in the Roman world; while it established in the hearts and lives of men an ever-widening reign.

And, moreover, we may trace the special characteristics of each great religious teacher in the religion of which, respectively, he has been the founder. The oldest of all the great founders of religions whose work still stands is Zarathustra. Berosus, the priest of Belus at Babylon, who compiled his chronicles from ancient Chaldæan records, places him as far back as 2200 B.C., when, under his leadership, the Aryan Medes overran Chaldæa. The name Zarathustra, like that of Buddha and Christ, is a title: its meaning is the Venerable Chief. But Spitama, the first and greatest, who made the title historic, was a real figure. We know nothing of his outward history; but from the two oldest Gathas, which seem to have been his composition, we find him presenting himself to the people as one who had been taught by Ahura-Mazda, the one true and living God, to purify their religion, to abolish idolatry, impurity, and worship of the Devas, or false gods.

He was especially impressed with the fact of the irreconcilable conflict of good and evil. From the very beginning, there were twin spirits, each active, the good and the base, the true and the false, the beneficent and the destructive, in antagonism. Every man must choose one of them as his Lord: he cannot belong to both of them. Therefore, let every true Mazda-Yasmian stand by Ahura-Mazda, and be pure in thought, pure in word, pure in deed. "Thus let us," he said to his countrymen, when he began his mission, "be such as help the life of the future."

This profound thought of Spitama's is henceforth the key-note of the Parsee religion, and has given to it that dualistic philosophy and that intensely earnest moral tone, that makes it seem as a continuous trumpet-call to every son of truth and righteousness to rally for their defence.

Next on the page of history stand the names of Abraham and of Moses,—the first about 1900 B.C., the second about 1300 B.C.

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Zoroaster is the prophet of the conscience; in its earnest rebound from evil, condemning all that opposes it, physical as well as moral, as of the kingdom of the Devil.

Abraham and Moses are the types of faith, rising above all the differences and antagonisms of the world to a single divine source. Jehovah, in their view, is the Creator of all things. Death and suffering are as much his work as growth and joy. "I kill, and I make alive: I wound, and I heal." Both are his prerogative; but all, a part of his moral government and of his providential training of his servants.

Moses, reared amid the bewildering polytheism and idolatry of the Egyptians, recoils with abhorrence from it, and for the first time absolutely forbids all idolatry, and proclaims one God, invisible to mortal eye, and the only true object of worship. Henceforth, the mission of Judaism is fixed, as the standard-bearer of monotheism, and the zealous champion of divine creation and providence, by which all things are ordered.

By Mohammed, this elevated idea was revived, when in the sixth century it had fallen into neglect, and was carried out with rigorous logic to the most radical conclusions. He demanded of humanity not merely faith in the one God, but absolute submission and resignation to him. The will of Allah was man's absolute law, marked out beforehand for each; and it was idle for man to wrestle with his fate.

In the beginning of his career, he was undoubtedly entirely sincere, filled with an overpowering conviction of a call from God to overthrow the gross polytheism about him, and proclaim Allah as the only God. But, with success, the strong sensual elements of his nature gain the ascendency. As his wife Ayesha said, "The prophet loved three things,—women, perfumes, and food." He controlled his appetite for the last, but not for the first two; and his personal weaknesses are reflected in his religion. Islam, in some respects singularly strict and lofty, is besmirched by the degrading license that it authorizes in sexual relations; the coarse, sensual ingredients it mingles with its pictures of the future life; and its cruel, fanatic spirit toward all not of its own faith.

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If we turn now to the other side of the Asiatic continent, we find in China two more great personalities, types of two opposite tendencies. The oldest, by nearly fifty years, was yet, even in old age, the youngest in spirit, Lao-Tsee. He is the first of the mystics, — the representative of those who by the inner vision would pass the threshold of the visible and the known, and discern the absolute essence itself. He was the inaugurator of that theosophic speculation that would call men away from their foolish activities to the contemplative quiet in which the mirror of the soul catches reflections of that which the outward eye can never see.

As balance and antidote to this sky-sailing transcendentalism, we have in Confucius the embodiment of practical common sense, as applied to religion. All mysteries he would have man ignore, and devote his energies solely to the amelioration of human welfare. "If you cannot comprehend life, how can you expect," he used to say, "to comprehend death?"

He called his countrymen away from celestial speculations to earthly duty, from moaning over the miseries of life to renovating them. It has been the mission of Confucianism to proclaim in the Oriental world, so full of fatalism, pessimistic despair, and apathetic quietism, the potential excellence of human nature and the possibility of so organizing human society that the conduct and relations of all men should be fittingly and harmoniously discharged. The gospel of culture, the feasibility of a man's making something of himself and the world, and his duty to make as much of both as possible,— this is the lesson Confucius left behind him.

It was a good lesson, as far as it went. But it had essential defects. The highest things in morals — love, pity, self-forgetfulness — were omitted. Its horizon was limited to this world. It ventured to affirm nothing about the next. The only realities it could credit were those visible to the sense. These were grave shortcomings. Another greater spirit must arise, to call attention to these neglected elements.

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He came in Gautama Siddartha, whose chosen title was the Buddha, the enlightened one. To him, all visible and material things, all the movements, forces, and substances of the world, were, at bottom, illusions. Life was misery; and the misery did not end with this present earthly existence, but kept on eternally in re-birth after re-birth, unless, by utter suppression of all desire and cravings, the absolute rest of Nirvana might be attained. To don the beggar's garb, to subdue entirely every human interest, affection, and ambition, and in pity for the black woe bound up with all human life pursue the path that leads to the extinction of personal existence, is, then, the work of the true Buddhist.

In Buddha, in spite of the vast mass of legend and fable that has gathered around his name, we see a genuine man, of most noble and tender soul, a master-spirit in the religious field. He was a man of subtle intellect, indomitable will, and most compassionate, self-sacrificing temper; a lofty seer, a pure moralist, and a philanthropist whose pity for human wretchedness was intense. All these qualities reappear in the religion that he founded. It broke the yoke of the priesthood and levelled the palisades of caste. It everywhere purified morals and made manners more gentle. All this to its credit.

But, on the other hand, we find in it, stereotyped as fundamental principles and rigid laws, the sceptical, agnostic metaphysic, to which his disputations with the Brahmans brought him; and the morbid melancholy, the gloomy despair, which characterized, apparently, his own temperament.

Buddhism is a depressing and morbid pessimism. It recognizes nothing in life to be thankful for, nor any Divine Giver to thank, were any blessing to be discovered. The inexorable chain of retribution binds us fast; and the only alleviation the Buddha offers to human wretchedness is the prospect of *some time* being able, by tremendous sacrifices, to lose, at last, our individual existence in the eternal calm of Nirvana.

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One more personal religion and religious Master remain for me to speak of, Christianity and Jesus Christ. It has been the glory of Zoroaster, as we have seen, to incorporate morality into religion; of Moses, to introduce monotheism; of Mohammed, to proclaim the absolute submission that Divine Providence should receive. In Lao-Tsee, we have recognized the prophet of idealism; in Confucius, of social order and the practical betterment of man's estate. In Buddha, the apostle of pity and sympathy is disclosed. What rôle is left for the Christ?

There is still left *one* gospel unproclaimed,— the most precious of all,— that gospel that united human and divine love, as inseparable corollaries, under its supreme command, "Be ye therefore *perfected*, even as your Father in heaven is perfected." Here, in the person of Christ, there was not merely some single trait superbly developed, but a well-balanced, well-rounded, majestic manhood; the spiritual nature of man at its supreme fulness and height; justice and mercy blent in concordant harmony; the patriot and the lover of humanity united in one; full appreciation of this world and all its blessings combined with the faith that could look beyond them all to the eternal spiritual treasures.

What masculine boldness in proclaiming the truth, however unpalatable; yet what feminine tenderness for every sincerely mistaken mind! What clearness of conscience! What inflexibility in holding all wandering will to the strictest requirements of duty! And yet what affectionate sympathy, enveloping in its ample mantle of charity the most degraded of the race, until, with love's searching lens, some saving germ can be found and nourished in them! What practical, level-headed wisdom, launching its grand plans with such steady hand and mighty impetus on that tossing sea of Jewish struggle and Roman ambition, that opposition only sends them more surely to their goal! And yet such child-like faith and trustful devoutness, dropping like crystal dew from a soul, clear and fresh as a June morning!

Yes, in him, indeed, was light, and in him was life;

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judgment entirely ripe; inner vision flawlessly clear; love in perfect bloom; character full-orbed.

It is with reason, then, that from this complete personality should come the religion that sweeps its golden circle around them all, and blends all their partial truths in one inimitable system,— the fulfilment of all, the one perfect fruit, for whose ripening all anterior religions had unconsciously been making preparation.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

ABIDING MEMORIES.

The Abiding Memory is the title of a memorial volume lately issued in remembrance of Rev. Richard Metcalf. The book gives a brief memoir of the energetic, sunny-souled, and devoted man whose happy and successful ministry in Winchester, Mass., followed several attempts and shorter ministries elsewhere, all of which were broken in upon and finally terminated by illness. In many of our pulpits, and throughout our religious body by his writings, Mr. Metcalf was well known; and his presence in our conferences was always a testimony in behalf of the "glad worship" and the rational and practical religion in which he so profoundly believed, and for which he worked with a heartiness and persistence that severe illness could hardly disable. Death has but ended the visible function of this ministry to leave the witness of memory and influence yet clear and strong. Few brighter and more efficient spirits were ever tabernacled in so frail a vesture of flesh.

The memoir is prepared by an early friend, Rev. E. H. Hall, and gives an interesting account of Mr. Metcalf's early promise and college achievements. We find in the thorough training of his boyhood and his strenuous fidelity through the whole period of his preparatory studies the secret of that free play of all his faculties and facile mastery of his full abilities for which he was distinguished, as also, alas! we are made certain that the too conscientious and unremitting exertions of his youth left him unfurnished with the physical equipment to serve his fine intellectual powers, and sustain in their uninterrupted exercise his high spiritual purposes.

Yet failure is the last thought to associate with such a life, though its sun went down at noon-day. The memoir is succeeded by some of those clear-cut, sensible, and earnest sermons, which were at once fresh and serious, bright with the play of an airy fancy, and devout with the reverence of a childlike faith; daring to bring illustration and suggestion from the highest ways of scientific or speculative thought, and yet not too far removed from the thought and work of common life; epigrammatic and

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colloquial sometimes with phrases of the street, and touches of the household, the school, the shop, and the mart.

The first of these sermons gives its fit title to the book, *The Abiding Memory*, of which the life here enshrined furnishes fit and happy illustration. How helpful are such "books of remembrance," pictures of bright and helpful lives; especially when they preserve memorials of lives that have touched and helped our own, and that remain enstatued for us in the whiteness of holy character and the beauty of kindly deeds! What a treasure and inspiration we possess in the biographies of true and strong souls, that in various spheres have fought the battle and made the conquest of life; or the heroic and saintly ones who in patience and good cheer have borne the burdens and done the work of life without full victory, but with fidelity and sweetness to the end!

The lesson of such "abiding memories" cannot be better given than in the sermon from which we extract the following passages:

When you think of those who have slipped away from your loving clasp and gone into the heavens, do they not appear with some one form and with some one look which is almost invariably the same? And so it will be, when you are gone from me or I from you. The many details of thought, word, and deed, will be forgotten; and we shall abide in each other's memory — as what? Yes, as what shall we abide in the record of the world or the memory of chosen friends? If history ever takes the trouble to carve a statue of us for the instruction of coming generations, what will she represent us as doing? If our friends hang one picture of us more than all others on the walls of their memory, what will it represent us as doing? For we cannot select the attitude in which we will be taken, as though we were in a photographer's room. We cannot keep back, as we might *there*, the thoughts and wishes of the early life, and summon some new look which we have copied for the moment from the hero or saint; but, just as we are in our inmost souls, we shall abide continually in the unfading memory. . . . In some form, in some image, we must abide continually. And what shall the picture be?

When men are facing a great wrong, and straining every nerve and risking every possession to overcome it, will they always imagine you as fighting on their side, or as arrayed in the hostile ranks? When great sorrow comes, and they recall your face, will it be full of strength, like that of the "beloved disciple," and ever bring something of the peace that passeth understanding, like every glimpse we catch of the dear Saviour's image? When temptations assail them, and the soul wavers in its choice between evil and good, and stands long hesitating, will your image then, as it rises up before them, strengthen them for the right?

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O friends, in what form are you to abide continually in the minds of those you leave behind when you pass away from mortal sight, and, going through the deep valley, climb the loftier heights beyond?

Another "book of remembrance" is before us, enshrining memories not less "abiding." It contains "Discourses and Poems" of Rev. William Newell, D.D., for nearly fifty years associated with our church in the university town of Cambridge. The discourses are mainly historical and occasional, several of them devoted to the controversy that vexed and rent this church in the time of the Unitarian division. But, though these sermons record quarrels and divisions, there is nothing controversial, no smouldering ashes of strife, even, in their temper or intent. It is enough to say that they are as free from all tone of bitterness as the spirit of their author, as peaceful and kindly as the record of his course through those most trying and excited days. The tender, venerable face that fronts the title-page utters the same testimony to a gentle, refined, and thoughtful life that is borne by our grateful and reverent recollections. An accurate and painstaking annalist these discourses show Dr. Newell to have been, a scholarly, devout, and sympathizing minister. His friends remember him as a delightful companion, social and affectionate, and full of a tender and playful humor, that lent a kindly glow to his society, and often came out in brilliant but always genial sallies. His favorite motto, "Serve God, and be cheerful," was embodied in his mood,— not attained, we are permitted to see, without some effort at self-conquest, and the wear of a sensitive temperament against some trying conditions and severe experiences.

The poems appended to this volume have this quality of self-revelation, and draw us into closer relations than the sermons with the spirit of their author. The memorial notice and funeral address also help us to see of how genuine and fine a quality was the piety that loved to pour itself in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Nor was it anything less than most sincere and personal conviction that underlay these utterances of devout sentiment. He lived by the faith he preached and — sometimes how happily! — sang. He was true even to the questionings of his spirit, and so commands a readier credence for his witness at the last that he found the painful way of his departure "not the valley of shadow, but the valley of light."

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We find both the shadows and the lights of memory and anticipation set forth in a poem called "Voices from the Past," a part of which we cannot help transcribing: —

"Midnoon, wayworn, the pilgrim rests awhile.
What changing voices strike his dreaming ear!
What shifting visions move the sigh, the smile,
As sadness reigns, or godly, grateful cheer!

"Weary and sad, I stand upon the height,
And backward gaze on the receding years.
O Youth and Hope! gone is your purple light,
And all the way looks dark through falling tears."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and rejoice in his love:
The smiles of his spirit are beaming around.
He opens before thee his glories above,
And thy life upon earth with his mercy has crowned."

"I see the mourning group, the funeral train,
And my heart weeps o'er many a hidden tomb,
While Memory as she reads the Past again
Throws on the years to come the shadow of its gloom."

"I thank thee, my God, for the loved ones gone up,
Whom thy wisdom takes back as thy goodness once gave;
For the dear recollections that sweeten my cup,
And the rainbow of hope overspanning the grave."

"Golden occasions, fled from me forever,
Mock me afar. I see in my despair
Strength spent for nought, life lost in vain endeavor,
Sowing the rock, ploughing the fickle air."

"My Father, I bless thee! Thy gospel is mine!
Fellow-worker, though lowly, with Christ and with thee,
I am strong in thy strength; and thy presence divine
Will shine in the harvest that waiteth for me."

"Heavy the burden on my spirit lies,—
Too heavy all for mortal man to bear.
Why tempted I the Lord? The crown and prize
I in my weakness cannot win or wear."

"Thank God for the trial! It were sin to complain,
When a triumph far greater is hidden behind.
Sun or cloud, labor on, in thy work is thy gain;
And in duty fulfilled a sure happiness find."

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"Dark lowers the future. Over it, a cloud
Hangs, muttering tempest to the sharpened ear.
Aye, sickness, grief, the coffin, and the shroud
In thousand ghastly, phantom shapes appear."

"The Lord is my shepherd. Why fear for the morrow?
The God of my youth is the God of my age.
Trust in him to the end: he sendeth no sorrow
Which faith may not conquer or patience assuage."

"So the two voices to the dreamer's thought
Alternate sang of hope and terrors wild,
Of grief and gladness, trust and gloomy doubt.
Which was his own? Father, forgive thy child.

"Forgive the fears that struggle with his faith,
Dispel the doubts that overcloud his sky,
As the sun scatters the red mist beneath;
And onward let the blessed trinity,

"The sister band of Graces, one and three,
Strong Faith, with eagle eye and angel wings,
Sweet Hope, that heavenward soars, and, soaring, sings,
And Love, that crowns the Father King of kings,
Lead through the labyrinth of life to thee."

But there are unwritten books of remembrance; and it is the privilege of our busy days as of our leisure, the growing privilege of wise experience and of benignant age, the privilege even of bereaved affection, to read *within*, and find companionship and cheer in the unblurred palimpsest of loving and uplifting memories. Several ministers of our body have lately departed who command grateful recollection for their works' sake, and even more for the happy influences that went forth from personal character and intercourse, and endeared them to cherished household circles and wider circles of neighborhood and community.

One of these, Rev. Charles T. Brooks, is well known to all our readers as a poet and man of letters. Especially fond of German literature, he is best known, perhaps, as a translator of *Faust*, though this was but a single task in what was to him a favorite and life-long avocation. He was delighted with the German folk-lore, and translated many children's songs and stories, in which the language is so rich, with as keen a relish as *The Wisdom of the Brahmins*. The debt of the children to

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Mr. Brooks is not small for these contributions to their wonder and delight; and one needed but to see him among the children that gathered about him in his home to understand the secret of the happy and genial spirit that pervades all the productions of his pen. He loved children, and was one with them in simplicity and fresh openness of heart. Dying at the threshold of seventy years, his youthful aspect even to old age, or what would have been old age in another, made him seem, what he was sometimes called, a perennial child. Yet he was wise with the wisdom of goodness and thoughtful with the treasures of study and serene with the cheerful faith that trials had but made more trusting and entire. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Jesus of those qualities of the little child which this good man had wonderfully kept as the very heart-wood and evergreen foliage of his latest manhood. The first minister of our church in Newport, the little meeting-house dedicated "to Christ and peace," in which he ministered for nearly forty years, enshrines in our memories associations of a simplicity and reality of religious administration and fellowship which the beautiful Channing Memorial Church that has succeeded it will do well to retain and emulate.

Rev. Henry Westcott began his work of twenty-four years in the ministry at Barre, Mass., was for fourteen years pastor in Lexington, and at his death had lately taken charge of the churches in Melrose and Malden. Burdened with much sickness, he was always cheerful and hopeful. He took up the minister's work courageously and for life, and pursued it under all difficulties heartily and hopefully to the end. His faithful pastoral work, his interest in the children of his charge, his sincere and manful discharge of the preacher's office, won high esteem and regard; and the affection which the true minister never lacks gathered a large company of real mourners around his bier. He had a voice of manly and independent tone in our conferences, always jealous for the truth on the side less defended. He was a faithful, kindly minister, loving his work, believing in it, and living in it and in his pleasant home an exemplary, energetic, and studious life in sympathy with the largest truth, and anchored in the generous faith of liberal Christianity. It was our privilege to see the rare gentleness and controlled cheerfulness of his spirit under recent heavy trial that yet sapped his

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life; and it was the happy end of a burdened yet never gloomy way, when sitting a few weeks ago conversing genially in the summer twilight and looking out upon the lights of the harbor he suddenly caught glimpses of the light and entered into the rest of the final haven. A book of remembrance for him written on many hearts holds the lesson of a pure and gentle spirit, an earnest and large-planned life, a loyal and rational faith.

We have but space to mention Rev. Daniel F. Goddard, who lately ended his ministry and his life at Chelmsford, Mass. Mr. Goddard was for several years a minister of the Universalist body, but some ten years ago became the pastor of the Unitarian church in Harvard, Mass. Never physically strong, he was of intensely active mind, an enormous reader, spiritually hospitable to a fault, a modern mystic with all the devoutness and much of the rapt and introverted temperament of the old. He had investigated with sympathy Spiritualism, Swedenborgianism, Transcendentalism; yet, though his speech retained traces of these and other isms, he kept the poise of rational though always open-minded and inquiring faith, and was perhaps from his own inquiries and disappointments better able to succor those who were tempted by the partial and pretentious systems of the day. At all events, none could really come in contact with him without becoming conscious of a deep and rare religious nature, a spirit sensitively organized, and, of late, somewhat strained and shattered by illness, but loyal and earnest and eager for the light as any seeker or saint of the so-called religious ages.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

M. RENAN'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS YOUTH."

We have before called attention to this attractive book through opportunities which were gained from foreign journals; but we now have the little book itself in English dress, through the energy of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the industry and faithfulness of the translator, C. B. Pitman. We think the translation must be good, although we have not analyzed it closely. We can only say that, in reading it, we are conscious of reading M. Renan, and do not feel that we are getting his thought in a new tongue. It is really surprising how a style like M. Renan's can be reproduced into English. It seems to show what we have often felt on reading French books "*done* into English" (as our ancestors would say), that our language and the French are not so unlike as we generally suppose.

M. Renan's preface is himself all over, we may say. He will not allow that he is giving all his life's detail to the world: he would not be so dull as to think the public wanted this. He chooses to give what he likes, what is interesting. As Goethe calls his autobiography *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, "Poetry and Truth" out of his life, so he will tell the truth about himself; but, if people want a biographical dictionary of his book, they will not get it. It is all true, we might say, as far as it goes: only he chooses to go where he will. He takes a general view of the present age, thinks human life has a tendency to become "Americanized"; a dead level of mediocrity is coming with new civilization and free thought, but liberty is the great gain; and he says to nature: "Be of good cheer. Thou hast the infinity of time and space to try the experiment in." He thinks Adam, after he had lived nine hundred and ninety years, must have been glad he was out of Eden. Yet he, Renan, has a "profound respect for the past." He never feels his liberal faith more firmly rooted than when he ponders the miracles of the ancient creed, nor more ardor for the work of the future than when he listens for hours to the bells of the city of Is.

When we come to the "Recollections," we do not find anything especially original or valuable in the first six or seven chap-

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ters. They are taken up with a romantic story of simple French life, a prayer on the Acropolis at Athens, which is a jumble of opposing thoughts, and some rather striking sketches of women, old country nobility, and learned recluses, etc. But what we want is M. Renan himself. And we soon have him to our heart's content, when he begins with the Seminary of St. Nicholas, where he was educated by the good priests.

He continually talks about abandoning his Christian beliefs; but we are inclined to think that he means, generally, the excessive supernaturalism of the Romish Church. In speaking of young atheists, he says: "Because a Paris Flittergibbet disposes with a joke of creeds from which Pascal, with all his reasoning powers, could not shake himself free, does not prove that the man is superior to Pascal. I confess that I at times feel humiliated to think that it cost me five or six years of research, and the study of Hebrew, the Semitic languages, Gesenius and Ewald, to arrive at the result which this urchin achieves in a twinkling. As Père Hardouin observed, 'he had not got up every morning at four o'clock for forty years, to think as all the world thought.'"

M. Renan loves these old instructors. He takes pains to tell us how sincere, industrious, and virtuous they were; he wishes to contradict the impression that the Roman Catholic clergy are immoral; in thirteen years of his life, he never heard of a scandal among them. These men were devoid of ambition: they had not in fact enough of it. "The essence of talent, the desire to show off one's thoughts to the best advantage, would have seemed to them a sin. In fact," says M. Renan, "all literature implies more or less of sin. If I had stayed in Brittany, I should have known nothing of the vanity which the public has encouraged,—that of attaining a certain amount of art in the arrangement of words and ideas. I should have written like Rollin." Rollin's Ancient History was what he was brought up on. "When I came to Paris, I had no sooner given people a taste of what few qualities I possessed than they took a liking for them, and I was tempted to go on."

Here, he begins a kind of harmless egotistical soliloquy about his own character and tendencies. He has got two natures, he believes. He has cast off Christianity,—that is, his reason has; but he loves it still, and will love it. He despises the practical, he hates money-getting. The Breton race always did: all pure

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natures do. He loves to see people following after the ideal, and taking life easy; and yet he declares that he is a great worker himself. He even admires the "affectation of immorality" in Saint-Beuve and Théophile Gautier; he detests Pharisaism; wants so much to be indulgent toward such incoherent philosophers that his own system of morality seems, for the moment, to appear shaky, but, in reality, he says, "it is solid as a rock." Jesus, he affirms, has influenced him more than people may think in this respect; for "he loved to show up hypocrisy, and places morality on its true footing, kindness of heart." In the College of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, at Paris, he finds literary as well as theological training; but, still, he did not yet get emancipated from old belief. We see here what he generally means by Christianity, when he speaks of a religious discussion among the priests upon the question of divine election. This question, he says, "of how each individual soul must stand at the last hour,—whether he will be saved or not,—is the everlasting problem on which Christianity rests." He is right in judging the Christianity of that age so; but he ought to know that this present age has other definitions and foundations than this, not only among Unitarians, but among the Orthodox themselves. This talk with the priests about the narrow chances of salvation shows us where Calvinism came from,—from the bosom of the Roman Church itself, in whose schools Calvin drank in and assimilated what he liked.

Renan goes next to St. Sulpice. He describes the leading man there, Olier, and quotes from some of his treatises, where he speaks of the Christian life as a "state of death"; and some of his passages in them on "original sin," in their picturesque and lugubrious character, are wonderfully in harmony with Jonathan Edwards. In fact, all types and shades of Christianity, Protestant and Catholic, we believe can be found in the old Church before and after the Reformation. This Olier, however, was a great organizer. He wished to combine the study and teaching of theology with the "cure of souls," having the priests go out occasionally into the world and do missionary work; a plan which might well be carried out in our theological schools, both for students as well as teachers. M. Renan praises these professors for the positiveness of their teachings, and he makes this striking remark, "There is nothing so mischievous as the vague: it is even worse than what is false." He quotes also a

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fine passage from Lord Bacon; namely, "Truth is derived from error rather than confusion." We wish that our best professors in our theological school, with their profound earnestness and culture, would heed this reflection, and restrain the bent of their matured thought, their intellectual flights, and impress a few ideas permanently upon their pupils' minds rather than intoxicate them with so much knowledge.

The description of the seminary at Issy, an old royal country house originally, is a charming piece of word-painting, showing the once gay, illumined walls whitewashed over by the pious superior, but the place still attractive, with its trim walks and soft shades suited to the austere meditation of the young student. At St. Sulpice there seems to have been a remarkable freedom in the discipline of the school. A youth was never forced to study, and there was no attempt at competition; and, consequently, the examinations were very unimportant. "This," says Renan, "is beyond doubt prejudicial to 'learning'"; but he does not say it is prejudicial to the highest development. He thinks this respect for liberty, and the treating the lads as grown-up men, is the only proper way of training youths for what is considered the most exalted of callings; and he questions whether in our public and normal schools it would not be well to try the experiment. Some of his portraits of the good priests are delightful, and do away with a good many of our preconceived notions of the Catholic clergy in Europe. These men often combined great learning with their theology, but this was quite independent of scientific criticism of the Scriptures. Some of them, says Renan, were "in an equally eminent degree the *savant* and the saint." He dwells at some length on the whole question of Biblical infallibility, arguing very much as any liberal student would do with us. This was the key to the whole system. Lose that, and the whole fabric falls, as with the old Calvinist to-day. He will not accept any medium ground, as, for instance, that of the more liberal Catholics. It was all, or nothing. Here he errs. It is the best way for men to work up gradually to new truth, even if they are illogical. His own state of mind sharpened by excessive critical study, like our students of to-day, is not the healthful one. It tends to extremes. We must remember that he is still young, and that he himself calls his pulse somewhat feverish, as is seen in an early letter of his to a friend. This letter melts our hearts. How many young souls have

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passed through these deep waters! He loves the old Church. He longs to fly to her bosom, but he cannot. The thought of his mother breaks his heart. But he at length tears himself away from St. Sulpice, carrying no ill will with him, but the sorrowful kindness of his teachers. His sister Henriette, whose "high intelligence," he says, "had for years been like the pillar of fire that lightened the path," gave him her encouragement. His account of the reaction in his mind, when he was fairly in the world, is truly touching. He felt out of his element. The world was a desert, frivolous and chilly: there was an aching void, like one who had suffered a blighted affection. His mother wrote him the most heart-rending letters. He had always, he said, been so docile to her that, as a child, he had asked her ten times a day, "Mother, have I been good?" But, in time, the wound healed. She found he was about as much of a priest as ever, except in his dress. For the learned profession must still be his. He was fitted for nothing else. He says frankly that he was better versed than any living Frenchman, almost, in the comparative theory of the Semitic languages; and yet, for three years, his position was no better than that of an under-master in a humble school, with a small salary. He knew nothing of literary matters, and he had always been a child in worldly affairs. The "one object of life seemed to be thought."

M. Renan speaks of Jesus often with the most profound admiration, and he involuntarily uses the word "God" in moments of solemn declaration. May it not be that this unbelief in the fatherhood of God, this coldness toward his Maker, was a forced attitude, and really the cause of his heart-break on leaving the Catholic Church? Men do not become so depressed on the acceptance of new truths. Knowledge is stimulating: it elates and braces the spirits. Was not his sorrow (unknown to himself), because he was, in Jean Paul Richter's words, "an orphan in the world, who had lost his father"? He seems to have comprehended at first that he could be a Christian and yet free. He read Herder, Kant, and Fichte, and was moved. But he appears at last bound to run the whole length of his string, and land on the desolate shores of what we call agnosticism to-day.

We have, in closing chapters, a record of a noble and grave friendship between Renan and M. Berthelot, his early companion. He gives us some original reflections on the narrowness of intense friendships, and on his own objective spirit that

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made friends with all, but was limited to none. His own self-study before the eyes of the world leads him into very artless confidences, which border on gentle egotism, but yet do not offend us. We are the public whom he feels such confidence in, and we will not betray him. We are all his friends. We only wish he had asked our opinion — that is, the liberal Christian public — before he plunged so deep into the cold waves of pure rationalism. We might have held him back. Perhaps there is no such public in France. This America, which he thinks is so mediocre, so bent on bringing all civilization down to a dull, prosperous level, could have shown him, in New England at least, a public that would have followed him in many of his most critical results, and yet not lost one whit of the essence of Christianity, nor abandoned the venerable forms and usages of the Church of Jesus Christ. One thing we are sure of; and that is that he has something better than this remorseless criticism, this undying research, to feed him at the core of his being. This work is great, the pursuit of truth; but he must have some truth to nourish him as he goes on,— truth which needs no feverish chase for it. He could not be so serene and happy as he appears to be, if he had not love. This he has, as he tells us; and in the other world, if not in this, he will find the Highest Love.

We have an appendix at the end of the book, which is principally made up of letters written by M. Renan to the Abbé Cognat, and published a short time ago in the *Correspondant* by the Abbé. These letters were written in 1845–6, and are full of that tender regret for the old faith and elation at the new, which the writer has shown in other parts of the book. He had not got beyond the idea of still being a Christian, though not a Roman Catholic. He continually uses the name of God in the most natural and affecting way. This will not represent his position now, we fear. Pity he had not seen then that "by searching we cannot find out God," as Job, his favorite Oriental, says, and held fast to him in youth, as it is harder to find him later. This incessant criticism will never reveal him. As some one has said, our reasoning now in proof of his existence is no better than it was two thousand years ago. This scientific research is honorable to God: he asks no concealment, but "he leads us in ways we have not known."

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GLEANINGS.

ENGLAND.—A midsummer service for young men and maidens is held annually at Bloomsbury Chapel, London, and seems to us quite a unique occasion. Young people know that they are expected at the ordinary church services; but they need special invitations to be gently persuaded, in the company of their friends, to come and hear the gospel preached, the Word of Life announced, in an affectionate and winning manner. Such seems to have been this gathering one beautiful summer Sunday, in what appears to be a large Baptist chapel. We observe that all dissenting places of worship must be called "chapel," in distinction from "the church" in England, no matter how large they may be. This chapel held that day fifteen hundred young men and women. The preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Chown, was tender and affecting. We give a few paragraphs here to show the nature of the appeal:—

At the close of the singing, Mr. Chown made a few appropriate remarks about the circumstances of the day, the conjunction of dates, and the period of the year when all nature was abounding in life and blessing. He hoped this would only be an illustration of what they would enjoy in a spiritual sense. He then announced his text as being in the last chapter of John, the twentieth verse, the words being "the disciple whom Jesus loved." The preacher said: "In many respects, it would not be becoming of him to attempt to give a description of all who were before him; but there was one description in which he could not be mistaken,—they were either disciples or they were not. Many persons seemed to live as though there were a middle or an intermediate state; for there was no manifest decision for either course of life, for good or for evil. It were well, therefore, that they got rid of that impression at the outset, and in faithfulness to ask themselves to which side they belonged. . . .

"He would first speak of *those who are disciples*, and, secondly, of *those who are not*. John was *a disciple*, that was evident, because when the Lord called him he responded at once. There was prompt obedience to the call: immediate attention was given. May I not hope that this will be the case with some of you? John attended with such promptness of spirit, when he knew but little of the Lord. Follow his example in this matter, and be obedient to the call. And, while you are obedient to respond, see that you count the cost of doing it; for Jesus said, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' All are encouraged to attend to the call; for all who seek shall find, and shall enter upon the enjoyment of every needful blessing. But, secondly, John was not only a disciple, *but the disciple whom Jesus loved*. There was a specialty about him. He (Mr. Chown) had recently seen some soldiers,—everybody knew by their appearance that they *were* soldiers; but, on one of the men being asked what and who they were, he instantly gave the reply, 'The Queen's Guards, sir.' There was emphasis in the reply, specialty in the men; and so it should be with you. I want you not only to be disciples, but disciples whom Jesus loves, not

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only of the ordinary rank and file, but to live above the level, raise the standard of life high, make it pure, holy, noble, Christlike. . . .

"Some of you may have engaged in the Lord's service; but, since you have come to the great city, you have neglected all good. You neglected to pray for lack of courage, because of the presence of others. In your country home, the village where you lived, you knew nothing of the temptations of the great city. You left the house of God because you did not find the same hearty welcome, the ready shake of the hand: you were a stranger among strangers. Your friends noticed that you did not write so often or speak of good things; and your parents, writing to the minister, said, 'He does not speak of you so often: I am afraid he is being led astray'; but won't you from this time write home and say, 'I have given my heart to the Lord'? You ought to do so as a *matter of right;* for God claims your best service, and it should be rendered in your youthful and best days. You ought surely to become a disciple as a *matter of wisdom and safety.* Danger is on every side, and sin abounds in pleasure, amusement, and in every worldly attraction. Many are spending their time and forfeiting every joy. Be careful: do not enter a building where you would not take your mother with you. Some will wake up this morning in such a state of mind and body as, if they could have seen it six months ago, they would have been appalled; but, oh! may you all know the blessings of true disciples and the joys of a happy Christian life, and may God bless you. Amen."

During the delivery of this address, many were moved to tears; and it was evident that a large amount of good must have been accomplished. After the closing hymn, the benediction was pronounced.

We find in the *Inquirer* (Unitarian) an interesting notice of the biography of our friend Samuel Sharpe, the distinguished Biblical scholar and Egyptologist. This memoir is written by Rev. P. W. Clayden, his nephew by marriage, whom we have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing in this country. We shall doubtless see this book, and hope to give a more extended notice of it in a future number.

It is pleasant, or at least consoling, to find that other denominations are taunted with being shaky in their foundations as well as our own. At a recent Methodist conference in England, a speaker rose and said that, if it was proposed on the platform among the officers that the Ten Commandments should be adopted by the conference, he believed some representative would move an amendment.

The peerage of Ireland is said to have lost one of its noblest ornaments in the death of Lord O'Neil, of Shane's Castle. We see in his case the proverbial ingratitude of the Celtic race, and their utter incapacity to appreciate when they are well off, or to do the right, the practical, common-sense thing, under trying circumstances. Lord O'Neil's life was, it is said, "a constant benefaction." But his tenants, though holding their property at a

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low rate, adopted the "no rent trick." They often insulted him and his family. He met this, all the reports say, with kindness and forbearance; but his last instructions were, that on the day of his burial the park gates should be shut, and no tenant should be present, except the few in whom he placed confidence. His remains were not placed in the family vault, but in the shadow of the village church, where he had often officiated.

FRANCE.—Our French liberal friends, of *L'Alliance Libérale*, are quite pleased with the report of an address given before an orthodox conference by M. Bianquis, a pastor at Rouen, considered sound in the faith. He discusses the question of the entire inspiration of the Bible, in a way wholly reasonable, and reaches very much the same conclusions as ourselves. He says, "The word of God is in the Bible, but all the Bible is not equally the word of God." He adds, "The question may be asked, How are we to tell which is the human or the divine element?" He replies, "The bread we eat contains nutritive parts, and portions which are not so: our natures assimilate that which is nourishing, and reject the rest." "What could be truer liberalism than this?" says our exchange. M. Pressensé and others approved this address. M. Pressensé has also said some good words at his conferences in Nîmes on "What is a Free Thinker?" and on Justin Martyr, "A Philosophic Christian." These lectures seem to have shown a ground of meeting between him and our liberal friends, and they expressed their pleasure in the columns of their paper. M. Pressensé was alarmed, however, at the idea of getting too close; and we are sorry to add that he feels obliged to say in the *Journal du Protestantisme Français* that this supposed harmony of thought between him and the liberals is only an "illusion," however much its kindness may touch him. He has not changed his opinions in regard to the "great miracle of redemption," although he cares little for the ancient formulas of Orthodoxy. He will be charmed (*ravi*) if the liberals agree with him on this essential point; but neither party ought to be satisfied, he says, with any equivocation, in order to produce an accord which nothing but a free discussion in full daylight can bring about.

M. Pressensé, we think, makes a great mistake in this last statement. Weighty theological discussions generally leave disputants where they were before; but the little waves of brotherly

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feeling which pass from one side to the other are the true currents of the spirit, which show more clearly how all the disciples of Jesus may be one.

India.— We have received a letter from Mr. Dall, our missionary in India, and a collection of the beautiful little ferns which he often sends us from the Himalayas in midsummer. He tells us of Mozoomdar, the distinguished disciple of Chunder Sen, now in England. We fear Mozoomdar is inclined to the reactionary position of Chunder Sen in regard to practical work and education. We give Mr. Dall's informal letter: —

Kurseong, in the Himalas, June 20, 1883.

Do let me thank you for your notice of my last two pamphlets, "Religion in America" and "What is Christianity?" I return to Calcutta in a few days, after a pleasant outing here. Our schools have a holiday of five weeks at this hottest season of the year. The monsoon rains have just begun, and now it is cool enough to work. Here, Fahrenheit says (to day) sixty-nine degrees. There, it is warmer by nearly twenty degrees. I only hope your health is as good as mine. Is it your experience — for it is mine — that the soul grows younger as the body grows older? Though coy, my American curiosity, always awake to all things beautiful and sweet, seems more than ever on the alert. I never take a walk without seeing something that I never saw before; though among the awful precipices of the Himála, mostly too sharp to climb or descend, the roads and footways are few.... Your view of my relation to Bábu K. C. Sen is just. In September or before, you will have his chief supporter, Protáp bábu, whose tribal name is Mozoomdar, in America. I hope you will have such a searching talk with him as Phillips Brooks and I (as his guide) had with Keshub. "A mystic, a mystic," said Mr. Brooks. Protáp has, I think, a little less mysticism in him, and his (old Aryan) intellect is sharp as a razor. You saw the edge of it and its adaptiveness in *Gánguli*, of whom the great Carlyle once said to me, at his own tea-table, "Why on earth did you send us that bit of wash-leather, that Gánguli?" By the way, Keshub strongly denies that Rev. Joseph Cook ever heard him call my work "ridiculous." As to "Mozoomdar," you see in the *Inquirer* that he says, "The Keshubites are conquering the whole field of comparative theology (!) by devotion, meditation, and prayer": he thought it wise *not* to add, in *words*, "and by the actual conversations and personal interviews of God with his friend Keshub." Protáp puts this idea, as reported, thus: "Why are you Unitarians so slow to sympathize with us, who compass all truth with the mighty and strictly rigid orthodox disciplines of strong and divine convictions?" A queer sentence, but you and I see about what he means; *i.e.*, the *in*tuitions of divine (?) rapture, discarding their God-given *ex*tuitions of observation (science) and of experience (history), are quite all we want. The Keshubites may think so. We do not. Not to trespass further. Always yours to serve, C. H. A. Dall.

Martha P. Lowe.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. OCTOBER, 1883. No. 4.

CHRISTIAN OPTIMISM.

The limitations under which the problem of evil will be treated in this essay are indicated by its title. The data of Christian theism will be assumed. The subject will be viewed in all the light shed upon it by the life and word of Christ.

The proposition that all things tend to good, that what we call evil is temporary, and is instrumental to beneficial results, and may be used by intelligent and moral beings as means to their highest good, is a necessary consequence from belief in the existence of God. To God belongs infinite love to will the true good of every creature, perfect wisdom to discern wherein it consists, almighty power to accomplish it. There can be no weakness or defect in the divine government of the universe. Its absoluteness leaves no room for an irruption of real evil. Whatever of seeming evil exists in the world must exist by his will or permission. That there is an independent principle of evil, holding divided empire with the good God, was a theory that necessarily suggested itself to the human mind at one stage of its

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development; but it as necessarily grows dim, and finally vanishes, in the progress both of religion and philosophy. The idea that there is an intelligent power of evil that seeks to mar the order of creation, and the idea that there is any outlying province of the universe exempt from the divine rule, or that there is any inherent obstinacy in matter that God cannot overcome, are alike inconsistent with our highest idea of Deity. Thus, the abstract reasoning on this subject from the theistic stand-point seems to amount to a demonstration. Optimism is necessarily involved in theism. The Christian revelation adds nothing to the logical force of this demonstration, but emphasizes its conclusion, and impresses it upon the heart by its unveiling of the fatherly God and its inspiration of a childlike and affectionate love and trust.

This abstract reasoning from the nature and character of God furnishes the key-note of all speculation on the subject of evil. The manifold difficulties that beset the problem appear, when we consider it in reference to human experience. But here the question meets us, What shall we call evil? The word has a very indefinite meaning. To say nothing at present of the distinction between moral and physical evil, it is relative to an individual's power of endurance. That which is a sore evil to one man is none at all to another. The rest of the pampered Sybarite was broken by a folded leaf in his bed of roses. The air that is pleasantly bracing to a healthy man makes the valetudinarian shrink and shudder. The temptation that one man's virtue is too feeble to resist is unfelt by another who stands upon a higher moral level. All would agree in giving the name of evil to the most dreadful sufferings to which our mortal life is subject; but of the same nature, differing only in degree, is every thing that crosses our present desire, inclination, will.

Considering man as a moral being, in a state of infancy, to be educated, trained, developed by effort and conflict, we see not how this end of his being could be accomplished without the presence of somewhat that we call evil.

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Imagine such a one placed in a condition from which evil were entirely excluded. Suppose that he were never subjected to a painful sensation, that he were never called to an unwelcome task, that his inclination were never crossed, that every desire were gratified as soon as it arose, that every obstacle moved out of his path as he approached it; how could he ever rise out of his infancy? How could he ever awake to consciousness of a moral nature?

We live in a world of mingled good and ill, in which evil exists and good predominates. We need the discipline of both, especially of good. The salutary effect of evil depends upon its being occasional. Fairly happy and prosperous life is the field and the inspiration of joyous work, faithful duty, victorious activity. In its genial atmosphere, the soul unfolds, blossoms, and fructifies. Under this condition, it realizes its capabilities and takes possession of its proper sphere. To this end, it would seem necessary that good should be the staple of life: that it is so, the general experience of mankind testifies. There is an incalculable amount of latent happiness in the world, which can rarely and imperfectly be brought to consciousness. While there is probably not a man whose condition is in every particular what he would have it be, yet most men instinctively feel life to be a blessing. They are glad they are alive. They go about their daily work with cheerful and hopeful alacrity. They enjoy, more or less, their labor and their rest. The universal face of nature sheds silent gladness upon their hearts. The various gradations of domestic and social affection, the countenances and voices of fellow-men, are a perpetual joy, whose worth only the solitary prisoner can know. This latent sense of good pervades our life, like the inward element that permeates all matter and gives it bulk and volume. Without it, we should collapse. Contrasted with this normal condition of human nature is that of the most wretched hypochondriac, to whom life is an intolerable burden, on whom the heavens ray darkness, whose senses are vehicles of disgust, who shuns his neighbor as an enemy, who has no hope or courage to move a

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finger in any good work. Such is the condition proper to thorough belief in pessimism. So ought all men to feel in the worst possible world. All the difference between this condition and the ordinary condition of humanity is due to an instinctive faith in the substantial goodness of the world.

This profound feeling of the human heart, like all others, has stamped itself upon language. When we speak of the mysteries of Providence, we always mean by them evils. What we call by that name alone, need explanation: they, alone, require to be reconciled with what we assume to be the order of the universe. Good needs no explanation: it explains itself, it is its own sufficient reason for being. Think what it would be to live in a universe in which good were a mystery.

Health, abundance, success — all that constitutes what we call a happy condition of life — are good; but their uninterrupted and assured permanence would not be good. Conflict with difficulty, endurance of disappointment and loss, experience of suffering and privation, are also essential elements of moral discipline. As I have said, but for the presence of something of this kind in our lot, we should never become conscious of our moral nature: it might be added that but for evil, we should not know good. We learn the nature of all things by their mutual alternations and contrasts. The great forces of nature make themselves known to us only by the disturbance of their equilibrium. If every object on which we ever laid our hand had been of precisely the same temperature, we should never have got an idea of heat: so do good and evil reveal each other.

It is well, then, that these two elements are mingled in every human lot. But in what proportions shall they be mingled? Happily, that question is not left to human judgment. What would we have, if we could determine our own lot,— just so much evil as we could easily overcome, as would afford a pleasant exercise to our power of resistance and endurance, as would give an agreeable variety

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to life? Such an amount of evil would be no trial. We should not improve by it: we should indeed grow weaker under it. The amount of it that would occasion a pleasurable excitement would continually become less, till at last we could bear no opposition to our wills. It is evident that, if evil is to fulfil a beneficent ministry to our souls, it must first be keenly felt as evil. It must be something more than we should voluntarily choose for ourselves, —something from which we naturally shrink. Spiritual power can be increased only by conflict with evil, which, at first sight, looks invincible. The harp, which receives only the impulses of the passing wind, gives forth a wild and pleasing melody indeed, but never such strains as reveal its full power and most deeply touch the heart of the listener. In order that it should yield its richest music, it must be not merely breathed on by the gentle airs of summer, but *struck* by the hand of a master, who perfectly understands its capability, and knows how to evoke the soul of harmony that is hidden in its chords.

The moment evil is recognized as a means of moral good, the whole matter appears in a new light. A new classification of things good and evil is suggested. A new view of the purpose of life is opened to us. If we assume that it is the business of Providence to make us happy in the way of our own choosing, and regard as mysterious everything that is opposed to that end, we shall indeed find life full of mysteries. But suppose that the purpose of Providence were quite different: to make us good rather than happy, or happy through goodness; to lead us by a varied discipline up to the loftiest heights of moral and spiritual excellence. From that point of view, many of the mysteries, as they at first seem, vanish. Moral good is absolute good. Other things are relatively good or evil. That is good which actually promotes our highest well-being. That is evil which actually lowers our moral aim and hinders our moral progress. Shall we then say that none of those means and sources of outward happiness that men so desire and seek and strive for are really good? I would not say

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so. They are good, lawful objects of desire and endeavor, so long as they are used and enjoyed as they may be consistently with moral well-being. But if we rest in the enjoyment of them, and suffer them to draw us down and keep us upon a lower plane of life, we have turned them into evils. So, too, of natural evils. We are right in regarding them in their primary aspect as evils, in resisting them by all right methods, in seeking remedies for them, in endeavoring to remove them out of our way, in striving that the least possible amount of them shall enter into our lot in life. All such endeavors are one part of the discipline that evil is designed to furnish. And then, with regard to that portion of it which is found, after all our efforts, to be invincible and irremediable, not to suffer ourselves to be disheartened or embittered by it, but to maintain our self-possession, patience, faith, and courage in the face of it,—that is another part of the discipline of evil.

Evil is, moreover, one of the various influences mingled in our human lot that conduce not only to our moral, but our spiritual growth. Its tendency is to bring the soul face to face with God and to produce an intense consciousness of him. This is a matter of experience. It is not when the sun shines brightly upon our path, when we are wholly at ease in our condition, when the means of outward enjoyment are multiplied about us and all things seem to promise that to-morrow will be as this day and more abundant, that we have our deepest conviction of the divine goodness. Even if the Giver have not been lost sight of in the enjoyment of his gifts, if his hand has been acknowledged in them and thanks duly rendered for them, still none of these outward things are the highest expressions of his love. Those expressions are given in the inward experiences of the soul, and such experiences occur in the endurance of great afflictions. It is when earthly supports are stricken away and the soul is left alone with God that it most deeply feels how all-sufficient he is, and has its most perfect assurance that he is love. This is a fact to which the experience of many an afflicted, resigned, and consoled child of God bears wit-

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ness. It is a practical solution to the heart of faith of the problem of evil. I would not indeed presume to weigh the good and evil as in a balance, nor would I ask whether, under the immediate endurance of the trial, the sufferer would choose to pay the heavy price for the good; but I am entitled to say that here is a clear experience, that the seeming evil is not an unmitigated evil. It is accompanied by a present hope and faith that it will hereafter be seen to have fulfilled a blessed ministry to the soul.

Let it be kept in mind that I am discussing this question in the light of Christian truth. I am considering evil, not as the determination of a fixed fate or the result of a blind chance, but as the appointment of a fatherly God. It makes a heaven-wide difference in the effect upon character, in which of these points of view evil is regarded. Compelled submission to inevitable and irremediable evil, arbitrarily or irrationally inflicted, does indeed work a moral injury to the soul. It produces either the cringing, abject fear of a slave or the angry resistance of a desperate rebel. Totally different from this is the feeling of an affectionate child who believes in his father's love and wisdom. He has no doubt that his father knows better than he what is good for him; and he has perfect trust in his kind intentions, that he will inflict upon him no unnecessary pain or privation. And so, when the father summons him to some arduous task, or withholds from him some coveted pleasure, or presents to his lips a nauseous medicine, he acquiesces in the unwelcome behest with a willingness that is the fruit of faith and love. He makes a great and successful moral effort, and is a wiser and better child in consequence. Faith is a bond between an inferior and his superior,—as between child and parent, pupil and teacher, patient and physician,—by which the inferior is enabled to appropriate the wisdom of the superior. Thus, by faith in God, we avail ourselves of all the resources of divine wisdom. Every great affliction is an invitation from the Father to place in him a deeper trust than we have ever placed before. If we accept that invitation, the blessed

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experience of that deeper trust will go far to explain the suffering that occasioned it.

I have spoken of evil that is, in part at least, explained by the moral good that is seen to result from it. It must be confessed, however, that the amount of evil that can be thus explained is but a small portion of the evil that is in the world. In some cases, indeed, the physical evil is aggravated by moral evil that results from it. Suffering is, what it is commonly called, a trial: it is a test of what is in a man. By it, he is driven from the plane of life he was occupying; and it is to be seen whether he will take a higher or a lower. Bereavement may produce chronic discontent and repining. Protracted sickness and pain may fix a habit of irritability, impatience, and selfishness. Repeated losses and disappointments may break the elasticity of the spirit, and produce despondency and indolence. Endurance of great wrongs may cause distrust, and a general feeling of hostility toward all men, and even a desire to retaliate upon any one, as opportunity offers, such injuries as have been endured.

We see, moreover, evils which, within the scope of our vision, seem unqualified, unremedied, uncompensated. Here, for example, is a man who, by natural constitution, perhaps by inheritance, is controlled by a temperament that operates as a mighty, predisposing cause to sin. He is not without moral perception and a desire to do right: apparently, he could resist the temptations to which ordinary men are exposed; but his temptations are extraordinary, they are too great for the moral power he actually possesses. He knows his degradation; he can contrast his wretched condition with one of purity and freedom; he struggles, from time to time, with his evil propensity, but soon it overtakes him again like a malign destiny, and he rushes into indulgences which he knows will plunge him into lower and ever lower depths of remorse and shame. And so he passes through life, without having answered one of life's purposes, and dies,—an object of pity with some, of blame and contempt to others.

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Sometimes there is inflicted on a good man, by the wrong doing of another, evil which we cannot see to be balanced by any beneficial result. Consider the end of the late President,—a man of great abilities, extensive acquirements, high character, fully prepared, by a varied experience, to fulfil all the functions of the great office to which he was called; to whom all good men were looking with expectation, rejoicing that the election of such a one was still possible, and hoping that, through the influence of his administration, it would be more possible and probable in the future; in his private life, the loved and loving centre of a numerous and happy family,—all those high hopes suddenly extinguished, and the progress of the nation seemingly put back, by the causeless act of a wanton and reckless assassin. Well might the stricken wife exclaim, when brought at last face to face with the calamity that awaited her, Why am I called to endure this great wrong? and well may the sad and disappointed nation ask, Where is the compensation of this great evil?

There are also evils that darken the lot of large masses of men. I need only to refer briefly, in this connection, to the condition of the slave, of the victim of arbitrary and despotic government, and of those laboring classes, who in some communities, in consequence of wrong social and industrial arrangements, are obliged to pass their lives in incessant toil which just keeps them from starvation, but precludes them from their share of many of the common blessings that Providence designed for all; from the hope of bettering their condition, and from all opportunity of realizing that development of their whole nature which is the purpose of all life's discipline.

These are a few specimens of evils, common in human experience, which we must keep constantly in view whenever we confront the great problem of evil. While there are many evils manifestly capable of being used as means of moral good, and which actually result in a blessing that greatly overbalances the suffering caused by them, yet there are very many others of which we do not see such a com-

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pensation, and of which we cannot see either the purpose or the termination. What shall we say of these? Let us, in the first place, make a provisional explanation of them. They are, let us say, parts of a vast plan, devised and carried on by absolute Goodness, acting with perfect wisdom and almighty power. In such a plan there must of necessity be many things which we cannot comprehend. It must include many purposes, the fulfilment of which lies far beyond the reach of our sight. Many things in it must look to us unfinished, and wear the guise of evil. Yet the plan cannot but be, on the whole and eventually, good. Could we comprehend the whole in one view, we should see that what now seem to us evils are but the shades of a perfect picture,—discords introduced into the spheral music of the universe for the purpose of being resolved and of heightening the effect of the completed harmony.

To a theist, there is in this explanation nothing irrational, impossible, or improbable: it is the explanation that his faith naturally suggests to him; its satisfactoriness to his mind and its power to console and strengthen his heart in sorrow and suffering will be in proportion to his hold on eternal goodness. That truth can never be, to a finite mind, a conclusion of inductive reasoning from observed facts and events. If the universe is a perfect manifestation of absolute goodness, it can be seen to be so only to the mind that comprehends it in its whole extent and duration: to all other minds, it must be a conclusion of deductive reasoning from sure and certain truth. The vital point on which this whole question turns is whether or not we have such sure and certain truth.

It is a well-known principle of mechanics that, when a great weight is to be moved, the fulcrum on which the lever rests must be of such strong material and so firmly fixed as to be able to sustain all the force that will need to be exerted. Otherwise, the body to be removed becomes the point of resistance, and the fulcrum is pushed from its base, or crushed. When we attempt, in our thought, to remove the objection to the divine government that is found in

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existing evil, the fulcrum on which our lever must rest is faith in absolute goodness. Is it strong enough to bear the strain, or will it be removed or crushed by the mighty resistance of evil? The alternative is God or evil: which prevails? I do not ask which would it be more desirable or comfortable to find prevailing. If we are indeed the victims of irremediable evil, by all means let us know it; let the truth be seen and acknowledged, though it plunge us in endless despair. But the question is, Which, in the nature of things and in the view of right reason, prevails?

There are those to whom the idea of the final and universal prevalence of good is only a pleasant fancy. If they are ever surprised into a feeling of its actuality, by sympathy with the strong affirmation of another's faith, they distrust it as a passing mood, and hasten to disabuse themselves of it as a delusion. There are others to whom that idea is a matter of probable opinion founded on observations and reasonings more or less sure. It is evident that neither a sentimental fancy nor a mere probable opinion can be a sufficient counterpoise to the stern reality and felt presence of a great evil.

But the idea of God, including, as it does, the idea of absolute goodness, is given in the very constitution of our nature: it is the fundamental thought of all our thinking. In the realm of spirit, the idea of absolute being is as necessary, as impossible to set aside, as, in the physical realm, the idea of the infinity of space and duration. As, when we imagine as vast an extent as we can, we are obliged to think of infinite space in every direction around it, so, when we imagine the most perfect being of whom we can form a definite conception, we are obliged, by the laws of our thought, to look beyond him for his God and ours. Absolute fulness and perfection of being, that or nothing, is the postulate of our thought; and, if we look steadily in this direction, we shall also see that, in this idea, is necessarily included the idea of perfect goodness. Any indifference to good, still more any opposition or hostility to it, would be diminution of being, and contradictory to the

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idea of absolute being. In thus speaking, I do not consider myself as pursuing a chain of reasoning, at the end of which is a truth intellectually perceived, but as simply laying open an object of spiritual perception, so that it may be seen in all its elements, and offering it to the spiritual perception of others. When it is seen, I say, there you have an adamantine fulcrum on which you can rely for heaving the mass of evil that is in the world.

Is it said that this so-called spiritual perception of truth is merely subjective, and that one man's conviction of it can convey no assurance of it to another? I answer, it is no otherwise subjective than as the perceptions of the bodily senses are so. Whatever I see in the outward world, I have an undoubting belief that another man will see who looks with healthy eyes in the same direction. If another fails of seeing what I see, my faith in the trustworthiness of my own senses is not impaired; but I infer some defect or disease in his organs. So whatever a man sees with clear, spiritual insight, he must believe that every other man has a native capacity of seeing; and that, if another says he cannot see it, or that it looks to him like a mere fabric of cloud, it can only be because his spiritual powers are not sufficiently developed, which may be the case with a man of most acute, comprehensive, and cultivated intellect. He cannot see it at this moment; but there are latent within him faculties by which it may be discerned; and there are processes by which those faculties may be quickened, developed, and trained, and brought to clear and open vision. The great spiritual verities cannot be thought of as the private property of an individual: it cannot be so truly said that a man holds them as that they hold him. They embrace him like the common air and light which are the property of all breathing and seeing creatures. They are an element of life to all living spirits.

What, now, is the amount of the optimistic doctrine that follows from the train of thought that has been pursued? Does it tend to make us indifferent to good and evil? Does it destroy our sensibility to pain and suffering? Does it

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furnish us with a clew by which we can certainly determine the precise purpose of every evil we experience or observe? None of these things. But it saves us from being overwhelmed and crushed by evil: it provides us with a secure shelter from it, and a sufficient support under it; it inspires hope, courage, strength, wherewith to meet it, and to realize the good that every evil brings with it. The conscious child of God looks out upon the vast universe in which he finds himself with wonder, awe, and delight. He sees it flooded with divine beauty and glory: his soul thrills with unutterable joy. Surely, he sings, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. By and by, a dark cloud overshadows him,—dense, impenetrable, seemingly boundless. What shall he say of it? Why is it? What does it mean? His first, simple, childlike answer is, I do not know; but he immediately adds, The good God knows: in that thought are peace and comfort. He enters into the cloud, saying, I will fear no evil, for God is with me. Soon, light arises out of the darkness. He discerns unexpected alleviations and compensations. He feels new powers quickened within him. He is led into blessed experiences, that he dreamed not of. He is brought into nearer communion with the Father of his spirit than ever before. Nay, in his most favored moments, when his soul is most firmly centred on God, when he lies, childlike, in the bosom of the Father, and, looking thence, sees all things as He sees them, and knows that all are working together for good, he has, for that moment, a perfect solution of the problem of evil; not a solution to the understanding, far better than that, higher, profounder, surer, more satisfying,—a solution made clear to the eye of the spirit, which alone sees realities. Am I not entitled to say that that place, in the bosom of the Father, belongs to every child of his, and that the aspect under which evil appears, as seen from it, is that under which it appears to man in his normal condition? Still, for the present, no one remains in that state habitually; yet, having been even once in it, the memory of it remains, and the hope abides of

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being in it again. And that memory and hope shed a heavenly light on the intervening passages of life.

This is Christian optimism,—Christian because this place in the bosom of God is the place to which Christ would lead all men. It is the position in which all were meant to be, toward which true development tends, to which all men will eventually come. The line along which the future development of man will proceed is in the direction of the spiritual faculties. We may be said to have learned what is the perfection and what the limitations of the intellect. We see many men in the full and complete exercise of mind in its legitimate sphere. The future progress of mind will be not so much the acquisition of new power as the exercise of its power in continually wider ranges. But it is not so with the spiritual powers. Although there has been an unbroken succession of seers, a perpetual cloud of witnesses to spiritual realities, from the time when Enoch walked with God to the present day, still the spiritual development of man is far below his intellectual development, and is often lowest where the intellectual development is highest. Men hesitate to trust the testimony of the spirit. As those who have been restored to bodily sight after long blindness, unable at first to use their newly gained sense aright, shut their eyes in perplexity and return to the accustomed aid of their inferior senses, so, too often, men shut the eye of the spirit and try to feel out their doubtful way by the help of the understanding alone. The time will come when the spiritual nature will take permanent possession of the high place, the wide sphere, the controlling influence that of right belong to it, when the light of spiritual truth will be the "master light of all our seeing," "the fountain light of all our day"; when the sense of God in the soul will be as clear and strong, as permanent and universal, as the sight of the sun in the heavens.

No use has yet been made in this discussion of the Christian doctrine of immortality. It may well be called a Christian doctrine, since it is almost the only one in which Christians of every name have agreed. It has a far deeper

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foundation in the religion than any verbal annunciation of it by Christ. It is a vital element of the life he lived on earth,— that life that was manifested in him, as the true life of the soul; a life of which whosoever partakes is conscious that it is eternal life, begun now, never to cease or be interrupted forever. The limits of this mortal life being once transcended, a boundless sphere is opened, wherein evil may be brought to its final result of good. The fundamental axiom of all our thought on this subject is, The purposes of Eternal Goodness must be fulfilled. Whatever else fails, that stands firm. If the consummation be not reached within the scope of mortal vision, then somewhere beyond. What man can undertake to tell in what manner precisely it will be effected? And yet, when our imagination ventures into the unknown region, our conceptions will take shape, and we may give a sober and reverent imagination leave to embody its highest thought. We may suppose that there will be orders of beings, prepared by various discipline for various ministries in his service; that God will have great variety in his spiritual creation. There are the angelic ministers with whom the popular fancy has peopled heaven,— beings who have known no sorrow nor sin, who have lived from the beginning in perfectly innocent blessedness; whose knowledge of good and evil, if they possess it, must have come from some other source than experience. There are the spirits of just men made perfect through suffering, whose faith and patience, trust and love, have been tried in fierce fires of affliction and pain, and purified and exalted thereby, and they fitted to become forever angels of comfort to all suffering beings. There are those who love much because they have been forgiven much; who have passed through a long and deep experience of the misery and degradation of sin, the agonies of remorse, the pains and conflicts of repentance, the blessedness of renewal, and are thus prepared to become ministering spirits to all feeble, fallen, and despairing souls. And now, having emerged into heavenly light, as they look back on the dark passages of the past, even those in which most they seemed forsaken, they see

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that through all they have been led by the hand of wise and loving care, that everything has been done for their highest good, and they would have nothing otherwise. Joyfully and gratefully, they take up the work of God for which they have been trained, and look forward to an eternity of blessed service. Am I told that all this is but a groundless speculation? Not exactly so. Far be it from me to offer it as an account of the unsearchable ways of God. But it is not irrational, not inconsistent with our highest thought of God. A very little way certainly does it penetrate into his infinite purposes, but perhaps in the right direction. Bearing ever in mind the fundamental axiom,—the one thing that we can affirm with perfect assurance,—The purposes of Eternal Goodness must be accomplished,—we are entitled to say at the end of every honest, rational, and reverent speculation, Either this, or something infinitely better.

A few words, in conclusion, on the practical influence of optimistic views. It is sometimes objected that they encourage indolence. If all things are moving with an irresistible tendency to the most desirable ends, what can man do but stand by and see the salvation of the Lord? What help can his feeble arm render to omnipotence? The purposes of God will be effected, with or without his co-operation. The objection lies against the faith of the optimist, no otherwise than against all other beliefs that involve a high conception of the divine sovereignty. All our highest thought of God leads directly up to the idea of his absolute sovereignty, before which human agency becomes infinitesimal. But the speculative opinion has no influence whatever on man's native impulse to activity. The degree of energy that an individual or a people will put forth depends not on speculative opinion, but on temperament or other causes. The modern Turk's lazy acquiescence in what he conceives to be his destiny is due not to his belief in the irresistible will of Allah, but to opium. To his restless ancestor, the same belief was a perpetual spur to conquest. Our national faith in manifest destiny does not threaten as yet to relax the spring of our activity. No American thinks of sitting

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down quietly to see the resources of the country develop themselves. And the sect among us that most strenuously insists that the doom of every human individual is irrevocably fixed by an eternal decree has been, in sublime contempt of consistency and logic, among the most zealous of missionaries to the heathen. Whether a life of earnest and strenuous service, directed to the highest ends, be considered in reference to man or to God, there is ample room for it in the views of man's condition in this world, as it has been set forth in this essay. Practically, the plan of a beautiful and good world has been laid out and well begun; but the completion of it is left to human hands. It will be well and speedily finished, according to the faithfulness of man's work. Everywhere, within the scope of human vision and activity, there are evils, prospective and present, to be prevented, removed, remedied, made to yield the soul of goodness that is in them. Everywhere may be discerned opportunities of doing somewhat toward helping a fellow-man toward the full realization of the well-being his Creator evidently intended for him. Looking Godward, the conscious child of God asks not whether any deed of his can help Almighty power, but, feeling the deep joy of the divine presence, he would make his whole life an anthem of thanksgiving and praise, by entire sympathy with the loving will that directs all things, by co-operating to the extent of his activity with the purposes of absolute Goodness, by moving with all the energies of his soul along the lines by which Eternal Love is perpetually pouring his blessings through his universe.

CAZNEAU PALFREY.

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THE NEW MOVEMENT IN ORTHODOXY.

A revolutionary spirit has been for the past few years working in orthodox thought,—has it spent itself?—to the results of which the orthodox themselves give the names "New Movement," "New Views," "New Departure," "New Return." It has made very rapid progress since we knew it; and, according to its friends, it has gained a clear victory in the ranks, being to-day recognized as holding there a legitimate place, from which it is not to be dislodged. That which underlies this name, "New Movement," is not a little frowned upon by its foes. They will do their best to crush it. Their voices of warning are unmistakably loud and clear. If it has come to stay, as now it seems, it will doubtless be rendered as innocuous as possible. The ranks of Unitarianism in the famous Parker controversy were never more widely separated than are now the orthodox, by the champions of the "new views" and the "old." It is not for us to say "the new" and "the old" can or cannot dwell together peaceably in the same fold; but the composition of Orthodoxy makes its stay seem rather unlikely.

But what *is* this new movement?

Rev. Dr. Merriman, March 26, read a paper upon "Our Present Movement in Theology,—a New Return," which is one of the most important means of coming at a knowledge of the ideas that underlie this movement, that we have met with. He begins by frankly saying, "There is some theological movement among us." He has "carefully" studied it; he can speak of it with "cheerfulness"; he would justify the present movement by the fact that, as compared with past standards of belief, "all of us" have moved. The "fact is nothing new." "Movement is one of the normal conditions of New England theology." So much, then, for the mere fact that there is a moving in Orthodoxy. It is worth remembering, that it is a movement *in* Orthodoxy, not *of* Orthodoxy. Some men, clerical and lay, among the orthodox, are moving,—"thinking forward on nearly the same, or nearly parallel lines." But

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by no means is this true of all. The proportion of the movers to the standfasts we have no means of knowing. It is certain, that among the champions of the new movement are some weighty names. The organ of it seems to be the *Christian Union*, of New York; and things are going on so fast and so far that there is no little alarm felt about it, and very plainly expressed. The discussion that followed the reading of the paper of Dr. Merriman clearly reveals it. The *Congregationalist* has been very outspoken in its condemnation of this movement. The *Christian Union*, opening its columns to defend the movement, yet gives an opportunity to those who would crush it, to do so. Dr. Plumb, in the discussion referred to, wished for a thousand times more power than he had, to "throw it all in opposition to the views" of Dr. Merriman. To him, these views were "both vague and vicious." One scarcely sees how one could have been more decided in his opposition to them than he was. Dr. Meredith spoke more hopefully,—spoke of "minor differences." "The time had come to stop talking." Another wanted this talk to stop, because, as he urged, and apparently with great earnestness, these new views were undermining his work as a parish minister; and he was applauded for his utterance. One, who was present as a correspondent of the *Christian Union*, was in doubt to which view, the new or the old, the majority of the three hundred laymen and ministers present would incline. But it is plain enough, he thinks, that the desire is that the discussion of the new movement should cease; while he also thinks the movement will still go on. It seems pretty evident, then, that Orthodoxy has its hands full of business just now,—that the advocates of the new views are neither few nor inconsequential.

We turn now to describe the movement as nearly as we can. It will be time pretty soon for somebody to give us the rise and the progress of it.

In attempting to describe it, we prefer, of course, to use the best authorities for our statements; and these do not seem to be the utterances of individual men in print and

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sermon, because it always seems unfair to make a number of men, a section in a church, or a church itself, responsible for such *quasi* private utterances. We, liberal Christians, have often enough protested against such a mode of statement, to be found guilty now of doing the same thing. So, though it is very tempting to go over some of the articles that have appeared about the new views, we put them all aside, and shall try to judge of the movement in Orthodoxy by the way in which some of their recently called councils have acted and voted in the matter of the settlement of ministers over churches. We suppose, if anything may be taken as indicative of what Orthodoxy is, of the drift of thought in Orthodoxy, large councils in their action may be so taken. We seem to be debarred from falling back upon the time-honored creed,— the Westminster Assembly's Catechism,— though it has never been repudiated as an authoritative statement of orthodox belief; it is frequently appealed to, but under that mischievous phrase, which one naturally thinks would bring a blush to the cheek of him who uses it,—"for substance of doctrine"; it is taught in thousands of Sunday-schools as the milk and meat of the Word,— debarred, I say, because there is so generally an individual, as distinguished from an ecclesiastical, repudiation of its statements as being final or unappealable. And, for pretty much the same reason, the Andover Creed can as little be appealed to in the matter,— what is Orthodoxy?— because that is only the belief upon which that Theological Seminary is established, and has no authority beyond its own walls. Besides, there seems to be a pretty widely spread opinion that that creed is taken with reservations, or accepted only by the aid of some curious interpretations of its language. We hope the orthodox body will not blame us, if we regard the action of some large and recent councils as affording us the best idea what their tendency, in thinking and acting, just now is.

But it would be quite fair, we are inclined to think, to quote the language of a paper like Dr. Merriman's as authority about the new views, because he spoke after

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"careful" study, and because, when he was criticised, he was not accused of misstatements of what *was* going on; nor were the views he stated called wrong ones, they were named "vague and vicious." He was not denounced as merely describing something, but as defending something which was unorthodox. His opposers seem to have given him the credit of telling truly what *was* going on, but they denounced *the thing* that was going on.

The new views are those which are held: I. Of the Bible; II. Of the work of Christ; III. Of future punishment.

These are also the points of interest, in the opinion of the *Congregationalist*, when recently asked about them: they are so also in the judgment of the councils.

Dr. Merriman says, "They" (the advocates of the new views) "reject verbal inspiration, and also plenary inspiration, *as it has generally been understood*, as untenable, burdening the Bible itself, hindering its reception by sceptical people, preventing the best understanding and use of it, and requiring much unnecessary apology in preaching." So much for what is not believed. The stress is laid upon "faith," "Christian experience," the "Divine Spirit" in the soul of the believer,— upon this as the true interpreter of the Bible. In that, the interpretation of the Bible, the intellect plays a secondary part; and theology, as made by the intellect, is "merely technical and formal": "an infidel can make" a very good theology of that kind. Faith is "the vital factor in forming Christian doctrine": the Bible was made for the soul, not the soul for the Bible.

II. Of the work of Christ. "They believe in the saving power of Christ with no aid from these theories,"— theories of the atonement, generally accredited,—"and, perhaps, without any in the place of them." "Their thought and religious experience are laboring toward such doctrinal statements of the work and passion of Christ as are thoroughly reasonable, welcome to the faith of sincere penitents, and such as can be used in preaching without any logical or rhetorical artifice." Now, positively. The new view "returns to the real relations between Christ and the

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soul"; "it returns to a real union with Christ as the great matter in our salvation"; "to the faith which is righteousness." "From an atonement, which only adjusts legal relations for us, it returns to an atonement which restores our filial relations to God."

III. Of future punishment. "The definitions and defences of eternal punishment, which have been generally taught by our theologians, are, by some, dissented from." "They will not take the burden of defending them, and will not impose them as conditions of church membership or of ministerial standing. They also *refuse to limit to the present life all the grace of Christ to all souls.* They regard it as reasonable, Scriptural, and profitable to believe that, as he died for all, his grace will be offered to all; that, as all are finally subject to his Christian judgment, all shall have Christian opportunity." (In these extracts from this paper, the italicized words are Dr. Merriman's own.) These ideas have been embodied in the new creed adopted by the church over which this gentleman is pastor.

Let us now endeavor to collect an idea of Orthodoxy from the action of the council that installed Rev. Dr. Smyth in New Haven, and from the action of the second council called to install Rev. Mr. Thayer in Quincy, Ill., whose death, recently, seems such a great loss to earnest Christian work and life. Let us consider the same three points, and in the same order.

I. Of the Bible. Dr. Smyth holds that "revelation in the Word of God is progressive, and yet complete for the purposes for which the Scriptures were given." He is reported as holding "that the Sacred Scriptures are, in fact, the record and interpretation — in fact, the contents — of the revelation from God which is fulfilled in Christ; and that we have, besides the written canons of faith, the progressive development of the faith in the mind of the Church through the spirit of Christ." To the question, "What is your theory of inspiration?" he replied: "I have no theory of inspiration. I am waiting for Prof. Ladd's book." "I emphasize it" (the Bible) "all the more as the word of God, because I cannot define its inspiration."

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II. Of the work of Christ, or of the atonement. He is represented as holding that God has ever been willing to forgive and restore; that this willingness to forgive is not alone enough for the reality of forgiveness, and that, therefore, God's love has led him to such outgiving from himself as is necessary for the realization of his eternal willingness to forgive. He regards all theories of the atonement as acceptable helps to our conceptions of it, but none of them as satisfactory explanations of the mystery of grace. "His" (Christ's) "suffering," he said to a question put to him, "was an expression of sympathy with us, putting himself in our place." The design of the atonement was not the representation of the divine character, but the "*realization*" of it: representation is too shallow a word to use about it.

III. Of the future condition of the wicked. He said: "There may be a probation hereafter for such as have had no chance in this life, such as idiots, infants, some heathen, etc. It is a question of *may be*, only so far as the existence of the supposed conditions are concerned. It becomes a *must be*, if the antecedent conditions are fulfilled. It is not, however, within my warrant, as a minister of the gospel, to declare so." To the question whether there was "any possible practical advantage in the doctrine of a probation after death," he replied, "I think that there is, apologetically, a practical advantage in leaving open such possibilities of grace as shall prevent our preaching from provoking, in the moral sentiments and hearts of men, an intense reaction against the gospel." To the question, "Do you believe that there is any person living who may have a moral chance after death?" Dr. Smyth replied: "If you wish me to dogmatize, I say no. If you wish simply for my opinion, I say yes." He said, "There certainly may be a possibility" of repentance after death, "and yet not a moral certainty." We think the above will give any one a fair idea of Dr. Smyth's views upon the points just now in dispute. The council then spent an hour in deliberating upon what they had heard, and the result was a unanimous vote of thirty-three to install him. One member

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only abstained from voting. We think "all of us" are moving.

Let us consider the decision of the council, the second, to install Rev. Mr. Thayer at Quincy, Ill.

Mr. Thayer read the customary paper, making a declaration of his doctrinal beliefs.

I. Of the Bible. The inspiration of it was supernatural but indefinable, though adapted to its end,— the awakening to righteousness. "Inspiration," he was reported to have said, "does not aim to secure the writers absolutely from mistakes in their outward historic facts." There is in the Bible "a distinctively human element." "The moral and religious teachings are without error, and command his absolute allegiance."

II. Of the atonement. Mr. Thayer held that the great end to be gained by the atonement of Christ is to bring man to God, to restore him from alienation to love. (The fathers taught, in the language of Rev. Dr. Park, that "the atonement is *useful* on men's account"; . . . "but it is *necessary* on God's account," . . . "to enable him to pardon," etc.) Mr. Thayer thought that the power of Christ's sufferings and death "outstretches any of the various theories which have each, perhaps, been in some sense partial expressions thereof."

III. Of the punishment of the wicked. The interest culminated here. Mr. Thayer seems to have held an everlasting punishment: because the soul was fixed in the everlasting devices of evil, the moral character has lapsed wholly into the love of evil, the good seems to make no impression upon it as good. For those, then, who have had a sufficient probation to establish this fixity of character, the punishment of their state is endless; but, for those who have had no such moral probation and die, a future moral probation will be granted them. This would be the case of those who die unchristianized in heathen lands; or those, in Christian lands, who die impenitent, not having had an adequate moral probation granted them here. All such, "feeling after God, if haply they may find him," will have the Christ

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presented to them. "Every human being will have a moral probation." Mr. Thayer would not teach this as a Scriptural doctrine; nor would he teach the limitation of probation at death as a Scriptural doctrine. The whole matter is extra-Scriptural, and is a matter of inference from the laws of developed character. Wherever there has been here an inadequate moral probation, there will be one granted the other side the grave. Mr. Thayer seems to have regarded this matter from the moral, the philosophical side, rather than from the stand-point of the Scriptures.

The council deliberated from eleven A.M. to seven P.M., with a short recess; and, at the call for an expression of opinion, sixty-six were for installing the pastor elect, and five opposed it. Finally, by a sort of compromise, which it is useless to explain, the installation took place.

Over the Windsor Avenue Church in Hartford, Ct., Mr. Stowe was lately installed. We are informed that "he believed the language of the Scripture and the creed of the Church about the judgment and punishment of the wicked; yet he did not pretend to know just what or how much was meant by it." Is this vague, or vicious, or silly, or all three? Rev. Washington Gladden, lately installed over a church in Columbus, Ohio, believes that "repentance is never out of order in any world, is never inefficacious in any world; but I do not know that there ever *is* repentance in any world but this." The question is not, how much he *knows*,— for nobody *knows:* it is, rather, what is your *belief* about it? "Never inefficacious," etc., *means* efficacious, etc.

Orthodoxy thus seems to have contented itself with this general statement upon the disputed point of the condition of the unchristian dead,— "that the Scriptures do not teach the doctrine of a future or second probation." Do we misinterpret Orthodoxy, when we say that it allows its ministers to hold it, and teach it as a matter of philosophy? Mr. Thayer and Dr. Smyth both held the possibility of the second or future probation, before orthodox councils called with the view of discussing just this point in their theology; and these large, influentially made up bodies appro-

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bated the men who so believe. But they seem to say, If you hold it, you must not do so as finding Scriptural authority for it. To sum up:—

I. Orthodoxy seems to believe in the inspiration of the Bible; but it is neither verbal nor plenary; nor is it such an inspiration as will keep any of its writers from making mistakes in narrating historic facts. It says inspiration, but also that it is undefinable; and this,—the Bible is the more trusted in, because the nature of its inspiration cannot be stated. How about "the pale negations" of Unitarianism?

II. Orthodoxy seems to us to have utterly broken down in its teaching of the nature of the atonement, as explained in the volume of Rev. Dr. Park, which we have read deeply enough into, we know, to know what the real doctrine of the atonement, in the New England sense of it, is.

III. Orthodoxy has abandoned its ground, held rigidly until a very recent time, that the sinner, losing or giving up his opportunity here of repentance and amendment, has no other offered him, or will have no other. It holds now that *every one* shall have a fair Christian chance, here or beyond. Are there any more "new views"?

So, finally, this boast of the *Christian Union* seems not unfounded, in view of the evident facts: "One thing is very clear: in so far as one wing in the Congregational body desires to maintain liberty of thought and discussion within the Church, and the other desires to deny it, or drive the utterer of new thoughts outside the pale of denominational fellowship, the former school has already won."

RUSHTON D. BURR.

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KUENEN vs. DELITZSCH.

It cannot fail to be of interest to have the exegetical positions of these two masters of Old Testament criticism set side by side, especially when one of them himself defines his position with reference to the other. This Kuenen does in the current number of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, of which contribution I shall give an abridgment, largely in the form of translated extracts.

To begin with, although himself and many others of his school are not so much as noticed by Delitzsch, yet Kuenen recognizes frankly in Delitzsch an antagonist of no mean order, in so far as there exists antagonism. "As far as I am concerned, if there must be translating done, let Delitzsch, by all means, be chosen: one could with difficulty make a better choice. The coming student of divinity... can learn much in the school of Delitzsch: ... a taste of him cannot otherwise than work favorably toward his further development." * "If translating is to be done" ... *But* "Do not they who, in the Netherlands, concern themselves about such matters, understand German?" And I shall hasten on, and not pause to consider whether, in doing a like work for a Dutch scholar in the interest of English readers, I am not drawing on my head similar righteous indignation.

A further occasion of surprise to Kuenen, he says, "lies deeper, and means more." "I had not thought that the theological tendency, which is represented by Prof. van Torenbergen, deemed desirable the spread of the views of Delitzsch concerning the Pentateuch, and was prepared to co-operate in this. Rather had I expected that, with all appreciation of the great services of the man of Leipzig, it would have been frightened back at his theory in its present form, or would at least have assumed an attitude of non-committal. To notice that this was not so was a matter of pleasant surprise to me.... Up to within a few years, they would have exclaimed *non tali auxilio*."

* *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, 17de Jaargang, 2de Stuk, 1o Maart, 1883 (Leiden), p. 191.

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Rightly to understand how true this is, we shall have to examine more closely the position which Delitzsch takes at present. Already, in the general remarks which serve for introduction, we get the following sketch of the history of the Pentateuch: "In the Pentateuch, we have before us legislation built along on foundations lain by Moses; and it is a constituent part of an historical work, which constitutes the first volume of the great work of Israel's national history, of which the last volume, the Book of Kings, originated in the midst of the captivity. Of this large whole, the final editing has probably occurred after the captivity. The present parts seem, evidently, to have been borrowed all from older sources, and thus to have been worked over into one whole. The elements which have been caused to flow into the Pentateuch are clearly recognized. The principal are the work of the Jehovist, Deuteronomy, and the Law of the Elohist. It is probable that the Book of the Covenant, the law which was written for the second time on tablets of stone, besides many narratives descended from a so-called second Elohist, were already collectively taken up into the work of the Jehovist before Deuteronomy arose and joined itself to it. These elements, with the Jehovistic stamp upon them, have been taken up in the legislation of the Elohist, and, as it were, incorporated. To call it a priest-code is already, therefore, one-sided, because this only designates the laws which it contains, but in no wise what is communicated in it as divine revelation from the creation of the world up to the death of Moses. Even as the retouched Jehovistic, so is also the Elohistic Thora an historic work, which tells us the origin of the people of Israel, with that which preceded and was preparatory. A part, which can easily be severed from its connection with the Elohistic Thora, is the so-called Law of holiness (Lev. xvii.–xxvi.). Its character is indeed Elohistic, but frequently, also, different and *sui generis*. Thus, it is also with the Book of Joshua, the Jehovistic and Elohistic elements of which do not so closely resemble those of the Pentateuch that we can view them as simply a continuation

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of them. We, therefore, do not touch on this book: it is enough for our purpose to have given those constituent elements of the Pentateuch, of which the occult difference with the Pentateuch criticism already stood established before this had entered upon its new position.* Delitzsch further adds to this that the latest Pentateuch criticism justly reverses the formerly assumed relation between Jehovist and Elohist, and recognizes the former as the one who supplements the work of the latter. Does the Jehovist in Gen. ii., 4, etc., seem just the reverse of this, to supplement the Elohistic narrative of the creation? Gen. i., 1, ii., 3. Still, this is only appearance. 'It is the editor who fills out one narrative with the other, and extends it further. The use of the double name, "The Lord God," links these two narratives together with a momentous didactic purpose.' "

"Thus we are, in reading the *Kritische Studien*, not for a moment in doubt as to how Delitzsch regards 'the five books of Moses.' . . . In the course of the investigation, the writer often recurs, of course, to the critical view previously given. And, in the very last article, he again sums up in this wise: 'Since my *Commentary* appeared for the first time in 1852, I have constantly maintained the right of analyzing the Pentateuch, and rejoiced also that Heinrich Kurtz concurred with me in this. I have repeatedly pointed out in this how the Thora of the Pentateuch has great similarity to the *quadriforme Evangelium*, and said that there could be nothing repulsive in thinking of the five (or, including Joshua, the six) books as having originated in a similar manner as the four (or, with the Acts counted in, the five) historical works of the New Testament, which indeed, also, on a closer inspection, cause us to presuppose the existence of many writings which have served for them as sources. Luke indeed says this distinctly in his introduction. With the many preceding notices of what the Lord has spoken, done, and suffered can be compared the many historical and legislative writings, as also the many codifica-

* *Pentateuch-Kritische Studien*, Frank Delitzsch.

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tions of the priests, as they were called, to foster the law (*voortplanten*), which collections excerpted later on, and worked over into one whole, now lie before us in the Pentateuch. For a long time, I was of opinion that it was sufficient to suppose that the work of the co-laborers remained confined to the time of Joshua and the Judges; but, at present, it seems to me certain that the history of the origin and the continued labors out of which the Thora, in its present form, has come, reaches up to the time after the captivity, and that the work did not even entirely stop when the Samaritan Pentateuch and the Greek translation originated. In this, the Gospels are very unlike the Pentateuch, since their origin is limited to a period of a single century, and not a period of some ten centuries. Still, the subject-matter of these two kinds of works differs also very essentially. The life of Jesus Christ on earth had, for the Church, become a closed whole, when it was once ended and taken up in the mirror of history. The Thora, however, does not contain merely the history, but also the regulation of the life of a people. It could not be otherwise than that the ordering of life, being once for all given by revelation, should undergo all sorts of applications and modifications, even as this had already taken place during the lifetime of the mediator of the law, so also through the authentic declaration and judicial procedures of men who had been called for the purpose by God.

"'This application and modification (how could it be otherwise?) were with full confidence recognized as deduced out of the same source with that which served as foundation, and as such was handed down by tradition. The Thora is the mirroring of a process of development extending over centuries, which the law of Moses has undergone in Israel's thoughts and actions. We concede that the Thora contains the defeat of this process, but so much the more do we cling to the Mosaic origin and the revealed character of the foundation which was once laid. Without this character, the law of the people, with its religion as this has expressed itself in the songs of Deborah and David and others, and

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with its prophets, remains a riddle. That it is truly a Mosaic foundation on which not only Israel's religion and morality rest, but on which also its ritualistic code under divine guidance has gradually developed itself, the collection of the laws, of which the most extended extracts are present in Lev. xvii., 26, strongly attests.'"

"In this last citation," says Kuenen, "it becomes clear, what indeed the *Kritische Studien* as a whole prove, that Delitzsch is very far from embracing the more modern Pentateuch criticism. About this later! Previously, we must take exact bearings as to the great distance between the traditional views with regard to the Mosaic origin of the Thora and the theory of Delitzsch. I have before me Vol. III., No. XI., July, 1882, of the *Presbyterian Review* (New York). It contains (pp. 553–588) a dissertation entitled 'Delitzsch on the Origin and Composition of the Pentateuch,' written at the suggestion of these same *Studien* which occupy us at present. The author is an old acquaintance, Dr. Samuel Ives Curtiss, at present professor at a (Congregational) seminary at Chicago. His strenuously conservative contributions to the maintenance of the authenticity of the Pentateuch, 'The Levitical Priests' and the dissertation 'De Aaronitici Sacerdotii atque Thorae Elohisticae Origine,' were duly noticed in our *Tijdschrift*. Is it strange that Dr. Curtiss, who entertains for his instructor the greatest honor and sincerest love, is brought by means of his present Pentateuch criticism somewhat into perplexity?

"Of this, his contribution in the *Presbyterian Review* is truly a notable testimony. It contains a compact but very just review of the contents of the twelve articles. But, after all, it is not his purpose to cause them to be known, much less to recommend them. The tendency is much rather conciliatory. The reader must learn to understand how a man such as Delitzsch can concede so much to criticism. Especially must he take in fully that Delitzsch is and continues orthodox nevertheless, and has in no wise with bag and baggage run over to the enemy's camp. Is all this introductory to the avowal that his view, how-

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ever suspicious at first sight, will still have to be embraced finally? No, indeed not! On p. 580, *et seq.*, the conclusion of the whole matter is given. Previously, we get some thoughts about the human and the divine elements in Scripture. After this, Dr. Curtiss gives, without discussing Delitzsch's views any further, a sketch of his own conception of the question. First, he gives two 'concessions': 'The Pentateuch is not as a whole written by Moses,' and 'The use of the appellations Jahwe and Elohim indicates two different documents.' He adds to this — preceded by the number (3), as though this were also a 'concession'! — a warning against philosophy, for from philosophic prejudice spring many errors of criticism. 'So now it would seem as though the agreement, with regard to the post-exilic origin of the Priest-code, was due to the predominance of the theory of development in the domain of religion as well as in that of history and language' (p. 585). Now, Dr. Curtiss turns against the 'modern critical theory,' which he rejects for all sorts of reasons. But (p. 586) the *facts* upon which it rests, in so far as they are indeed facts, must be taken into account, especially the deeds which testify to an ignorance of the regulations of the Thora. While, therefore, the (p. 588) Mosaic origin of the whole cannot possibly be longer defended, still an important part of the legislation runs back to the very first years of Israel's history. 'Passages which seem to be of post-Mosaic origin, and post-Mosaic names, may be due to marginal comments which have crept into the text, or to the hand of an editor.' The article closes with the following somewhat oracular utterance: 'It is our firm conviction, in closing, that men of evangelical spirit will beware how they commit themselves to the uncertain hypotheses of the critics; but we think we see that their investigations, so far as they are well grounded, will bring out all the more clearly the incarnation of the divine revelation in human forms of thought.'

"One would have to use," says Kuenen, "a queer sort of yardstick to be able to call all this clear and consistent.

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But it is thoroughly natural and capable of comprehension. Dr. Ives Curtiss does not belong to that class who kick against the pricks. When he in his former writings wrote against Graf and me, stayed by the consciousness that he was defending the faith, he knew of no concessions; and he held up the tradition in all its bearings, however difficult it might be for him. But scarcely does a believer repeat many of the formerly rejected views, but his sense of truth compels him to listen, and forbids him before long to continue occupying his old position. He does all in his power to remain as close as possible to the faith once delivered, and does not even spurn the help of the antiquated 'gloss-theory' which was defended more than a century and a half ago by Clericus. He even takes back with one hand what he had conceded with the other. In a word, the embarrassment is unmistakable. But, I repeat, nothing is more natural than this hesitation. It is impossible to oppose Delitzsch with holy zeal, but it is necessary gently to warn against him. But it must be said with special emphasis that, even with such departures from the traditional sense and so much the more with lesser ones, the divine truth, about which everything centres, is entirely secure."

Dr. Kuenen notices here briefly how in the Netherlands almost every one has passed beyond Dr. Curtiss' point of anchorage. In the preface to Dr. van Torenbergen's translation of Delitzsch, which is the work before him, there is "not a word of warning against the bold positions of Delitzsch, not a shadow of hesitancy in recommending his *Studien*. Delitzsch is the apologist of the true conception of the Old Covenant which is disowned by the modern criticism. This false conception is opposed, but the entire right of critical analysis of the Scriptures is also maintained; and every view of inspiration which shuts out the recognition of human elements is fought. We can only rejoice at this. Still, this joy is not unmixed. When it is become a matter of difference in degree between apologists such as Delitzsch and ourselves, they should assume also toward us

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a different tone of opposition. 'Strike me, but hear me,' spake Themistocles. 'You hear me; do not also strike me then,' we might now say. Still, this is of minor importance. We are together travelling one road, and at its end lies the reconciliation."

"Meanwhile, however, we are still far from this goal. The difference between Delitzsch and ourselves is even so great that he recognizes in us no co-laborers, but opponents. In what it consists became already evident in a degree from the pages of the *Studies* which I took up just now, but it deserves to be pointed out still more clearly."

"It would be unfair to formulate the difference thus: modern criticism denies Moses the character of legislator which the apologist continues to accord to him. Truly, by far the majority of us make no such denial. In my *Religion of Israel*, I have defended the relative authenticity of 'the Ten Words.' This I would not at present dare to do; but, on this account, I do not deny that Moses has been more than the deliverer of his people from Egyptian bondage, that he has also laid the foundations of the religio-ethical development of his people, whose later steps and final issues are given us in the Old Testament. Wellhausen thinks so too. His article 'Israel,' in the Encyclopædia Britannica, proves this. From the German text which lies before me, I shall take the liberty of taking a single extract, which places this beyond the possibility of a doubt." I shall not translate the German of the *Tijdschrift*, but quote direct from the Cyclopædia, cited (p. 398, English edition):—

"But in what does then the difference consist? While, according to our conception, *something new* has sprung in the course of centuries from germs scattered by Moses, and the Thora instituted by him has had a real *history* in which we distinguish different steps (the prophetic, the deuteronomic, the priestly or ritual), the apologists are endeavoring to show that all the laws which we now possess are in a wider sense Mosaic. They have not all been written by Moses, but they were indeed outlined by him (*geconcipieerd*). The codification has extended over many centuries, but the leg-

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islation — the legislation handed down to us in the Pentateuch — was extant from the first. They do not deny, therefore, that with later recording have occurred changes, supplements, and extensions. But the substance, not only in the Book of the Covenant, but also in Deuteronomy and in the priestly laws, is Mosaic. To show this is the fixed purpose of the *Studien* of Delitzsch. What exactly there has been modified or added with codification, why the original parts have not rather been saved for us and these supplanted by a later edition,— this we do not learn. Possibly, this will follow later on. Previously, it is necessary only to refute the later orgin which is claimed, and to vindicate the Mosaic source. After that, it will be made clear to us that all those codifications in which we can at present see hardly anything other than an innocent literary curiosity have had their *raison d'être.*

"How, then, shall we now pass judgment on the difference? My answer to this question indicates at the same time the deepest cause of my surprise at the translation of the *Studien* of Delitzsch. Do they then really think that his view is destined to crowd ours to the wall? Is it thought to spring from better motives, and to be more in accord with truth? How is that possible? Of course, the concession is made at once that it is less removed from the tradition. For the plain, unequivocal thesis, *Moses, the writer of the whole Pentateuch*, it substitutes something exceedingly foggy. But, however dim the lines of demarkation of its theory are, so much the easier is it to identify it virtually with the older conception. Not pressed by any of its difficulties, it seems to retain everything that recommends it. But, having said this, everything is said. In every other respect,— and what I just now referred to is no consideration,— the theory of the apologist is infinitely inferior to ours. Alone as a stepping-stone to this, rendering the transition easy for some, has it any value.

"How do the *Studies* of Delitzsch 'refute' the leading thought of Wellhausen? Let me at once remark that the method which is followed is the only one possible, and, more-

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over, that it is applied by the Leipzig doctor in a most excellent manner. One can hardly be either more honest or more learned or more subtile than he. If, therefore, there are errors committed here, then they are certainly not due to the person, but to the matter. Well, faults there are; and every one who has learned to observe notices them immediately. The amphibious character of the apologetical theory appears on its very face. The facts are admitted, but the conclusions which flow from them directly are set aside. It weighs them, though sometimes only seemingly, but allows them no due force. It says *a* now, and then also *b* and *c*, but then stops without once having the faintest conception why? As matter of course, a number of dark queries present themselves in an inquiry such as the one after the origin of the Pentateuch; the materials which one has at hand are often inadequate or capable of more than one construction; the witnesses are sometimes ambiguous, etc. In all those cases, the true scientific method is designated. The uncertain must be judged according to that which is established, the doubtful must be decided by analogy. The apologist, on the contrary, causes every *dubium* to come to the help of the traditional view. He loves to fish in troubled waters. In opposition to the conclusion drawn from analogy, he places a 'still it might be,' which, of course, supports the tradition. Furthermore, he makes capital of the errors of the critics. If one of them has ventured a little too far, and considered proven what in fact was as yet unproved or even very doubtful, then is this not only shown up,— which is very just and praiseworthy,— but it is also used as weapon against the criticism in general. As if through the blunders of one or the other of us, the entire newer conception can be set reeling, or even the traditional view become in any respect more acceptable! It is at present Wellhausen who is being cut up (*geexploiteerd*) in this fashion. At the start, he has rendered the modern view untold services, and has multiplied tenfold the number of its advocates. At present, his constructive genius furnishes the opponent material for many imagined or, at best, very

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partial victories, which, accordingly, in good faith come to be considered as a triumph along the whole line. Just as if the reputation of a single guess which has been ventured had anything in common with the maintenance of the Mosaic origin of the whole Thora! As if it were enough to prove that *A.* or *B.* had not succeeded in showing when and where in the post-apostolic time I. Peter and the Pastoral Epistles were written, in order to establish beyond the possibility of a doubt the authenticity of those writings!"

"But this is enough concerning the apologetical method in its entirety. I would not have dared to write down this judgment, if I had not had at my disposal some space in which to vindicate it." Kuenen hereupon proposes to review not the whole, but some few salient points, not taking, however, "as every one must admit," the weakest.

"In the second study, Delitzsch claims to have shown that 'not only our attitude toward the Scriptures of the Old Covenant, but also historical and objective reasons, forbid us to consider the Tabernacle of the so-called Priest-code as a deliberate piece of fiction.' After some introductory remarks concerning the history of the inquiry into this matter, he starts out with the recognition that in the Pentateuch there appear two representations of the ôhel mô éd, the Jehovistic (Ex. xxxiii., 7–11; Num. xi., xxii., 5; Deut. xxxi., 14, 15) and that of the Priest-code (Ex. xxv., etc.). He admits that the Jehovistic tent stood without; the sacerdotal, on the contrary, in the middle of the camp; and that the former was apparently more simple than the latter. Thus far, everything follows well. But now we begin to get into (*tobber*) meshes. There follows now a page about the compiler of the Pentateuch, who incorporated both of the two representations, and thus must have thought that there was no conflict between them. We ask, Of what concern is this in the matter? Is such an opinion considered decisive? Then, indeed, we can give criticism an effectual letting alone; for then there are no conflicting passages any longer. But, if not decisive, then there is no advantage in allowing ourselves to be turned from the track by the com-

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piler. The only question is whether we can see our way clear to convert the two representations into one. If this does not work,—and even all the less in proportion as both of them are maintained more consistently by the writers who give them,—then the difference remains with everything that flows from it. Delitzsch, accordingly, also abandons at the close all further harmonizing, and desires alone to show 'that there is an historical basis for the Elohistic description just as much as for the Jehovistic.' To this purpose, he makes clear that the last-named ôhel mò éd is really only an oracle-tent. Jahwe reveals himself there to Moses, and more particularly in the pillar of cloud and fire. But can this have been its only purpose? It is at least probable that it served also as a place to keep the ark of Jahwe. This is nowhere definitely assured; but still this is in itself probable, and was probably stated in so many words in the original Jehovistic account, which the compiler incorporated only in part. I cannot consider valid all the arguments which Delitzsch adduces for this opinion; but still I agree with him, and shall let him go on." . . . But Dr. Kuenen says the question properly is, Has the Elohistic Tabernacle really an historical basis? How is this established?

"We have here presented us a peculiar case. The critics who are being refuted by Delitzsch virtually agree with him as concerns the premises, and yet they come to an opposite conclusion. More than twelve years ago, I considered—not only as constituent part of the Jehovistic tradition, but also as historically probable—that Aaron and his sons performed the priestly functions at the sanctuary of the congregation of the tribes. I have never entertained any doubts as to the purpose of the Jehovistic ôhel mò éd as a place for safe keeping of the ark and, in connection with this, for sacrificing. Wellhausen is less decided, but still inclines to this conception.* But what follows? It serves alone to make somewhat more intelligible something which we should have to concede anyway, even if we could

* *Gesch. Israels*, i., 41, 1.

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not entirely explain it; namely, that the *Tabernacle of the Priest-code is the transformed ôhel mô éd of the Jehovist.* Delitzsch frets himself exceedingly, to find arguments for his position that the priestly Tabernacle has a foundation in history or, at least, in the tradition. Altogether unnecessary trouble! There exists such a foundation, and it is recognized by every one of us. No mortal can doubt the original identity of the one and the other ôhel mô éd. Both bear the same name; both are the dwelling-place of Jahwe and, as is admitted by both sides, of Jahwe's ark; at both, as we saw just now, it was customary to sacrifice. The concurrence extends even further. Delitzsch writes, 'In general, all places are Jehovistic in which the manner in which God shows his presence is called pillar of cloud or pillar of fire, such as, *e.g.*, Ex. xiii., 21, Num. xiv., 14, Deut. i., 33, to which Neh. xiv., 14, refers.' This is, possibly, rightly intended, but certainly very unfortunately expressed: Ex. xl., 34–38; Num. ix., 15–23; x., 11, 12, and, in my opinion, also Ex. xvi., 10, are Elohistic, and borrowed from the Priest-code. It is true a pillar is not mentioned there, but still a cloud which became fire at night and, what is to our present purpose, which was stationed above the Tabernacle, as often as this was pitched. Besides, the Tabernacle has this also in common with the Jehovistic ôhel mô éd. There is thus no possibility of doubt: the portable sanctuary of Ex. xxv., *et seq.*, is the priestly version of the simple tent of the Jehovistic tradition. *To this extent*, it has an historic basis. But, *in whatever respects it is more than or different from this simple tent, that is fiction.* The overthrow of this opinion one seeks in vain in the study of Delitzsch: one can even claim that he has hardly touched upon it. Not a word about the transposition of the tent into the middle of the camp, the didactic tendency of which is so noticeable;* not a word as to the difficulties in the way of building and transporting such a sanctuary in the wilderness, etc. The critical question is not solved, since it is not even clearly stated; yea, the entire argu-

* See my *Religion of Israel*, ii., 75, 76.

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ment serves as an evasion of the problem, which is, however, so very simple."

"But we shall strive not to fall into the same error, and shall therefore pass over minor matters. About the most of them, I have accordingly elsewhere said what needs to be said.* I, for one, cannot believe that such giving and taking as are practised in this study on the Tabernacle will ever become indigenous in the Netherlands. We are too wide-awake for that. When some one has made clear to us that the Pentateuch offers two different and irreconcilable representations of the ôhel mô éd, then we ask him, Which of the two is historical? And, if the answer is, as we might expect, 'The oldest and at the same time the most simple,' we conclude, Then the other is non-historical. And here accordingly we rest."

"The dissertation concerning 'The Great Day of Atonement' is very important from a methodological point of view. The misuse of the *argumentum e silentio*,—thus might we define its subject in the spirit of Delitzsch. He charges us with denying that it was observed previous to the exile, only because there is found no mention of it in the literature of this time. But, in the first place, this silence is easily explained; and, furthermore, if it proves anything, it proves too much. Indeed, it would follow from it that this observance was first introduced a long time after the date of Ezra and Nehemiah,—in a time, therefore, when its origin is virtually inconceivable. The only argument against the high antiquity of the Day of Atonement thus falls to the ground, and nothing prevents us from continuing to consider it as a part of the ancient system of Moses.

"Let us see what there is to this. The critics who are opposed by Delitzsch were of course not aware that they had so unscrupulously misapplied the *argumentum e silentio*. Must they now confess their sins, and better their lives? Beyond a doubt, if and to the extent that their method is

* Concerning Num. xvi. (the Jehovistic elements have nothing to do with the right of the priestly office) see *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, xii. (1878), 139, *et seq.*; concerning Ex. xxxiii., 29, and Deut. x., 6–9, likewise xv. (1881), 198, *et seq.*; concerning Ex. xx., 24–26, and the relation of the Book of the Covenant to the unity of the place of worship, my *Religion of Israel*, i., 493–496.

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correctly described by Delitzsch. But just this is what they cannot admit. In two respects, they have injustice done them. Meanings or conclusions are ascribed to them which they cannot own; and their sentiments concerning the Day of Atonement are severed from the connections in which they are found, and from which they derive much of their force.

"Delitzsch treats first a number of passages in which the Day of the Atonement is not mentioned, and from which, however, nothing can be inferred against its observance. Among these are not a few which I view just as he." As such, Kuenen cites I. Kings viii., 2, 65, 66; and II. Chron. vii., 7-9. "And who does?" Though Delitzsch says, "The modern criticism of the Pentateuch does not hesitate to draw this conclusion." In reply, Kuenen says, "I can, of course, not answer for the entire 'modern criticism'; but I can say that I know of no one who draws this conclusion." Also Ezra iii., 1–6. Nor does Kuenen attach much significance to the silence of Zech. vii., viii. But as to Neh. viii., 14–18, he says he is again agreed with Delitzsch, with reference to the Day of Atonement. "The silence concerning it does not prove that it was not prescribed in the law-book *which Ezra read, and thus made known for the first time.* This, however, I must by all means add. If the observance was already instituted at an earlier date, and, as a consequence, was yearly kept, then it seems to me *very strange* that they should have failed to observe it under the leadership of Ezra and Nehemiah, or that, if its observance was not neglected, the (well-informed) writer has made no mention of it. But no one will indeed imagine to draw *from this alone* a positive conclusion: it is one point in many. This is also the case with the silence of Ezekiel, or rather with that ordinance of his in which he digressed from the law, Ezek. xlv., 18–20. Here, however, Delitzsch makes too light of his opposition to the newer criticism. Ezekiel's sketch of the establishment of the new theocracy (Ezek. xl.–xlviii.), according to Delitzsch, has nothing to do with the Thora, and thus proves nothing either for or

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against the existence of its prescriptions. But it will not do to represent the matter in this fashion. What the prophet prescribes in Ezek. xlv., 21–25, with reference to the Passover and the Feast of Harvest, is indeed assuredly borrowed from the Thora,—not from the Priest-code, it is true, but still from the more ancient regulations of the Thora, which he expands in his manner. Now, Delitzsch believes that Ezekiel's law-book also contained Lev. xvi. But why, then, does not he join himself to that? Why does he ordain (vs. 18–20) on other days of the year, concerning the same purposes with the 'Day of Atonement,' a much simpler observance, which stands in the same relation to the 'Day of Atonement' as does the acorn to the oak? In this vein we are answered; but the prophet, or rather the spirit of Jahwe in the prophet, does not tie itself down to the letter of the law! Assuredly not; but still he retains as much as he can, and why, then, not this? For, certainly, no one can be made to believe that it can have been his purpose to allow the continuance of the Day of Atonement on the 10th of the seventh month, alongside of the propitiatory sacrifice of the 1st and on the 7th of the first month. We have here, therefore, an *argumentum e silentio:* yes, but such as has real force, and which we will accordingly keep in mind for further consideration."

"We have now finished the historical testimony concerning the 'Day of Atonement.' But this does not end the matter, in our opinion at least. Delitzsch, however, thinks he has won the suit. The last pages of his study give nothing that has the appearance of an impartial analysis of the point at issue. First, he reminds the reader that the Day of Atonement is mentioned not only in full form in Lev. xvi., but also elsewhere in the Priest-code (Ex. xxx., 10; Lev. xxiii., 26–32; Num. xxix., 7–11; probably also xviii., 7). Must then, he asks, all these passages be considered interpolations? After this, he still again takes in hand the *argumentum e silentio*, and shows to what it might lead, as is indeed easily understood, if used without discrimination."

Here follows a paragraph in which our critics measure

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swords on the subject of the relative antiquity of certain *hapax legomena;* but, as the stress of the argument does not in the opinion of either rest here, I shall proceed without further notice of this to the consideration of Delitzsch's position, as outlined above. Kuenen "has some serious grievances."

"'The great Day of Atonement' is, in my opinion, an original constituent element of the priestly Thora. I thus do not for a moment consider Lev. xvi., etc., as more recent interpolations, since they refer to and regulate the observance. Wellhausen is of the same opinion: he, too, refers Lev. xvi. to the law-book of Ezra. Reuss,* on the other hand, infers from Neh. viii., 14–18, that said chapter was first incorporated later, between 440 and 400 B.C.† His opinion seems to me to be incorrect; still, it is in any event not equivalent to the newer criticism of the Pentateuch. He who desires to refute this must take into account the interpretation before mentioned. He is not to overlook that the inquiry as to the age of Lev. xvi. does not stand isolated, but is a portion of the investigation into the origin of the priest Thora. All the evidence which tends to transfer it to the fifth century B.C. applies also to Lev. xvi., unless there should arise difficulties against this date,— mark well, difficulties,— that is, reasons which *prevent* us to place said chapter as late as this. But Delitzsch furnishes us none: he attempts alone to show that the Day of Atonement *may* be older, though there is never any mention made of it. No wonder, therefore, that he confines himself to this. Had he proceeded in the course which, in my opinion, has been designated, he would have reached a conclusion exactly the reverse of that which he was seeking; instead of obstacles against the late date of Lev. xvi., the clearest proofs that the code which it contains belongs to the priest Thora, and cannot be separated from it, any more than the key-stone can be taken out of the arch. No great 'Day of Atonement' without a sanctuary such as that of Ex. xxv., etc., without the high priest and the theory of sacrificing, and the doc-

* *Jahrb. für Deutsche Theologie*, xxii., 420; and *Gesch. Israels*, i., 114.
† *L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*, i., 260, sv.; *Gesch. des A. T. S.*, 475.

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trine of pollution and purification, which are met with in the priest Thora, and there only. Having arrived at this conclusion, he could have considered established that everything that I cited just now — yes, all of it — is foreign to the literature of the period previous to the exile, or even shut out by this; that it belongs to a system of which, for instance, even Deuteronomy has no knowledge,— yes, which in many respects runs violently counter to the thought and practice of the period before the exile. And, with this, the question of the great Day of the Atonement had entered upon another stage than that of Delitzsch's fourth study. The silence concerning the day would have ceased, being a fact capable of two explanations. The oft-recurring refuge, 'Still, Lev. xvi. *may* have been known,' would then have been effectually cut off. . . . I cannot undertake the treatment of the larger whole to which belongs the variance concerning Lev. xvi., and this is indeed also no longer necessary. I desired alone to make clear that, and why in this case the inquiry of Delitzsch is incomplete, and as a consequence altogether unsatisfactory. The particulars in the case, the few texts and witnesses, must be examined as closely as possible, beyond a doubt. But, afterward, the whole (*ensemble*) must be viewed, and with the eye on this must be decided what the few data cause us indeed to suspect, but cannot establish. Instead of this, to maintain the conclusion to which the details do certainly not point, for the reason that the traditional view receives thus some support,— truly, this cannot be defended from a scientific standpoint."

Omitting the fifth dissertation, Kuenen now gives an interesting review of Delitzsch's theory concerning the degradation of the Levites, which I shall simply touch on in a few words of my own. Delitzsch's opinion that the division of the Levites into two classes, priests and Levites, antedates the captivity, is accepted. But Kuenen finds the key to this, not in any Mosaic ordinance in favor of Aaron's descendants, of which all the literature extant in Ezekiel's day contains not one trace, but in II. Kings xxiii., 8, 9, the

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omission of which passage is both fatal to Delitzsch's entire argument, and altogether inexcusable in Kuenen's opinion.

But our critic, and we too, feel that, though the matter is not exhausted, yet we must close. "The essay on the Passover, if I do not deceive myself, must start the inquiry with a thoughtful reader, To what purpose does then the critical analyses and comparison of texts serve? The various laws about passover and mazzôth are very correctly classified here. But, when we have come to know them in their peculiar character, and have been looking forward with interest for the inferences to which the comparison seems to lead necessarily, then we are bitterly disappointed. For, then, all at once the harmonizing effort comes to the front, and does its work so well indeed that there remain only a few small points of difference, just large enough to keep us pleasantly occupied, but altogether insufficient to deduce the laws in question from the different periods of Israel's history, and thus to explain them, as the newer criticism had fancied it could. . . .

"The three essays on Deuteronomy I would like to go over with a limited number of young students of Old Testament criticism. This is really the only true way of arriving at a fair estimate of their contents. Fair and unfair remarks, unassailable premises, and arbitrary conclusions follow each other in quick succession. Deuteronomy is older than the Priest-code,—capital! But hardly has this been said and shown ere it is again more than half taken back by reference to (altogether fancied) Deuteronomic citations from the few laws which are supposed to have been added later to the Priest-code. Thus, *e.g.*, Deut. xviii., 2, is called a reference to Num. xviii., 20, 23, etc.; while the Book of Deuteronomy itself, Ezek. (Deut.?) x., 6–9, contains a representation of place and time of choice of Levi, varying from Num. xviii., by means of which the derived character of Num. xviii. is precluded. Thus, in the following page, Num. x., 1, is explained from Ex. xxv., 10, failing to recognize the difference between the two passages, which casts the agreement entirely into the

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background.* When, accordingly, in the following essay the high antiquity of Deuteronomy is argued, we are compelled to be contented with very slim arguments, which slip away as we try to grasp them. The Mosaic origin of even Deut. xxxii. is defended,—yes, also of 'the blessing of Moses,' Deut. xxxiii. As the most innocent thing in the world, we have right in the midst of this conservative argument, 'Verse 4 must of course be discriminated (*auszuscheiden*) from the text as a later addition.' Of course; that is to say, if the blessing is to be Mosaic. Also the argument that Deuteronomy, although compiled later, contains genuinely Mosaic laws, is far from conclusive, however ingenious occasionally. Unimportant marks must pass as evidence of high antiquity, or they must do service in the form of difficulties in the way of a later origin, while serious difficulties remain untouched. Strain at the gnat, and swallow the camel.

"But I lay down my pen. My announcement sounds, certainly, very little like a recommendation. Still, I close with the sincere wish that the *Studien* of Delitzsch may now find also in the Netherlands many readers, but—and I think I have justified this limitation—especially many thoughtful readers. Such can derive much good from their perusal."

If this is true in Europe, much more in America, especially when the value of either master is enhanced by the other, through such comparison of views as given above.

JOHN VISHER.

* Compare *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, xv. (1881), 169.

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THE WORKS OF FREDERIC HUIDEKOPER.*

We welcome this new edition of Prof. Huidekoper's works in a more stately form, and better announcing to the reader the minute, exact, and thorough scholarship which they illustrate and contain. The modest professor first published his works, containing such vast stores of erudition, in small volumes; in clear type, it is true, but with small margins and not thick paper. Looking at the three little volumes, which appeared one after another, as they lay upon the counter of the bookseller, one was not attracted by their size to examine them as the most remarkable works of the day. We speak advisedly (for we have read the volumes word for word, which persons writing notices of books are supposed not to do),—we speak advisedly, when we say that for thoroughness of investigation, cautiousness of affirmation, and exhaustiveness of examination, no works have been published in the last decade which will excel them, and none that we have examined equal them. Whether the reader agrees with the conclusions of the author or not, he will agree with the opinion of the writer of this notice that the profoundness and exactness of the works are an honor to American scholarship, as they are an admirable illustration of what may be accomplished by a determined scholar, even one whose eyes are darkened; for it should be said, to the great credit of the author, that, for all these twenty years that he has been consulting the original authors in Greek and Latin for the composition of his works, he has been almost blind, using his eyes but two or three hours a day, and then at intervals. A tenacity of purpose has held him to his work, rivalling, if not surpassing, that of Prescott and Parkman. When we notice the

* Volume I. *Judaism at Rome*, B.C. 76 to A.D. 140. By Frederic Huidekoper. Fifth edition. New York: David G. Francis. 1883. pp. xiv, 613.

Volume II. *Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By Frederic Huidekoper. Fourth edition. New York: David G. Francis. 1883. pp. xvi, 217. *Acts of Pilate.* From a Transcript of the Codex designated by Thilo as Paris D. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son, University Press. 1883. pp. iv, 35. *The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld.* By Frederic Huidekoper. Fifth edition. New York: David G. Francis. 1883. pp. xi, 188.

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multitude of references, almost innumerable, and cross references in almost equal number, we are amazed at the minute painstaking which is evident on every page. For the author gives his authority for every statement made in the text by a reference to the page in the original from which it is taken, and the edition of the work quoted, and not seldom gives the original passage itself in a note. Herculean labor is everywhere evident. Each work is furnished with minute indexes of "Quotations from Scripture," "Citations from Ancient Authors," and of "Words and Subjects," so that any topic or reference can easily be found. In a word, here is a perfect book, as far as its furnishing is concerned.

The professor has not attempted to introduce into these compacted pages of fact any fine writing. There are no "glittering generalities" here. It is no more than just to say that the author's style is rather dry, and somewhat stiff and hard; but it is clear. It is not necessary to read a sentence twice to understand it. Indeed, it would have been difficult for any one to indulge in many rhetorical flights in such a work as this, without provoking a smile or awakening indignation.

This work is a very miracle of typographical accuracy, where there are so many references of so many kinds, in so many styles of types for figures and catch-words. The use of the broad black letter in the fine print of the notes for authors' names, for the titles of works, for the chapters referred to or the page where the page is equivalent to chapter, is a great aid to the reader, and especially to the scholar simply looking up a reference.

As a book, in its construction and typography, the work is perfect of its kind. The work of the printer and the work of the author are equally admirable.

The first of these two volumes contains the professor's work on *Judaism at Rome*, which was analyzed and reviewed at length in this work by the late Rev. Charles H. Brigham of Ann Arbor, and may therefore be passed by with the single remark that it has been received with favor by schol-

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ars, and passed through five editions. Whether one estimates the influence of Jewish monotheism on Grecian and Roman thought as highly as does the author, or not, we shall admit that he has calmly, clearly, and fully given the grounds of his opinion. The same may be said of his views of the conflict between the senate and the emperors of Rome.

So thoroughly did the author work up his material in the first edition that he has found no occasion for making any material change in succeeding ones.

The second work in the second volume is the *Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld.* This is the first work in these volumes that the professor published. It was noticed when first issued, and is so well known to scholars that it is not necessary to notice it again in this connection, as no changes of any importance have been made in it since the first edition. It has passed through five editions.

The other work and the first in the second volume is entitled *Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels*, of which this is the fourth edition.

This is the professor's last work, first published in 1879, and in some respects it will be the most popular of his works, as at this period the origin and authenticity of the Gospels are attracting and commanding the attention of not only scholars, but also of all readers. In his studies necessary to the production of his other works, the attention of the professor was drawn to a special notice of the various and conflicting opinions which sprang up among Christians, even in the apostolic age, and especially in the age immediately succeeding it. Earnest contentions arose respecting their correctness and practical value, so that not only were some for Paul and some for Apollos and some for Cephas and some for Christ, but some were followers of Hymeneus and Philetus, some were Valentinians and Gnostics, some were sticklers for Jewish ritualism, and others equally despisers of the Jewish ceremonials. There was but little unity of opinion, and these opinions were maintained by their devo-

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tees with an earnestness which often amounted to asperity and excision.

It naturally occurred to the professor that, if the Gospels were not written in the apostolic age, but far into the second century, as some critics earnestly maintained, some reference to these opinions would be made in them. These references are not to be found, not the slightest reference to them can be found. No allusion, the most remote, is made to them in any one of the Gospels; not even in the latest one, the Gospel of John, which is supposed by those who maintain its genuineness to have been written near the close of the first century, and past the middle of the second, by several learned critics who have a large following.

This school of critics Prof. Huidekoper opposes, and we think pretty conclusively confutes in this work. His position is this: If our Gospels grew up by constant accretions during the close of the first century and the first half of the second, some allusion would have been made to those opinions in these writings; but no such allusion is made. Therefore, they were written before these opinions and customs assumed importance or even existed.

The syllogism is fairly constructed; and, if it is not conclusive, its weakness is in its first member,— namely, whether, if these opinions existed and were held as vital and discussed with bitterness and created parties among the early Christians, they would necessarily have so arrested the attention of the writers of the Gospels as to have compelled them to introduce them into their writings.

Prof. Huidekoper has shown, past the possibility of question, that such various opinions were held, and were the cause of most ardent controversy during the very period in which, according to a school of critics, the Gospels were gradually formed by accretions of oral traditions and written fragments of the life and teachings of Jesus. So much his opponents must concede to him of his premise: they can escape his conclusion only by showing, as just remarked, that it does not necessarily follow that the writers of the Gospels, or the editors of the fragments of which they are

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composed, would mention them directly, or even incidentally allude to them. On the necessity or probability of their doing this, the whole argument depends; and the necessity and probability of their doing it depends upon the value which men put upon these opinions, the tenacity with which they were held, the place they occupied in the central truth of Christianity.

That these opinions were considered of the highest importance, vital to the integrity and efficiency of the Christian religion, Prof. Huidekoper also shows by abundant quotations and more abundant reference to others. This being done, he has made out his case. His inference in the third member of his syllogism is legitimate: the Gospels *were not written after the apostolic age, for they make no reference whatever to these opinions.*

Even to enumerate the most important of the more than sixty opinions held in the early post-apostolic age, introduced as proof of his position by the author, would occupy more room than can be given to this notice. Nor could they be so quoted as to give the reader a just idea of their value and force, as stated by the author. He has worked, if he has not opened, a new field in the evidences, for which all scholars will thank him, whether they accept his conclusions or not.

One hundred and two pages are occupied by the text and notes, which cover, on an average, half of each page; and one hundred and fifteen pages are included in the appendix, forty-three of which are appropriated to a translation of "The Acts of Pilate" and "Pilate's Report." He also prints in the original Greek a corrected edition of codex "Paris D" in connection with this edition, that his readers may compare his translation in the body of the work with the original. Large quotations are also made from the "Sibylline Oracles," and an examination of the uncanonical books is made. The authenticity of the first two chapters of Matthew is examined, and also that of Mark xvi., 9–20; and several other questions respecting early Christian and heathen fragments are discussed.

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We cannot conclude our notice of this work without mentioning two points which the author makes against the late origin of the Gospels and the non-Johannean authorship of the Fourth Gospel.

Our Saviour is called "Jesus" almost universally in the Gospels, and over six hundred times. When the word "Christ" is added, which is seldom, it is added as a title; in Greek, the article "the" being almost universally prefixed, as "Jesus *the* Christ." In post-apostolic times, this word "Christ" was used almost as universally as a proper name, without the article, as "Jesus Christ." Now, if the Gospels had been written when the name of the Master was universally used in this form, would not their writers have so used it? Would they have introduced this anomalous form?

The First Epistle of John is accepted as genuine by many who place the composition of the Gospel which bears his name in the middle or even in the last quarter of the second century. Prof. Huidekoper maintains that the style of the Gospel and Epistle proves that they were written by the same person; and he adduces no less than fourteen peculiar idioms common to the Gospel and Epistle, indicating, if not proving, one author. But nobody contends that the First Epistle of John was written in the second century; and, if not, the legitimate inference is that the Gospel was written in the first century, and by the Apostle John.

It is no more than fair that the author should have his own summary of his work given. It is as follows: —

"1. Christian authorship of the Gospels was contrary to the controversial wants of the early Christians, and so embarrassed them in their arguments with heathen that it is morally impossible that they could have fictitiously assigned such authorship to them.

"2. Of all the controversies in which the Christians were engaged, whether between themselves or against Jew or heathen, not a trace appears in the Gospels.

"3. Of the opinions prominently asserted and defended by the early Christians, or by particular schools among them,

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and which they rode as hobbies, not one appears in the Gospels. . . . The very object which early controversialists assigned to the Master's ministry — namely, the overthrow of these [heathen] deities — is utterly ignored in the Gospels.

"4. Of the customs to which the early Christians attached importance, or to which they were wedded, we find nothing in the Gospels, except the baptismal formula of the second century.

"5. The peculiar designations for God used by Christians in heathen lands are absent from the Gospels.

"6. So are the terms by which Christians were designated.

"7. So are the terms . . . coming into common use among them. That the phrase 'Jesus Christ,' or that the latter portion of it without the article, should not be found in the Gospels, beyond what has been pointed out, is a remarkable fact.

"8. We find various questions about public games, slavery, and other things, in which the Christians were deeply interested, but on which the Gospels attribute no remark to the Master. . . .

"It is morally impossible, if the Gospels had been fictitious, or were slowly growing under the hands of Christians, that they should have omitted all the topics of chief interest to those who wrote them."

We hope the dimness of the professor's sight, which has not yet cast any shadow on the field of his mental vision, may not prevent him from opening still further the rich treasure-house which he has stored with the results of his life-long studies. As we write, we hear of the deep shadow which has fallen upon his hearth and his heart, and cannot refrain from thus publicly expressing our profound sympathy for him in his great bereavement. "My son! my son! my only son!"

R. P. Stebbins.

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DETERMINING CONDITIONS OF THE REFORMATION.

Among the great names which mark the period of the Reformation, Luther holds conspicuously the first place. He holds this place, not because he was the first to begin, but because, as we may say, he forced the issue, because for thirty years he was the most conspicuous figure upon the field, and because, more than any other man of his generation, he dictated the course of events and determined its results.

But he did not begin the movement. If we wish to credit him with no more than his own, this is a point which needs to be distinctly seen. We have heard the watchwords "Luther and the Reformation" so often uttered together that a feeling has vaguely grown up that with Luther the Reformation had its beginning; and that, but for Luther, we should all be kissing the crucifix and bowing to the infallibility of the pope. We forget that there must have been conditions, or Luther himself would never have been possible.

The first condition which led to the Reformation, and almost the most important, was political. For nearly five centuries, a steady contest between the empire and the papacy had trained the German people to look upon the pope as a national enemy. In the eleventh century, one German emperor, Henry III., deposed three popes in succession, and installed their successors according to his own pleasure. The tables were turned in the next reign, and Henry IV. having been excommunicated did penance by standing for three days, clad in his shirt, shivering at the pope's door for admission to the presence of his Holiness. The tables were turned again in the next reign; and Henry V. marched into Italy at the head of thirty thousand men, took the pope prisoner, and compelled his Holiness to do what he had refused,—place the crown upon the head of the emperor. In the next century, the

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twelfth, Frederick Barbarossa was excommunicated by the pope, or by one of the popes,—for there were two of them,—marched upon Rome, took the city and the papal palace, and shut up the excommunicating pope in the Coliseum. In the next century, Frederick II. sat upon the throne of Germany. He has been called the "most remarkable figure of the Middle Ages": he was perhaps the most enlightened man of his time. He was twice excommunicated, passed more than twenty years of his reign under the ban of the Church, and lay under its ban when he died.

The long contest for political supremacy between the pope and the empire culminated when in 1314 the nobles of Germany elected to the throne Louis of Bavaria, an excommunicated and interdicted prince, and declared that "the German king or emperor, if appointed by the majority of the electors, received his authority from God alone, and needed not papal sanction in the exercise of his rights."

This decision was thenceforth considered to be final, so far as the question of political supremacy was concerned. In 1329, in the same reign, for the stand taken in defence of the independence of the empire, the citizens of Frankfort-on-the-Oder were excommunicated along with their prince, and had the courage to "remain for twenty-eight years without masses, baptism, marriage ceremonies, or funeral rites. The return of the priests and monks was greeted with laughter like a comedy or a farce." *

Such a contest, accompanied by such incidents and ending in the practical defeat of the papacy, could not be without its effect upon the national mind. The German people had learned to look upon the pope, very little as a spiritual father, and very much as a natural enemy.

They had seen that his Holiness was neither holy nor infallible nor omnipotent. German emperors again and again had defied his excommunications and interdicts. German soldiers had more than once marched into his territories, laid siege to his capital, and made him their prisoner. German nobles had at last crowned an emperor in defiance

* D'Aubigné, vol. 1, p. 82.

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of his authority, and denied his claim to meddle in national affairs. We are within a century and a half of the birth of Martin Luther, and the parties to the controversy are still face to face. This we may call the political preparation for the Reformation, if indeed we ought not rather to count it in as a part of that Reformation itself. Not only in Germany had the temporal yoke of the pope been broken, but with it had gone no small part of its spiritual authority, its terror for the human mind.

One hardly knows whether to say less or more important than the political conditions were the religious. What can be said with certainty is that both were important, that neither would have been sufficient without the other, and that they worked together to one result.

In the first place, we must understand that there has been no time since the birth of Christ when religion has quite died out of the Christian world.

Whoever may have sat in the chair of St. Peter and whatever may have been the scandals of the monasteries, the Church was never without its examples of sincere faith, unaffected piety, and even ascetic virtue. Every one knows at least the name of Thomas à Kempis. His book entitled *Of the Imitation of Christ* "has had," it is said, "the largest number of readers of which sacred literature, ancient or modern, can furnish an example." Though written in the atmosphere of a mediæval theology, it was still as we know the constant closet companion of George Eliot. In another of his many works, the saintly man describes the conditions in the midst of which he was bred. He had entered a small religious brotherhood in Holland. He says, "There I learned to write, and to read the Scriptures," and "was stirred up to cherish a more resolute contempt of this world." "Never do I remember to have seen men so devoted, so fervent in charity, both toward God and toward their neighbors. They lived in the midst of worldly persons, but led nothing of a worldly life, and seemed to have no care about matters of earthly business. For they were wont to remain quietly at home and to give diligent attention to the writ-

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ing of books." It was a type of life, it may be, not wholly in accord with our modern ideals; but at least it was not gross nor sensual, nor immoral nor undevout.

The brotherhood had very little to learn in religion which either Luther or Calvin could teach.

Thomas à Kempis died in 1471, just twelve years before Luther was born. His book *Of the Imitation of Christ* was first printed at Augsburg, in 1486, three years after the birth of Luther. We are close upon the age of the Reformation, and these circumstances are not to be omitted in forming a picture of the times. There was as genuine piety in the Christian world, and perhaps as much of it, when Luther was born as there was when he died.

This tradition of piety, kept alive by such examples as Thomas à Kempis and his devout brotherhood, always a protest against sensuality, worldliness, and corruption in the world or in the Church, was a circumstance which helped to make the Reformation possible.

John Tauler, of Strasbourg, an apostle of the fourteenth century, was one of those who, like Thomas à Kempis, helped to preserve and transmit the tradition of a purer piety. Tauler was in some respects a kind of earlier George Fox, "an apostle of the inner light"; and our Quaker poet Whittier has been drawn by the sympathy of a kindred spirit to make him the subject of a charming poem. "If not the greatest German preacher of the Middle Ages as a whole, he certainly was the greatest of his times." An incident in the life of Tauler brings into view a factor which told with great effect in preparing the way for the Reformation. At the age of fifty, already at the height of his celebrity, he met Nicholas of Basel, a Waldensean refugee. It is not exactly clear what passed between them, but it is certain the meeting was for Tauler a momentous event. He withdrew from his pulpit, and gave himself up for two years to ascetic exercises and devout contemplation. When he reappeared, it was to preach with new power against the faults of both the laity and the clergy, "not even sparing the pope." What would have been the effect,

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as a preparation for the Reformation, if there had been a Waldensean refugee in every hamlet of Germany? There were parts of Germany in which something near this appears to have been the case.

The story of the Waldenses is one of the tragedies of Christian history. Peter Waldo, a wealthy merchant of Lyons, of the twelfth century,—like à Kempis and Tauler, another example of that great tradition of piety since Christ never quite extinct,—having sold his goods and given their proceeds to the poor, according to the letter of Scripture, drew around him a company of like-minded believers, whose aim like his own was to restore the simplicity and purity of the primitive faith and life. He had the Gospels translated, maintained the right of laymen to read them to each other, and denounced the clergy, for their ignorance and immorality. His opinions were condemned by a council, and he retired with his followers to a valley in the Alps. There they were left—not wholly at peace, it is true—for a period of one hundred and fifty years.* Then, at intervals of something more than half a century, three successive persecutions † burst upon them, which ravaged their valley and dispersed them into every country in Europe that offered the possibility of safety. So widely had the sect been scattered, that it was said "a traveller from Antwerp to Rome could sleep every night at the house of one of the brethren." Wherever a Waldensean refugee had settled, there the Reformation had an evangelist. The last great dispersion took place in 1478, five years before the birth of Luther. The infection had one full generation in which to work before Luther was nailing his "theses" to the church door in Wittenberg, and the Reformation had fairly begun.

For another series of events which prepared the religious mind of Germany for the Reformation, we must go back to John Huss, and indeed to John Wickliffe. Born in 1324, Wickliffe preceded Luther by a hundred and fifty years. His translation of the Bible into English preceded Luther's

* 1179-1332. † 1332, 1400, 1478.

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into German by more than a hundred years. "He was," says Mr. Green,* "the first reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of the Christendom around him; to break through the traditions of the past, and with his last breath to assert the freedom of religious thought against the dogmas of the papacy." "Pardons, indulgences, absolutions, pilgrimages to the shrines of the saints, worship of their images, worship of the saints themselves, were successively denied. A formal appeal to the Bible as the one ground of faith, coupled with an assertion of the right of every instructed person to examine the Bible for himself, threatened the very groundwork of the older dogmatism with ruin."† We cannot follow the stages of this movement in England, but "a few years later it was complained that the followers of Wickliffe were everywhere and in all classes,—among the baronage in the cities, among the peasantry of the country side, even in the monastic cell itself." "Every second man one meets," it was said, "is a Lollard"; that is to say, a Wickliffite. That such a movement could not fail of effect in preparing the English mind for its final break with the Church of Rome is clear. One only wonders that it should have been delayed a hundred and fifty years. But the point that concerns us now is that it had its direct effect in preparing the way for the Reformation in Germany. Richard II. of England had married the Princess Anne, sister of King Wenzel of Bohemia. The Queen's Bohemian servants read the books of Wickliffe in the palace, and sent them into Bohemia, where, as Mr. Green says, they "stirred the preaching of John Huss and the Hussite wars," which agitated, not to say convulsed, the Church and the empire for half a century, the echoes of which had not died away when Luther began his career.

John Huss was dean of the philosophical faculty, and for a time rector of the University of Prague. Prague is the capital of Bohemia, not far from the border of Saxony; and Saxony was the scene of Luther's activity. So close to each other lay the fields of the two reformers that Huss

* *History of the English People*, vol. i., p. 420. † *Ib.*, p. 460.

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was once sent to "examine into certain reputed miracles at Wilsnach, near Wittenberg," the Wittenberg which became the chief centre for Luther's career. We see that Prague and Wittenberg were within hearing distance of each other; and we get an idea of the quality of Huss, in the fact that his report upon the reputed miracles was such that all pilgrimages thither from Bohemia were forbidden by the archbishop on pain of excommunication. As Huss was the disciple of Wickliffe, we may assume that we know sufficiently his opinions. It is even supposed that he used the writings of Wickliffe as text-books in his lectures. He had friends at court, through whose influence he was appointed synod preacher, which gave him an opportunity to propagate his doctrine beyond the limits of the university. His plain-speaking found favor both with the court and the people, but it irritated the ecclesiastics. He brought upon him the ban of excommunication,* but the wonder is that the blow did not fall until ten years from the beginning of his career. A year later, his excommunication was again pronounced; the next year it was pronounced again; the following year, he was summoned to the council of Constance, under the promise of a "safe conduct," in violation of which he was treacherously burned at the stake.† So much of this tragedy is familiarly known. The generation has hardly passed in which it was still a common nursery tale.

It stirred the indignation of every just and independent mind in Christendom, and passed by inheritance from parent to child into the common stream of Protestant tradition.

In Bohemia and also in Moravia, where Huss was justly regarded as a patriot and a saint, the blow was met by an uprising of the populace against the clergy, in which several priests were killed, and the archbishop himself barely escaped by flight. To the violence of the populace was added the defiance of the nobility, who, to the number of four hundred and fifty-two, issued a protest boldly vindicating the character of Huss, and bound themselves to "protect liberty of preaching on their estates, and to yield

* 1410. † July 6, 1415.

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obedience to bishops or pope only in so far as might be in accordance with Scripture and the will of God." An anti-Hussite league was formed among the adherents of the clergy, and the conditions of civil war were prepared. Events marched more slowly to their consummation than one would have supposed. It was not for five years that, with the dissolution of the council of Constance and the installation of a new pope, the Church was ready to undertake the extirpation of the Hussite heresy by force of arms.

Then began a civil and religious war, which lasted with varying fortunes and temporary intermissions for fourteen years. The long contest ended in a compromise with which the more conservative of the Hussites were willing to be satisfied. Practically, this compromise led to the re-establishment of Catholic supremacy. An uncompromising minority of the Hussites retired to Moravia, where, under the name of the "United Brethren," they maintained a distinct community, and whence in our time they are known as the "Moravian Brethren."

There is just a century * between the martyrdom of John Huss and the posting of Luther's theses against indulgences at the doors of the church at Wittenberg. The distance was the same as that between us and the surrender of the British at Yorktown; while, to keep the memory fresh, there had been fourteen years of intermittent war in which the energies, both of the empire and the Church, had been strained. If, in this contest, Germany had taken the side of the Church against the heretics, as it did,† it is not necessary to suppose that all Germans were of one mind. But the martyrdom of Huss and the Hussite wars had at least made all Germans familiar with the heresy, and familiarity with an opinion is a point to gain. When Luther began to proclaim his doctrines, if they had the disadvantage of being hated, they had the advantage of not being new. One of the most effective weapons of his adversaries was to denounce him as a follower of John Huss. Luther replied that, "among the articles of faith held by John

* 1415–1517. † D'Aubigné, vol. ii., p. 60.

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Huss and the Bohemians,* there are some that are most Christian." Grown bolder at a later day, he said, "I now say that not a *few* articles, but *all* the articles of John Huss are wholly Christian." † "In short, although unconscious of it, we are all Hussites." ‡ The influence of Huss in Germany had been not altogether unlike that of Channing, or, more closely perhaps, of Emerson in this country. It had been violently repudiated. Under its own name, it was still a thing to be hated or feared; but, unacknowledged and even unsuspected, it had quietly worked its way and partly won its ground. "I believed and taught all the doctrines of John Huss without being aware of it, and so did Staupitz," said Luther.‡ Staupitz, a kind of father to Luther in his monastic days, had been provincial of the Augustinian monasteries in Thuringia and Saxony, and then vicar-general of his order throughout Germany. He had preached what Huss preached before him, and what Luther preached after him.

As the long contest between the empire and the papacy had furnished a political preparation for the Reformation, so its religious condition was prepared first by that tradition of genuine piety never quite extinct in the Church, which, in the generation before Luther, produced such an illustrious example as Thomas à Kempis; secondly, by the dispersion of the Waldenses, which scattered the germs of religious infection far and wide, especially throughout Germany; and, lastly, by the movement begun by Huss, which agitated Germany for a generation, and, though outwardly suppressed, still continued to work, however unconsciously, in the public mind.

In these events and tendencies which were preparing the political and religious conditions that issued in the Reformation, a movement of ideas, an intellectual preparation, was necessarily involved. Added to this, and independent of this, however, a series of events was occurring, which more distinctly effected the intelligence of the age. In 1453, Constantinople, the inheritor of Greek learning and

* D'Aubigné, vol. ii., p. 62. † *Ib.*, p. 169. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 73.

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tradition, was taken by the Turks; and learned Greeks in great numbers fled to Italy, carrying with them an enthusiasm for the literary masterpieces of their ancestors, which they soon communicated to all Christendom. An enthusiasm for Roman literature awoke with the contagion, and the movement began which is known in history as the Revival of Learning. One of its chief patrons was Leo X., pope at the outbreak of the Reformation. When Luther entered the monastery, he carried with him copies of Virgil and Plautus, his only books.* In 1468, following the fall of Constantinople by fifteen years, Gutenberg died, leaving the world in possession of the art of printing, and of a copy of the Bible, printed by his types. In 1492, when Luther was a boy, nine years of age, Columbus made his grand discovery of a Western Continent, which greatly enlarged men's minds and stimulated their activity.

Not more effectively perhaps, but more directly preparing the way, and indeed "powerfully helping on the Reformation," Reuchlin, in 1506, published his *Rudiments of the Hebrew Language*, the "first attempt to execute a grammar of the Hebrew tongue." If less directly contributing to the Reformation, it is not less indicative of the intellectual activity which was preparing its way, that in 1506, also, Michel Angelo began the reconstruction of St. Peter's, that Raphael was at Florence beginning his career, and that a year later Copernicus was sitting down to his task, which was to occupy him for twenty years, of writing out his demonstration of a new astronomy.

In 1516, the year before Luther posted his theses in Wittenberg, Erasmus published his edition of the Greek Testament, saying in his preface: "I wish that even the weakest woman might read the Gospels and the Epistles of Paul. I wish they were translated into all languages, so as to be read and understood, not only by Scots and Irishmen, but even by Saracens and Turks. But the first step to their being read is to make them intelligible to the reader. I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions

* D'Aubigné, vol. i., p. 169.

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of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey." "Bold as the language may have seemed," says Mr. Green,* the Archbishop of Canterbury "not only expressed his approbation, but lent the work—as he wrote to its author—'to bishop after bishop'"; while the Bishop of Winchester "declared that the mere version was worth ten commentaries," and the Bishop of Rochester "entertained Erasmus at his house." "It was this work," says Mr. Green, "that laid the foundation of the future Reformation." That the work should have been welcomed with enthusiasm by these great ecclesiastics, and that its author should himself have been a canon in the Church, shows that before the outburst of the Reformation the doors of enlightenment in the Catholic Church were well open, however afterward they may have been closed. It is a part of the intellectual promise of the times, and an indication of the spirit of enlightenment within the Church, that in 1518, a year after the beginning of the excitement in Germany, an edition of the Bible in Latin was printed in Spain at the expense of a Spanish Cardinal. The importance of the event will be seen, when we remember that Latin was then the language of all persons who could write or read.

Such is a brief summary of the intellectual events which mark the last three-quarters of a century before the Reformation. "What an age!" exclaimed Hütten, one of the boldest of the time: "studies flourish, minds are awakening,—it is a joy merely to be alive." † It is plain the intellectual elements were in motion, and that with or without Luther the world could never have been again what it had been before.

Whither the intellectual drift was tending and how far it had already gone will be made clear by a few specimens from the literature of the time. One of the most celebrated writings of that age was the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, published in 1516, before Luther had made a name

* *History of the English People*, vol. ii., p. 95. † D'Aubigné, vol. i., p. 147.

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known out of Germany. In Utopia, says Sir Thomas More, "every man might be of any religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by force of argument or by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions." Utopus, the lawgiver of this ideal land, it was said, "seemed to doubt whether different forms of religion might not all come from God, who might inspire men differently, he being, possibly, pleased with every variety of it; and so he thought it a very indecent thing for any man to frighten and threaten other men to believe anything, because it seemed true to him. And, in case that one religion was certainly true and all the rest false, he reckoned that the native force of truth would break forth at last and shine bright, if it were managed only by strength of argument and with winning gentleness." This was the Utopia of a man, "in the opinion of Europe, the foremost Englishman of his time,"* who was yet so much a Catholic as to choose to go to the block sooner than, as Lord Chancellor, to sanction the separation of the English Church.†

To the same period as the *Utopia* belongs a famous satire upon the monasteries and the schools, entitled "Epistles of Obscure Men,"—*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.* Appearing anonymously, the work was mainly or largely that of Ulrich von Hütten, afterward crowned by the emperor poet-laureate of Germany. If we are to believe the solemn mockery of these "Epistles," a great university spent four days in debate upon the momentous question, whether a man who had taken his degree in ten universities was therefore a member of ten bodies. A body might have ten members, but it puzzled the learned to say whether a *member* could have ten bodies. Again, a professor luminously argues that Julius Cæsar could not have written Cæsar's *Commentaries*, because the book is in Latin, and Latin is a difficult language, and a man of marches and battles would have had no time to learn Latin. The intel-

* *History of the English People*, vol. ii., p. 162.
† Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, vol. i., p. 42.

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ligence and veracity of the monks is exhibited in the report of a pious pilgrimage to Rome. The pilgrim had seen nothing to speak of in the way either of art or of piety; but he had seen the pope's elephant, a great beast of which his Holiness was very fond, and which, when his Holiness appeared, piously knelt to him and said, "*Bar.*" But the elephant had fallen sick, and, in spite of a purge costing five hundred crowns, had died; and his Holiness was in grief.* In addition to their follies, the monks were made as innocently to burlesque their indecencies. These "Epistles" went over Europe, producing an effect which in our altered circumstances we can scarcely conceive. They "are the delight of everybody," says Sir Thomas More. "The wise enjoy the wit: the blockheads of monks take them seriously, and believe that they were written to do them honor. . . . The deliberate idiots would not have found out the jest for themselves for a hundred years."

But the best exponent of the intellectual drift of the age is Erasmus, whose Latin, Mr. Froude says, "was as polished as Cicero's," who had edited the Greek Testament, whom Gibbon calls the "father of rational theology," who laid the egg, said his enemies, which Luther hatched, and without whom, says Mr. Froude, "Luther would have been impossible." That, in his time, the explosion of a magazine of gunpowder by lightning and the destruction of a house of ill-repute should have been referred to "divine anger against sin," is what we should expect. It might be so interpreted still. It seems a premature intelligence in Erasmus to say that, "if there was any anger about the matter, it was with the folly of storing powder in an exposed situation." But so far, in one man at least, even in that age, intelligence had reached.

With the same intelligence, he writes: "Let us have done with theological refinements. Is no man to be admitted to grace who does not know how the Father differs from the Son, and both from the Spirit? Unless I forgive my brother his sins against me, God will not forgive me. . . . But a man

* Froude's *Short Studies, etc.*, First Series, pp. 62, 63.

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is not to be damned because he cannot tell whether the Spirit has one principle or two. Has he the fruits of the Spirit? That is the question. Is he patient, kind, good, gentle, modest, temperate, chaste? We have refined and refined till Christianity has become a thing of words and creeds. Articles increase, sincerity vanishes away, contention grows hot, and charity grows cold. Then comes the civil power with stake and gallows, and men are forced to profess what they do not believe, to pretend to love what in fact they hate, and to say they understand what in fact has no meaning for them." The Reformation did not wholly reform these abuses. Something of the same kind still goes on among Catholics and Protestants alike. It is significant that this letter of Erasmus, so clear-sighted and plain-spoken, could be and was addressed to an archbishop. And this was said to the pope: "Put down the preachers on both sides, fill the pulpits with men who will kick controversy into the kennel, and preach piety and good manners. Teach nothing in the schools but what bears upon life and duty, punish those who break the peace and punish no one else; and, when the new opinions have taken root, allow liberty of conscience." There certainly was some allowance already of the liberty of speech. This liberty and wisdom of speech show how far the intellectual movement of the time had carried the world toward *a* reformation of religious abuses, if not exactly the one it was destined to have. To that possible reformation, the long contest with the papacy which culminated in the independence of the empire, the religious movements which culminated in Huss, and the progress of intelligence which culminated in Erasmus, furnished the political, religious, and intellectual conditions. For the Reformation as it came, two other conditions were needed,—some fresh outrage upon the intelligence and moral sense of Europe, which was furnished by the wholesale traffic in indulgences for sins, and — Martin Luther.

S. C. Beach.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

The *Andover Review* is the title of a new periodical in the interests of theology and religion, to begin in December of the present year. The prospectus states that, "*theologically*, the *Review* will advocate the principles and represent the method and spirit of progressive Orthodoxy. Accepting the distinction between theology and practical religion, the editors will seek to utilize the gains to theology from the accredited results of scholarship in Biblical and historical criticism, and also to show the obligations of theology to the social and religious life of the time. The object of the *Review* will not be controversy nor mere speculation. The editors hope to make it a positive and constructive force in the sphere of opinion and belief. Recognizing, however, the fact that no age can honorably refuse to face the more serious problems which confront it, there will be no hesitancy in candidly investigating and discussing the vital questions of the present. The *Andover Review* finds a reason for its establishment in the number and urgency of these questions."

The *Review* intends to give a prominent place to the discussion of all religious questions, to the work of education, to the consideration of charities, to the religious condition of foreign countries, to everything relating to the changing forms and demands of worship, and to the regeneration of social life.

We heartily welcome this new applicant for the favor of the religious and theological world. Multitudinous as the periodicals with this aim are, there is still abundant room *at the top* for another. There never was a time when honest, fearless, scholarly, and reverent investigation and discussion of the questions which belong to the critical theologian and the spiritual teacher were more needed. In spite of the indifference in many minds, which seems to belong to a transition period, it can safely be said that there probably never was a time when the most thoughtful portion of society was more deeply interested in the subjects which fall under these three heads: all matters relating to charities, to the relations of labor and capital, to intemperance, and to the social evil, those time-old questions, which are spreading their awful shadow over our civilization; all matters relating to the growth and interpretation of the Scriptures, which the study

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of nature and of comparative religions have compelled us to look at anew; all matters relating to the few fundamental principles of religion which run all through the ages, and which, in the fierce discussions of our day, men are turning to again with a most earnest and imploring inquiry,—the moral obligations, the existence and attributes of God, and the faith in immortality.

There never was a greater mistake than to suppose these are dead issues in the midst of our materialistic and hurrying age. They were never more living; and, unless we misread all signs, the next half-century will bring to us revolutions in the theological world, which will show that the mind of man can never for a long period lay these questions to rest. Society wants light upon them,—the light of truth, of faithful investigation; and, if this new *Review* can bring any, it will be gratefully received. The list of editors and contributors embraces many names of those best known and most promising among the more liberal school of the Orthodox Congregational body, men in whom our New England churches have confidence and hope, men whom they gladly hear; and they will await with no little degree of curiosity, and receive with a hearty welcome and follow with a forbearing spirit, the message this *Review* brings to an unsettled theological age. It very naturally has had its origin in the controversy which has been going on at the venerable school whose name it is to bear. The controversial spirit, in spite of the harsh feelings it engenders, has often been fruitful of the best results, both in eliciting a broader truth and a more active religious life. The liberal party has evidently won a transient victory at Andover, and its successes are to be emphasized and strengthened by concentrating its power in a monthly *Review*. Of course, the spirit of the age is everywhere moving toward a more liberal faith; but there comes a time when it has to have a fierce conflict with the more conservative faith, which is intrenched behind its well-arranged creeds and its well-endowed institutions and the legal defences which come to their old-time interpretations. Progressive Orthodoxy means no Orthodoxy: it means all those liberal views for which Unitarianism has stood the last fifty years. All theological movements once begun are no longer in the hands of their leaders. They are carried on by the invisible powers. It were foolish to suppose we hold these issues under our own control. Once begin "to face the more serious problems which confront" the age, and you have to follow as

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far as the serious problems lead; and that is always much farther than mortal vision can at the time perceive. It is true that many of the leaders of the Channing movement in New England might stand aghast at the steps it has since inevitably taken; but, if they had been true and consistent, and men of a reasonable faith, they would all have followed in every one of those steps. For ourselves, we are not very much concerned about issues, so only, in any step we take, we are convinced it is for the help of man and under the guidance of God. Issues can safely be left with the Infinite. But of this one thing we are absolutely sure: that, if progressive Orthodoxy begins to investigate and discuss candidly and scholarly the vital theological and religious questions of the day, it will inevitably, and more rapidly than it supposes, be led through every single phase that the Unitarian movement has gone. Anything else is a human impossibility. The very moment you begin to use the best results of scholarship in the interpretations of Scripture, in the study of comparative religions, and in the application of scientific results to the accepted views of the Bible, that moment you have cast yourself upon a great tidal movement which is irresistible, and which must bear you whither all great liberal movements tend. We might regret it, if the movement were not divine. We may fix the arrow to the string; but as Schiller says, "Des Fatums unsichtbare Hand führte den abgedrückten Pfeil in einem höhern Bogen und nach einer ganz andern Richtung fort als ihm von der Sehne gegeben war."

But the *Andover Review* must confront another question quite as serious as the problems of theology it proposes to consider, and that is that Andover was not established to teach these inevitable conclusions. It was established for the express purpose of opposing "progressive Orthodoxy." It very clearly defines the limits beyond which investigation was not to go. On one side are the "serious problems" "no age can honorably refuse to face." These, indeed, are inviting even in their seriousness. Men everywhere are longing to have them treated earnestly, freely, wisely. They are the problems which God himself has invited us to consider. On the other are the petty definitions of a past age, which thought it had settled them forever. If we bind ourselves to the latter, we can never candidly investigate the former. If, with a mighty resolution, we throw ourselves into the former, we must break all the narrow limitations of the latter. It cannot

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be done without a struggle, and there is nothing so sure to settle the matter as the definite position a theological and religious review at the present day must take upon every one of these serious questions of Biblical criticism and religious life.

The address of Monseigneur Capel in Music Hall, on "Christian Education," is of some interest, not only as the view of a prominent Roman Catholic, and so representing the professed aim of a large body of the Christian Church, but because it touches upon a question which concerns very deeply the most thoughtful minds of every age. The greater part of the address was taken up, according to the report in the paper the next morning, with a multitude of the most trite sayings in regard to the whole subject of education, which must have been tedious indeed, except to persons who have never heard anything about the purpose of any schools, and must have required every attraction of person and speech to command the least attention. They were in substance just what every circular, even of the most ordinary teacher, sets forth as the aim of his school; and Monseigneur Capel's criticisms and standard of education were what in theory all agree to. We chanced to receive that very day a "Programme of Studies" of a school in one of our cities, where the whole subject of education, indeed the whole substance of Monseigneur Capel's lecture, were well expressed in half a dozen lines. "The best definition of education would be: the gradual and symmetrical development of all human faculties; the aim of education, the acquisition of a possibility to display these faculties for the best of the individual himself and that of society at large; the means of education, knowledge imparted rationally, so as to have due mental training as its natural sequence." We fail to find a sentence in the address rising above the merest platitudes about education. The object of the address we suppose is to convey the impression that somehow or other the Roman Catholic Church stands more truly than the Protestant for a religious education, and that the public school system does not give the prominence to a moral training that is wise. We agree entirely with Monseigneur Capel's closing statements, that "moral culture is an essential part of education." We believe it is by far the most important part. We believe that all education is worse than useless, is absolutely pernicious, which does not hold this aim in sight all the time; and we have never heard of

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anybody who has any other view. We think the Roman Catholic plea, which has been made very prominent the past few years, that education should be religious, is entirely just; but, on the other hand, the complaint that the American system is not so, or is less religious than education has been in the Roman Catholic Church, where professedly the religious element has been very large, has not the slightest substantiation in history. And the lesson of history is one which has to guide our conclusions. Where a church has for centuries had all the interests of a land, educational, social, political, under its sole control, we naturally turn there to see what the results of its theory and its efforts have been; and the record of "moral culture," under the Roman Catholic Church, is not one to which even its supporters themselves would venture to turn with any satisfaction. It has not been any education at all, either mental, moral, or religious. In those lands and ages where its theory has had every opportunity for being carried into practice, where it has had all that power, prestige, wealth, authority, and a consenting public opinion could give, its results have been only national ignorance, vice, sensuality, mental servitude, and moral degradation, not a suggestion of that complete and symmetrical education of the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual being we all so much desire. We want all our schools, all our teachers and scholars, all courses of study, to be penetrated with the idea that education must be moral, but that want can never be in the least supplied by going back to the so-called religious education of the Roman Catholic Church: we have far more closely approached it in our American system.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ, AND "THE ORIENTAL CHRIST."

The presence in this country of a leading and eloquent missionary of the great theistic movement of India has called public attention anew to its history and doctrines, and will lead thoughtful men to study carefully its spirit and methods, and the significance of its progress and increasing power. As the result of the contact of Christian ideas and civilization with a decaying and largely discredited faith, and the upspringing of the thoughtful, vigorous, intelligent, and devoted spirits of India to catch the secret of Western enterprise, practical force, and social reforms, and the genius of Western culture and religion, and to apply these in forms not foreign but homelike and welcome, and

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in complete loyalty to all that is true and good in the heritage of native faith and the scriptures that enshrine it, for the renovation of India and the establishment of a religion at once catholic and rational, at once spiritual and adapted to the popular mind and heart, the Brahmo Somaj awakens the profound interest and appeals to the strongest sympathies of all earnest and catholic minds.

On a recent Sunday evening, it was our privilege to hear Protap Chunder Mozoomdar tell the story of his country's ancient faith, its later superstitions and idolatries, and the rise of this new theistic church, with its intimate relations to Christianity, and its boundless hope and zeal and expectation for the future. It was in an orthodox church, and the distinguished controversialist who introduced the Hindu missionary was not sure that the movement deserved the name of Christian. Nor does it care to claim, nor in India, we judge, quite wish or purpose to take that name. But, as we listened to the modest, earnest, able, spiritual, and wholly rational exposition of the Hindu, we felt that the spirit and something of the power of primitive Christianity were here; and that not the orthodox theologian conjugating the barren phrases of his scholastic system, but this fresh religious soul trying to make real to us the present work and life of God in the world, and glad to own and tell its debt to the great Prophet of Nazareth, was the true exponent of Christ's religion.

Whether or not it shall take the name of Christianity, Protestant Orthodoxy does well to welcome the rise of the Brahmo Somaj, since it justifies, if not in the way most desired, the work of Christian missions, and prompts to new study and to yet larger working of the missionary field. It witnesses to that which is central in Christianity, and in all religions worthy the name, that God is with men, and that his Spirit is never far from his children when they seek him to inspire and lead them in the way of truth. And it justifies as well the liberal Christian revolt from the artificial and gloomy systems of Orthodoxy, that these cannot be received by intelligent and unprejudiced seekers coming freshly to the study of the Scriptures and the life of Christianity as embodied in its founder and its history.

We hope soon to present to our readers an authorized statement of the principles and work of the Brahmo Somaj. Babu Mozoomdar has already published in India a book on this subject, which

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will probably soon be republished here.* As here expounded, the religion of the Brahmo Somaj is the Christianity of the Gospel of John, more nearly than any other movement or religious confession of our time. It joins the high and pure theism of Theodore Parker with the somewhat mystic piety of the Quaker, or of our friend Edmund H. Sears, as expounded in his book, *The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ.* It is free and rational Unitarianism, plus a fervid, devotional spirit, a poetic way of looking at the language and scenes of the Bible, and a warm personal attachment and sense of indebtedness in the case of the two teachers best known to us, at least to the life and teachings of Jesus. It believes in God, in nature, and above it, and in the events of human life; and that the children of God may have a present sense of light and leading from him. It believes in the religious value of the scripture of all peoples, and in the inspiration in greater or less degree of all prophets of all ages, but holds Jesus the greatest of the prophets of the world, and the Christian Scriptures most helpful to be joined with the Indian Vedas for the instruction of the Hindu race.

The Brahmo Somaj aims to be wholly catholic, and seeks to cull what is true and good from the usages and teachings of every religion. This eclecticism gives sometimes a mechanical, artificial aspect to its religious usages, as when it observes something like a Christian communion service on one day of meeting, and on the next burns a sacrifice to keep some Buddhist ceremonial. This imitative tendency may easily go too far, and become fantastic or grotesque; but it is certainly a generous and noble idea to remember with honor every great leader of men's faith, and cherish every true teaching of any religion. We believe it will be found, indeed, as Dr. James F. Clarke has taught in his *Ten Great Religions*, that Christianity holds in union and fulness what all these religions hold partially and often mixed with debasing errors; and these Brahmo teachers have studied Christianity enough to know this as well as we. But they see very clearly, what we also know, that Christianity as often taught, and as commonly taught by missionaries in India, is not free from serious errors and irrational doctrines also. It is not strange that they hesitate to call themselves Christians, though their summary of faith includes everything we hold essential to Christian faith, and though Chunder Sen

* *The Faith and Progress of the Brahmo Somaj.* Calcutta. 1882.

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and Mozoomdar show a reverence and love for Jesus as profound and tender as any Christian could profess or feel. In the preface to his forthcoming book, *The Oriental Christ*, the latter speaks of being "early awakened to a sense of deep inner unworthiness, and declares that he has continually made prayerful efforts to realize the character and spirit of the Son of Man." This remarkable book,* which will be in the hands of our readers, possibly as early as this notice of it, will justify all we have said of the profoundly spiritual quality of the Brahmo faith and the essential Christian posture of the author. The preface is a religious confession as unique as it is interesting and evidently real, and the introductory chapter is a wonderful picture of the personality of Jesus from a new and deeply spiritual point of view. In style it is as charming as Renan, and in spiritual insight immeasurably beyond that semi-Oriental portrait of the Teacher of Nazareth. This is wholly Oriental, meditative, not critical; and, while a Western reader will find here and there phrases and passages foreign to his conception or perhaps displeasing to his taste, we shall be surprised if he does not feel with us a breath from the very land and time of the first disciples, and find a new reality and beauty coming into the scenes and truths here set forth with such wealth of imagination and such sympathy and reverence of spirit.

We make room for a passage which portrays, in contrast with the Jesus of Western dogma, so distasteful to the habits and sentiments of the East, the author's ideal of the Oriental Christ: —

By his side place another figure. He is simple, natural. He is a stranger to the learning of books. Out of the profound, untaught impulses of his divine soul, he speaks; and, when he speaks, nations bow their heads. His voice is a song of glory; his sentiments are the visions of a heaven in which all men are united by love. His doctrines are the simple utterances about a fatherhood which embosoms all the children of men, and a brotherhood which makes all the races of the world one great family. The sinful and the sorrow-stricken, the ignorant and the unwise, the publicans and harlots, the very dregs and refuse of mankind, he draws about him. What he touches he purifies, but the touch of no impurity can taint the light of holiness in him. The fountains of righteousness he drinks as they flow from heaven. The profoundest wisdom and holiness come to him as comes natural breath to us. The unspeakable peace of God descends upon his soul as showers descend upon the thirsty soil.

* *The Oriental Christ*, by P. C. Mozoomdar. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1883.

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What is invisible to others is seen as daylight by him. The music that no mortal ear can hear, the celestial music of the union of spirit with spirit, filleth the expanse of his nature. His every word is a revelation, and he beholdeth revelation among all nations and all faiths. His love invites men to rest and reward. His presence is the presence of all that is good and loving: his memory is a benediction to all. Babes and children he calls unto him, but the wise and self-righteous he puts away. His institutions are the simplest forms of instruction, love, and remembrance; and his service is the affectionate labor of self-devoted faith. All lands echo his teaching, all nations respond to his mystical utterances about heaven and earth. Wherever he treads, flowers spring under his feet; wherever he stands, all sorrow and self-complaint are hushed.

His long, uncut locks of hair, in which the pure zephyr of the mountain plays; his trailing garments of seamless white, whose touch the diseased and sinful eagerly long for; his beautiful feet, washed with precious ointments and wiped with women's hair; his self-immersed air, absent eyes, brightened forehead, which show that his spirit is far, far away, communing with beings whom we do not see,— point him out to be the prophet of the East, the sweet Jesus of the Galilean lake, whom we still see in our hearts. The testimony of his life and death makes heavenly realities tenfold more real to us. His patience and meekness in suffering are like an everlasting rock, which we may hold by, when tossed in the tempest of life. His poverty has sanctified the home of the poor: his love of healing fills the earth with innumerable works of benevolence, and fills with wonderful hope the chamber of the sick and dying. His death and resurrection call us to the mansions where he has gone to wait for us.

Throughout the whole Eastern world, the perfume of his faith and devotion has spread. The wild genius of Mohammed knew and adored him amid the sands of Arabia. The tender, love-intoxicated soul of Hafiz revelled in the sweetness of Christ's piety, amid the rosebuds and nightingales of Persia. And here, too, in India, though latest and most backward, we Hindu Aryans have learned to enshrine him in the heart of our philosophy and in the core of our exuberant love. Look on this picture and that. This is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. We confess that the picture is extreme; and there are men in the West with an Eastern imagination, as there are Orientals who have inherited the coldness and hardness of Europe. But, when we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace; and, when we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theological formalism, ethical, and physical force. Christ, we know, is neither of the East nor West; but men have localized what God meant to make universal.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE STORY OF THEODORE PARKER.

This book, written by an Englishwoman, and published by Cupples, Upham & Co., is quite a unique little production. The introduction by Miss Oliver contains extracts from the tributes paid to Mr. Parker by his distinguished contemporaries. These passages are all very fine, showing the variety of judgment passed upon his works, and the love and admiration for the man himself.

We think, however, it would have been more in keeping with the style and subject-matter of the book, if these extracts had been shortened. They would have been more effective. As it is, we are a little impatient to get at the story itself. It seems ungracious, perhaps, to make any such criticism, as the editor has done us a favor to bring the book to the attention of the public.

The "Story," as it is called, is a model of simplicity. It goes on like the stories of the old English tongue, the tales of our childhood, the paragraphs beginning, "Once upon a time," "Now, it happened one day," "So Theodore made up his mind," "Meanwhile, there lived in Lexington," etc. The best of Saxon words are used, the sentences are luminous and picturesque, brief to a charm; for there is not a word of metaphysics or scarcely a doctrine in the whole book. A clear-cut, admiring, childlike story of a great man's life.

The writer, in common with the critics, gives Unitarians a little thrust about Mr. Parker. She does not apparently know that the good and learned "minister, named Dr. Francis," in Watertown, who was so kind to Theodore Parker when he kept school there, was a Unitarian. If she did, she would say so. Neither does she appear to know that his early friend and "schoolmaster, whose name was White," was the revered Unitarian minister of the place. She makes us smile when, in her simple, graphic style, she describes the young Parker as going up to Cambridge for examination, and says, "There was a long, red-brick building a little way from Boston! This building was Harvard College." The writer also sometimes gives the impression, as is natural for an Englishwoman, that Mr. Parker's country parishes, when he became a preacher, were made up chiefly of ignorant people. But these are trifling criticisms. She has

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caught the spirit of the man, and feels the atmosphere of New England life. She does not attempt to moralize, but simply makes a strong, clear picture of a man whom she admires and honors. We suppose, however, that she desires to set Mr. Parker forth as a shining example to aspiring youth; and we therefore wonder a little that she does not blend some cautions with her praise. When she speaks of this ardent young man giving his nights as well as days to study, ought she not to say that here her hero erred in sacrificing the laws of health to his noble ambition? When she speaks of the scorn lavished upon Mr. Parker by religious teachers, does she forget to say that he paid them back in pretty good sarcasm? We do not blame him. He was human, and bigots are detestable; but both sides even of a simple story should be told.

The writer gives a vivid description of the state of the country when the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. She tells what a prophet's vision Theodore Parker had all along, and how, when Anthony Burns was imprisoned in Boston, Mr. Parker, at the great Faneuil Hall meeting, sprang up and said: "Are we to have deeds as well as words? Be sure the men who kidnap a man in Boston are cowards, every mother's son of them!" The writer adds justly, "The civil war that followed might have been spared, if every man had been as true to the right as he was." Then she gives us in a few touches the picture of the great man who went away to Florence to die.

This story is printed in beautiful type, with wide margins, and charms the eye before we enter upon its thrilling tale. We should like to see it scattered far and wide among our young American people.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

We have for our correspondence department this month a letter from an earnest and devoted worker at one of our outposts, Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Humboldt, Iowa, who at our request tells us of her missionary experiences in the far West: —

HUMBOLDT, IOWA, Sept. 10, 1883.

Although it has been several months since I received your note, asking me to give some account of my work here, your request has not been forgotten. Work needing to *be* done has prevented me from writing about what *has been* done. The first Sunday in September, I began the fourth year of my work here, hopeful in regard to the prosperity of our church, since we have steadily been growing stronger for the past three years,

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and the young people in the society as well as the older ones seem heartily interested in its welfare.

During my summer vacations, the young people have held regular services, reading some good sermon, preparing music, and conducting the Sunday-school. Thus, the church has been kept open during the summer, and the children held in Sunday-school by the efforts of these earnest young men and women.

Our town has about one thousand inhabitants, and contains three religious organizations besides our own; but my congregations are large every Sunday, and when we have special services the church is filled to overflowing.

Until this year, I have preached at two places, going about twenty-eight miles north to Algona every alternate Sunday. Many times, I have wondered how this work would seem to an Eastern minister. Often, when the railroad has been blocked by the snow, I have ridden across the country in a sleigh, or a wagon box on runners, when the mercury ranged from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero, and the cutting prairie wind compelled even the weather-beaten driver to muffle his face, and let the faithful horses choose their own road. Sometimes, the trip has been made in the face of an "old-fashioned blizzard," when the driving snow cut off the view of everything about us, and the swaying motion of the sleigh, as it went up and down over huge drifts or swung around their outer edge, caused the same discomfort to travellers that is experienced at sea in a storm. But neither snow nor cold, nor blizzards can entirely vanquish the good cheer of two or three Western people that have left home with the determination to *go somewhere.* Enveloped like mummies from head to foot in warm wrappings (a buffalo overcoat, fur cap, and fur mittens completing a fashionable outfit for either a lady or gentleman), it is not easy to sustain an animated conversation during one of these trips; but all that is said about freezing is invariably uttered in a cheery way that indicates the speaker's conviction that one or two frozen ears are by no means worthy of consideration.

But even more interesting than the journeys made during the intensely cold weather were the ones that were taken when the spring floods washed out the railroad bridges, and the melting snow constantly renewed the depth of the prairie mud. In a single buggy, drawn by two horses, with two others tied at the rear of the vehicle for use in time of need, the driver and the "lady preacher" start across the country, quite sure that *something* will happen, but delightfully uncertain as to what it will be. Fording sloughs, tearing down fences (wire ones), and going through fields to avoid long stretches of "bad road," now almost mired, and now triumphantly pausing to rest the horses after safe passage through a "mud hole," on they go. Now, they are half way across a wide, deep slough, with the water splashing up over the sides of the buggy, and the horses pulling with might and main. But, alas! the

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horses in front and those in the rear pull in opposite directions; and, as the driver vainly tries to urge the latter forward, they break loose from the buggy, and, pulling the driver with them, retreat to the shore, leaving the lady to manage the other two.

At last, firmer ground is reached, and, as the minister waits for the driver, shivering in the chilly atmosphere and pondering the difficulties that attend true progress, she wishes that some Eastern brother, who thinks that Unitarianism has nothing more to overcome, could enjoy the remainder of the ride in her place.

But, while a minister must face some hardships in this new country, they will help to develop his strength of character, if he is thoroughly in earnest; and while the roads are poor, the soil is fertile, and the people have warm hearts and clear heads.

Intelligent and independent, they dislike cant and narrowness, but quickly respond to a reasonable gospel; and, as this country is rapidly developing, it affords large opportunities for enduring work. More easily now than in the future can the social and religious life of its people be moulded into noble forms. Where three years ago nothing but lonely railroad stations intercepted the view of the broad prairies, there are now thriving little villages, where the Methodists are already working. I am asked over and over again to speak at these towns, but strength for work in two parishes is all that is given to me; and, as Mr. Hunting, at Des Moines, one hundred miles south of this place, is my nearest neighbor among the Unitarian ministers of our State, there is no one to help in outside work. Having had but one exchange during the three years of my pastorate here, it has not been possible for me to do much work in the surrounding country, although I have spoken several times in school-houses and the dining-room of a hotel. Helpers are needed in this part of the State; and it seems to me that Eastern money could not be used more wisely than in supporting a *circuit rider*, who could give our words of cheer to isolated liberals that must attend orthodox churches or none at all.

Here, in Humboldt, we have a firm foothold; and our Unity Club has done much to interest the young people in good work. A number of them have joined the church society, and others will come in soon. The church congregation averages between one hundred and fifty and two hundred; and the attendance at Sunday-school ranges from fifty to eighty, often running up to ninety or one hundred. It is much affected by our severe storms that block the roads with snow.

We still are fighting a debt of between six and seven hundred dollars, but are steadily reducing it. Three years ago, it was about fifteen hundred dollars. With the exception of the one hundred dollars sent us by the Woman's Auxiliary Conference through the American Unitarian Association, and a small sum sent by your South Middlesex Committee, all the money applied on the debt has been raised by the efforts of our

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own society. We have also contributed a little to the general work of our denomination, although we do not feel like giving much until out of debt ourselves. We have raised between five hundred and six hundred dollars in addition to finish our church, and one hundred and fifty dollars to build some sheds for the horses,—the only horse sheds, by the way, that are to be found in North-western Iowa belonging to a church society, unless I have been misinformed. As the country is new, and but few of the people have much money, it is plain that we have some generous and active workers in our society.

I did not want to *ask* for any help; but, when it came, it made me feel less tired.

At Algona, the ladies have bought a church lot, and are working this winter to pay for it. I think that a church may be built there soon.

Hopefully yours, M. A. S.

EDUCATION IN THE CABINET.

The government at Washington is taking a very commendable interest in education. We have before quoted from valuable pamphlets on art, published under the sanction of the Secretary of the Interior, by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Education, Mr. Eaton. We have now received another circular, containing carefully prepared statistics on the subject of education, the Bureau having taken pains to consult the officers all over the country in graded schools. Replies have been received from one hundred and ninety-six places: one hundred and seventy-seven co-educate, and nineteen separate, the sexes. The circular is prefaced by a short article defending co-education, as being suited to the genius of our country. The published replies are far more than mere statistics, giving brief but lively statements of the wholesome effect which the young of both sexes have upon each other in the school; or, on the other hand, presenting the reasons why co-education is not approved. These cases are few in number, and mostly at the South.

ENGLISH GLEANINGS.

At the examination of Manchester New College the past summer, the Rev. Dr. Sadler gave a very valuable address to the students on the subject of preaching. At the annual meeting of the Provincial Assembly in Altrincham, the Rev. John Wright delivered a vigorous and cheering address on Religious Liberty and its results.

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There seems to be just now great activity in the English National Church on the subject of general education for all classes. Movements are being made to establish schools which shall be, as far as we can understand, under religious control, and yet not sectarian. It is difficult to foresee what will be the result of these schools. Our Dublin exchange, *The Disciple*, is very much troubled at the prospect of having training schools in Ireland for teachers of all denominations, in place of the national school system, which sometimes, it confesses, allows imperfect teaching, but, in the main, is much more favorable to religious liberty and a broad development. It is amusing to look behind the scenes at a meeting of the London School Board. We shall find that that committee is quite as democratic as anything we have in this country; and the mingling of classes and the kind of talk remind us of our town caucuses, as shown in the following cutting from the *Echo*:—

"That rough diamond, Mr. George Mitchell, made quite a hit at the School Board meeting on Thursday night. The Board had been discussing the inspector's report on religious instruction at most wearisome length. Instead of getting home to dinner at a reasonable time in the evening, the members sat listening to long-drawn speeches, Mr. Leigh Roberts in particular speaking at the rate of about forty words per minute. About ten o'clock, Mr. George Mitchell rose and said: 'Mr. Chairman, we've been listening to the long speeches of these here parsons; and I think it's about time I had a turn. What I want to say is this: they've had thirty millions a year for a long time to teach people religion, and now they want us to do it for them, while they go about with their hands in their pockets.' Lyulph-Stanley leaned over to Thornhill Webber, and jocularly remarked, 'If it was thirty millions a year, we should find it a harder job to disestablish you than it is.' Then up rose a clerical member, who has recently resigned his benefice and married a wealthy wife, solemnly to assure the chairman that he was not taking a penny of the thirty millions. 'I know that, Mr. Chairman,' retorted the persistent George: 'he's got a better job.' The Board was convulsed with laughter. Even Miss Taylor's grave countenance relaxed into a smile, and the only member who was able to preserve his gravity was the clerical member who had interrupted Mr. Mitchell."

SCHILLER ON SCEPTICISM.

The *Truth-seeker* gives us, through the Rev. J. Moden, a translation of a philosophical correspondence, written by this distinguished German poet, as he says, "to portray some of the epochs

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and revolutions of thought and the excesses of a too subtle reason, in the form of letters between two youths of unlike character."

We are not over-fond of instruction in the form of dialogue. It generally portrays the mind of the writer all the way through. In Plato's Dialogues, the disciple generally answers just about what Socrates meant he should. We do not read them from any dramatic interest, but from the profound nature of a theme discussed at that early period of history. So with these letters. We do not see any characterization. In fact, Schiller's plays themselves have been criticised as being too subjective; but their grandeur and breadth of thought, their nervous vigor and fine dramatic situations, have made them always delightful to the reader. Schiller had a great taste for philosophy: he wrote essays, as we know, upon "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" and kindred subjects. But, above all, his mind was religious. He loved to ponder the great themes of human life and immortality. He lived in the seething time, when the German youth, bound by political bands at home or foreign oppression, were ready to throw off every yoke of social custom and religion. He has depicted this crude revolt in his "Robbers." But, as he grew older, he saw the more dangerous scepticism of refined minds exhausted by their own processes of thought, and incapable of any high aspirations.

We talk about this unbelieving age, and how Germany and France are setting us the example. We forget that the same causes produce the same effects among nations. The Germans are a thinking people, and they began fifty years ago what we have started upon to-day. They have boldly challenged the ecclesiastical world, and gone all lengths in their rejection of religious creeds and verities. They will be longer in getting through this disease of negation than we, because neither Germany nor France has had, until late, any liberal church to call in these recreants. The *Protestanten Blatt* and the *Renaissance*, etc., organs of this Church, are doing much, little Switzerland the most of all. But the sin will be upon us, with our liberal vantage ground here and our freedom from State entanglements, if we do not, by our religious warmth and enthusiasm, win these sincere doubters to a happier faith. We may not care to hear these arguments over and over again, we may find these processes of religious or sceptical experiences tiresome; but we must remember that there are those close around us who are going

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through these intellectual difficulties. They need the help of these imaginary conversations, which reflect their own mood of mind, as shown in a recent letter, published in the *Christian Register*.

We will quote a little from these dialogues of Schiller. Some of the things he says in his introduction show us how firm is his spiritual stand-point, although he may in his youth have passed through the waves of scepticism. The correspondence is between two youths, Julius and Raphael. Raphael has undermined the faith of Julius: Julius is disturbed and unhappy. He recalls the enthusiasm of his youth and the spirit of joy with which he once looked on the universe, as contrasted with the cold doubts of the sceptic. He says: —

There are moments in life, indeed, when we are disposed to press to our bosoms every flower and every far distant star, every creeping thing and every lofty spirit of which we can conceive,—to take all nature into our arms with a lover's embrace. I know you understand me, Raphael. The man who has come to discern all beauty, greatness, and excellence in the small things of nature, as well as in what are called the great, and to find in its multiplicity the comprehensive principle of unity, has been brought by this means very much nearer to the Godhead. The whole creation flows into his personality. Thus, if every man loved all men, every individual would possess the whole world.

I am afraid the philosophy of our times is opposed to this doctrine. Many of our thinkers seem bent upon mocking away this divine impulse from the human soul, of blotting out this impress of the Godhead, and of destroying this source of energy and noble enthusiasm by the chilly and poisonous breath of small-souled apathy. Enslaved by the consciousness of their own worthlessness, they have been content to call in selfishness, that dangerous enemy of benevolence, to explain a phenomenon which was too exalted for their narrow and grovelling vision. With the web of grasping selfishness, they have woven their comfortless doctrine, and made their own limitation the measure of the Creator's power and goodness. . . .

Why should the whole species suffer a loss of dignity because a few members of it despair of its worth? I unhesitatingly confess that, for my part, I believe in the existence of unselfish love. If there be no such love, I am lost. I must give up God, immortality, and virtue. If, indeed, I cease to believe in love, I have no longer any ground for accepting these hopes and beliefs. A spirit which loves but itself is an atom floating in an immeasurable void, a solitary existence in an empty universe.

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A RUSSIAN UNITARIAN.

The *Journal de Genève* gives us a very interesting account of a man of genius, Count Tolstoï, a Russian, who, after going through every phase of thought, from the Greek Church to blank materialism, has at last returned to the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. One of his last books, *My Confession*, has been suppressed by the Russian police. He has just published another book, *Exposé de l'Evangile*, which is only a fragment, but indicates what is in the writer's mind to be revealed one day.

Count Tolstoï had everything to make life desirable. He was well born, loved by his wife and children and his tenants, his novels bronght him distinguished reputation in the great world; but he was not happy. He had already seen much of life. He was in the war at the siege of Sebastopol, and published a thrilling account of army scenes, which was eagerly read in the world of rank and fashion. But he was disgusted with the heartlessness of society, sick at the miseries of the poor, and he became a pessimist. He hated the flatteries of society, he burned his romances, and finally assumed the garb of a day-laborer, worked in the fields, drank from the stream, and ate the black bread of the poor man, trying to calm the unrest of his soul, and to solve the social and moral problem of existence. He was on the verge of nihilism: he thought of suicide. But something held him back. He resolved to work his way back to the simple truth of our being. He did not seek it in history. "Official history was a cheat, and true history was despairing." The natural sciences refused to define it. He descended into his conscience, and the voice there led him to study the life of Jesus Christ. Light dawned upon him. He saw Jesus free from all orthodox creeds and traditions, the ideal of humanity; and his soul was at perfect rest in the guiding of such a Master.

Count Tolstoï is preparing a book on the Gospels, which cannot be published in Russia, as he shows how far the Greek Church has wandered from the simple truths of the Master. He expects persecution and alienation from his friends; but his lot is chosen, his soul is at peace, and his work is before him of regenerating his native country and serving the world.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible. By P. W. Clayden. Publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1 Paternoster Square, London.

The Rev. P. W. Clayden, of London, the author of this excellent book just published, is already favorably known to many of the readers of the *Unitarian Review* as the preacher who gave so much satisfaction, several years since, at the National Conference at Saratoga. No man could be better qualified by circumstances for the work. Related by marriage to the late Mr. Sharpe, he had also been his friend and pastor; and the family had placed at his command great wealth of material and information for the purpose in view. Mr. Clayden is to be highly congratulated on his labor, which has been executed with good judgment, hearty sympathy of spirit, and sterling sense, in bringing out clearly the leading characteristics of the gifted life he had to portray. He has told the story well, and with growing interest to the close.

Few lives have been more useful or more worthily spent in the service of God and men than that of the subject of this book. It has many wise lessons to commend to the heart and life. Its chief points were simplicity, usefulness, promptitude, directness, and perseverance. Nobly and beautifully were these virtues set forth in rich living experience.

A number of illustrations might readily be added; but here are two, one from the book, and the other from our experience. Mr. Clayden says that so great was Mr. Sharpe's regularity in passing a toll-bar, in the north of London on his way to the bank, that the keeper adjusted his timepiece by his passing. Some years ago, Mr. Sharpe wrote us, requesting that we would rewrite more fully a short historical work of ours. In reply, we said that we were too busy just then with some pressing missionary work. The prompt answer came, "The writing of history can wait: you go on making it." While the book will be very attractive to scholars and the literary world, from its notices of those of their class in the past, it will be of still greater interest to the Unitarian public of which the late Mr. Sharpe was one of the most distinguished examples. He was one of its most vigorous and indefatigable supporters by tongue, pen, and purse.

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We should be glad to give a number of charming extracts; but readers will soon, we understand, be able to obtain a reprint from the press of Roberts Brothers of Boston, and peruse the whole for themselves. But here is a glimpse of the contents. Samuel Sharpe was a nephew of the celebrated banker and poet, Samuel Rogers. His parents died, leaving five children very young, with an elder step-sister, and in rather straitened means of living. The step-sister nobly devoted herself to educating and keeping the family together, and lived to see each one in good and eminent positions of life. At sixteen years of age, Samuel entered the banking house of his uncle, where he remained for forty years. Always fond of reading and study, while in business he gradually gave his attention to Egypt and its wonders, especially to its lost art of literature, until he became one of its chief authorities and historians. It is a beautiful picture which his home presents after business hours, with his wife and family around him, and all earnestly engaged with him in his absorbing subjects. The study of Egyptian literature causes him to give increasing attention to the Bible, and led to his translation of the New Testament. At the age of sixty-three, he gave himself to the closer study of Hebrew, in order to produce a new translation of the Old Testament. The translation of the whole of the Bible was the crowning glory of his well-spent life. He thought, and his life bore strong testimony to his decided opinion, that no book so well repaid study and reading like it, and to obtain its deeply religious spirit and live it was the essence of all true wisdom.

As the volume does not contain his portrait, we give the following slight sketch of the late Mr. Sharpe as we were privileged to see and know him.

Going to his well-known and hospitable home at Highgate, London, as you enter his large sitting-room and study combined, you hear his cheerful voice in tones of greeting, and then feel the pressure of his warm shake of the hand so heartily done. You are made to feel at home ere you know it, in his genial company and that of his highly cultivated daughters. As you see him, he is approaching eighty years of age, a rather small man, scarcely medium height, from the stoop in his shoulders from long years spent over the desk and study table. Light, lithe, and active of frame, he has a speaking, intelligent face, bright features, and eyes gray, but so kindly, and sparkling with

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life and vivacity. And now, as the time goes on, he gently asks "how your Sunday-school is prospering," "your church going on," or "what new work you are engaged in," or "what lectures you have lately given," or "what steps you are taking in interesting working-men and their families in the blessings of pure religion." If you have any difficulties in the way, for want of means, those are removed at once and under all circumstances. He, the veteran of eighty, is full of zeal in your work, earnest sympathy and words of encouragement. After getting down necessary books to clear away knotty points you may mention, "Come into the garden," says he; and that means, as you walk up and down, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" long to be remembered. What you have at heart in trying to make the world better he joins in fervently, but especially matters that will tend to educate children and build up the masses of the people in divine life, or cause them to study the Bible. Any questions connected with it he enters into with all the delight of the young student taking his first taste from the cup of knowledge. And now you rest on the garden seat, remembered by so many, or on the steps looking from the house, and still the time passes by all too quickly, until he has to retire from sheer bodily exhaustion, leaving perhaps some Biblical or other questions not quite discussed. As you meet him an hour later, he greets you with the required information, showing that, while in retirement, his mind has been as active as ever.

As you see him thus depicted, he stands alone, among all the millions of the world, as the only living man who has translated the whole of the Bible into the English language. How well he has accomplished his labor of love in the spirit of true, reverent scholarship may be amply seen by comparing it with the revised New Testament. It is the fitting end and proud record of his life, so simple, pure, and eminently fruitful in good works, and whose spirit he has so faithfully tried to make the guide and rule of his through the long years of the past for the proper enjoyment of the life that now is, and as the best preparation for that which is to come. T. T.

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Reminiscences and Memorials of Men of the Revolution and their Families. By A. B. Mussey. Fully illustrated. "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's." Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. xviii, 424.

This is a gossipy book of which we have none too many. The reader is talked to by the author. He is neither listening to nor reading an oration or an essay. "Take a chair, my friend," Mr. Mussey seems to say to the reader,—"take a chair. Just be seated a little while, and I will tell you what I have seen and heard during the last fourscore years of both great and small events, and of great and small men, from the American Revolution to the village town-meeting, from George Washington to John Brown, from Declarations of Independence to a town ordinance to build a pound." It is just the book to take up at any time to while away an hour, and will both please and instruct the reader. It tells us just what we wish to know — which elaborate histories omit — of family manners and personal heroism, little acts of kindness in a farmer's neighborhood, and lofty deeds of daring on the battle-field. "Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill" are not alone talked about, but Wymandham and Leominster and Petersham. Indeed, Mr. Mussey glides hither and thither, not entirely without a connection of spirit, if not of letter, from Maine to Georgia, from the ocean to the Mississippi, following the erratic track of some notable character or the result of some notable event. The reader is never tired, though he may be often surprised at the agility of the venerable and versatile author in passing from topic to topic, interesting you in Dr. Kirkland's mission among the Senecas, and Daniel Webster's famous orations and pleas before "seas of upturned faces" and courts of passionless justice.

Mr. Mussey often warms with his subject, and his heart throbs along the lines; and, sometimes, he kindles into a flame as he relates some heroic act of his ancestors, or some saintly self-denial of a mother of our Revolutionary patriots. If he sometimes puts a little "too fine a point" upon the genealogies of some remote and yet not wholly obscure families, he can be forgiven; for we are listening, delighted for the most part, to personal reminiscences of an octogenarian whose memory retains everything, and to whom the least person and transaction are full of interest. Indeed, the reader so far partakes of his spirit by contagion that he, too, begins to feel that the five or ten lines of

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personal genealogy contain a whole biography of an active and important life. The "village Hampdens" here find themselves immortalized, and "mute, inglorious Miltons" here receive honor.

Let no one take up this volume, which ought to lie upon every centre-table ready to every child's hand as to every man's, expecting to find a philosophical treatise on government, a labored biography of some statesman, orator, or poet, but a touch here and there of men of all classes and professions, giving, in miniature pictures glimpses of many men and women of many times and many acts honorable to our ancestors. We think that occasionally the author's personal sympathy or taste has allured him to linger longer upon some persons and events than a majority of his readers would prefer; yet he talks on so lovingly and so unconscious of time that, if our interest in the subject is lost, our interest in the author is increased by the very unconsciousness that banishes the lack of interest in the reader from his attention.

It is a capital book of its kind. If any one thinks he can make a better one, let him try it. We have none too many books of this class.

It should be said that Mr. Mussey intends his book shall be instructive and useful as well as interesting. He has not only given a very full table of contents, but a good index, by the aid of which the reader can easily find the person or incident about which he desires to refresh his memory. The artist has hardly done the author justice in his picture preceding the title-page; nor are the "illustrations" of the first class, though some of them are very good. S.

The Principles of Agnosticism applied to Evidences of Christianity. Nine sermons, to which is added a tenth on the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. By John A. Harris, rector of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1883.

These impressive but not eloquent addresses, by their earnestness, vigor of thought, and freshness of feeling, are likely to convince sensible men that there must have been something like Christianity to cause the grand moral revolution which history shows started in the centre of civilization more than eighteen hundred years ago. It is a pity that the lecture on the Trinity was added, as any one can see by its absurd use of a famous text in the seventh chapter of the Gospel of John.

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The whole statement of the original Greek is that the Holy Ghost "was not yet,"—the strongest Unitarian statement in the gospel, because it implies there was then nothing like a third person in the Trinity. "This means," says Dr. Harris, "not surely that there had been no divine vital force exerted by God upon men, but that the full measure of the life-giving power was withheld until the incarnated Logos should have passed through his humilia," etc. Then, and not till then, was possible the *full manifestation* of God to men in the new relations which the Christ had established by his completed revelation of his consubstantiation with the unseen God. F. W. H.

The Wisdom of Holy Scripture. By J. H. McIlvaine. New York: Scribner & Co. 1883. pp. 488.

Twenty years ago, this earnest defence of the Old and New Testaments by modern Orthodoxy would have excited attention and called out controversy. Now, the average Sunday-school teacher will accept it gratefully, while the advanced one will complain that the author is not up with the times. Yet the protest against creeds could not well be stronger, nor the curse of sectarianism be more vividly set forth. He even calls for another "Luther who shall burn in the market-place, as Luther burned the pope's bull, all essentially sectarian creeds and symbols as not conformed to the Lord's deliverances, as making no allowance for those differences of opinion in non-essentials which are inseparable from various degrees of intellectual ability, culture, and spiritual enlightenment, and which are necessary elements of all healthy progress. He will proclaim the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in all true believers to guide them into all necessary truths, so that they shall have no need of extended formularies imposed by human authority; and, surely, he will understand the essentials of the Catholic faith as they were understood when the Apostles' Creed was the only symbol of the Church. Finally, the coming Luther will not preach predestination nor election nor justification by faith, but the person and the work of the Lord Jesus Christ, the efficacy of his most holy sacrifice, the forgiveness of sins, reconciliation with God, and salvation by faith."

Sinners and Saints. By Phil Robinson. London: Sampson, Low & Co.

This latest story of Mormon life gives the results of two co-

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operative enterprises at the South-west, one a partial, the other a perfect success. Kingston, the "Brook Farm" of the Kings' family, has had a five years' experience of milling and joint-stock farming, pursued in the Mormon country without any profit, partly because of their welcoming too many "deadheads," partly because their selected spot was the most hopeless in all that region. Still, they have gained a little on savage nature, have maintained schools, have kept up the widest hospitality, and scout the idea of failure. Profanity and intemperance are unknown; patriarchal piety is maintained; industry is universal; their hard fight with a windy desert promises final victory.

The other community, equally unknown to the world, equally intense in Mormonism, equally pledges all its goods to the order, thus covenants to practise all virtue, live in all simplicity, work with all diligence, pray with daily regularity. The "Order of Enoch" is incorporated for twenty-five years, with $100,000 capital, promising to pay dividends, yet requiring no money qualification, occupying a situation as lovely as Kingston is forbidding. At Orderville, everything seems to prosper. Silk is the chief production; but there are also a tannery, a woollen mill, an experimental garden, besides farms and orchards, school-house and church. Children swarm, and are exceedingly vigorous. Six years' effort has established a self-supported, efficiently managed community, proving so far that religious enthusiasm directed by business tact can give success to the most difficult kind of co-operative industry. F. W. H.

Industrial Education in the United States. A special report prepared by the United States Bureau, Washington.

The design of industrial education is to improve manufactures, elevate farming, increase the productive arts, diminish crime, popularize education, and spread peculiarly American ideas. This first government report, made at the request of Congress, gives returns of nearly a hundred institutions, most of them combining industrial education with classical studies, and so preventing exact knowledge of the amount of handicraft instruction. But no other schooling is so popular, so certain to increase, or so useful in interesting such boys as reject classical studies,—as we remember a boy who seemed born to be a castaway; but, being supplied at one of the Boston evening schools with a pencil and the picture of a horse, at once set to work, and, being

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encouraged by a drawing-master, gave himself with such zest to drawing that in six months' time he was earning four dollars a week for the support of the fatherless family. F. W. H.

Fünfzehn Essays, von Herman Grimm. Dritte Folge. Berlin: Ferd. Dummler's Verlagsbuchhandlung. Harriwitz und Gotzmann. 1882.

This volume, like the preceding ones, shows the thoroughness of Grimm's researches. He takes up some petty question of art or literature, and finds out so much about it that it becomes a storehouse of significant fact and fertile suggestion. It is almost wearisome to follow him, unless one cares for the same points exactly as he does. He writes with a certain familiarity with his reader, as if the latter, of course, were interested in his reminiscences and affections, as in the essay on "Die Brüder Grimm." The book does not beget a love for art; but, if one were curious concerning what might be called the bibliography of art, many of the essays would be instructive.

It contains a loving but vague paper on Emerson, and a translation of the latter's essays on Goethe and Shakspere. Grimm considers that in Emerson's teachings lies the sovereignty of personality, as he brings before the idealist the greatness of real activity, and before the realist the height of ideal thought. All his chance sentences put together would have the unity of a panorama of the thought of a great man. He is related to Schiller by his democracy and the æsthetic-political tendency of his mind, and differs from Goethe by his affirmation of the necessary, while the German poet wished only for the beautiful.

Florence, the subject of another essay, is as dear to Grimm as it was to Giotto and Dante. The poet translated the worn-out personifications of the Old World into his modern Florentine life, and represented philosophy under the guise of Beatrice, whom he adored. Both Dante and Michel Angelo wrote of their city as if she were a woman, a figure of speech for which the old Roman senatorial coins gave authority. The sculptor's "Night" is Florence bereft of her freedom; but he also speaks of her as the sun, to which all have a right. Though France surpassed other nations in the use of allegorical figures, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Dante and Michel Angelo will always be regarded as the great personifiers of a city. Leopardi in his glorious "Ode to Italy," and Cornelius in his picture

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of the Christian epoch, representing the heavenly Jerusalem in the form of a young woman, according to the Book of Revelation, have given noble utterance to a similar conception, in our own time.

The essay on "Raphael's School of Athens" is a careful study of the reasons why the picture represents Plato and *Paul*, not Aristotle. Grimm arrives at this conclusion from a study of the oldest plates and of the general spirit of those days. He argues that St. Augustine wrote his *City of God*, guided by Plato's philosophy; that the Neo-Platonists influenced the early Christians, for the inner meaning of Platonic ideas really increased the spiritual authority of the Church; that, under Sixtus IV., the art and literature of the ancient world blossomed best, and Christian and heathen philosophy intermingled; and that, as Raphael worked upon this picture, he felt he could best show the union of paganism and Christianity by placing Paul among the philosophers, for Paul was the man of the sixteenth, as Plato had been of the fifteenth, and Aristotle of the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries.

One of the most subtle essays is the short one on Holbein's portrait of Erasmus, in which a comparison is drawn between Voltaire and Erasmus. Their characters and methods were alike. Both of them possessed the art of talking to others as others wished, and yet of pursuing their own way. Both wished to obtain results by comparatively gentle means, and were unwilling to work for the masses, as did Rousseau and Luther. Holbein's picture does away with all accessories, and makes one feel the thoughts of the man as they went backwards and forwards. Like all the *Renaissance* art, it points through the individual to the general, or in the general hints at the individual.

It is always sad when one is compelled to publish in compressed form the results of years of study, lest time fail for expansion of it. So Grimm tells us now shortly what he had hoped to relate at length concerning "Die Entstehung des Volksbuches, von Dr. Faust.". The story has had various sources: 1. There was an actual Dr. George Faust, a magician; 2. The confessions of Augustine and the doctrines of the Manichæans were used to increase interest in the story, there being many points of resemblance between the real life of the saint and the imaginary one of Faust; 3. In the lifetime of Erasmus there was a Dr. Faust Andrelinus in Paris, who hated

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the monks, and had connection with the devil: the correspondence between the two men must have been known to the author of *Faust*, who draws from it the reference to flies and ants for food, and to flying through the air, all of which received the later interpretation of magic. 4. The Dr. John Faust, of the Peoples' Book, with its changes and similarities, must, on the whole, be regarded as an independent work. 5. Goethe's drama grew out of all these variations: he united the four preceding real Fausts into an ideal one, and employs the Manichæan elements, and the color and scenery of the Reformation. Its second part suggests that he cared little for history, and more for that which, as immortal, rises beyond the transitory fate of individuals. Its value consists in what lies in it rather than in what depends upon it.

Grimm's enthusiasm for those he loves shines forth in his talk about Bettina. He vividly depicts her wonderful power over every one as arising from the high realms of thought in which she always lived. At Goethe's death, she conceived the idea of publishing their letters as a monument to him. Though personal experience was her element, the passion in her correspondence did not exist in her actual intercourse with the poet, but sprang up like a myth, as the work of publication grew. She poetized what might have been, and when a woman of seventy wandered one early morning with Grimm through Goethe's Weimar haunts. The plaster model of Steinhäuser's monument to Goethe, which was due to her genius as well as to that of the sculptor's, stood in the great hall of her dwelling. In her old age, she would have herself carried to it, and, clinging with both hands to the platform, would walk slowly around it, devising plans for its greater beauty. By it her coffin rested, before it was carried to Wiebersdorf; and Grimm, alone with it, fastened laurel wreaths upon the lid.

"Zwei Dürersche Kupferstiche" reveals Grimm's fancy for analysis of the composition of a picture. It is a comparison between Holbein's "Dance of Death" and Dürer's "Ritter, Tod, und Teufel." The first shows death as the scornful leveller of all earthly distinction: the latter is a peaceful allegory. The strength of Dürer's knight does not think of withdrawing from death and the devil: he is Christ's servant, and can wait, for aught of harm they may do him. The idea of the picture was taken from Erasmus' *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, in which

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the hero looks upon death and the devil as phantasms on the road to eternal blessedness.

The other essays are not equal in interest to those mentioned, but whether the volume as a whole compares favorably with the others of the series would depend upon the reader's preference for artistic or social subjects. K. G. W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Voices for the Speechless. Selections for Schools and Private Reading. By Abraham Firth. Price 75 cents.

From James R. Osgood & Co.

Vix. By George E. Waring. (Waring's Horse Stories, I.) Reprinted from *Whip and Spur*. Price 10 cents.

From J. S. Cushing & Co.

Catalogue of Phillips Exeter Academy. 1783–1883.

Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. An Historical Sketch. By Charles H. Bell.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Topics of the Time. Vol. I. No. 3. Studies in Literature. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Price 25 cents.

From Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Samuel Sharpe: Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible. By P. W. Clayden.

From George H. Ellis.

Darwinism in Morals, and Other Essays. By Frances Power Cobbe. Price, cloth, $2.00.

From Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Grounds for Theistic and Christian Belief. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Price $2.50. For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

From Little, Brown & Co.

Cicero de Officiis. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Andrew P. Peabody.

From the American Unitarian Association.

Orthodoxy and Heresy in the Christian Church. By Edward H. Hall. Price 75 cts.

From the Catholic Publication Society Company.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1884.

PAMPHLETS.

Circular from Bureau of Education, Washington, D.C. Life Book for the Young, C. H. A. Dall, Calcutta. Del Renovamento Religioso en Italia, Roma, 1883.

MAGAZINES.

The Sanitarian. American Antiquarian. Wide Awake. Homiletic Monthly. Catholic World. Truth-Seeker (England). Predigt der Gegenwart. The Manhattan. Macmillan's Magazine. Dio Lewis' Monthly. Jahrbücher der Theologie, Leipzig.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. NOVEMBER, 1883. No. 5.

MAN'S UNITY WITH GOD.

There are those whose principal satisfaction in the pseudonymous character which the critics, with some notable exceptions, have assigned to the Fourth Gospel, is on account of the injury which is thus inflicted on the textual argument for the identity of Jesus with the supreme and only God. But they are still far from the kingdom of rational belief, who need any such critical disclosure for the confirmation of their own assurance that the identity contended for, in the arbitrary and exclusive sense in which it is contended for, is without standing-room upon the plane of rational ideas. The least in such a kingdom hold their opinions subject to no balancing of Bible texts this way and that. If every text from Genesis to Revelation contained a declaration of the identity of Jesus with the Almighty, in the ordinary theological sense, they would not feel the slightest obligation to adopt this notion into the family of their personal beliefs. And so it happens that those sentences and phrases in the Fourth Gospel which have been regarded by the champions of Orthodoxy with a peculiar

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pride are in several instances the sentences and phrases which the man of rational ideas would be least inclined to spare. Such are the sentences and phrases of the majestic proem, "In the beginning was the word," etc. In the battle of the texts, they have done tremendous service on the side of the traditional beliefs. No less they serve the man of rational ideas as gracious symbols of his thought. Nor is it otherwise with the text which has been for centuries the *pièce de résistance* of the traditional creed,—I and my Father are one. It may be doubted whether the writer, in attributing these words to Jesus, attached to them any such vigorous and rigorous significance as they have had upon the flaunting banners of the sects, and even, it must be confessed unwillingly, whether Jesus ever said them, either "in a jubilee of sublime emotion" or in any lower mood. Be these things as they may, nothing is easier than to translate these words out of all special and particular significance into a significance that is permanent and universal. Fades out the individual Jesus. It is Humanity that speaks to us and for us, saying, I and my Father are one. And from a thousand and ten thousand heights and depths a thousand and ten thousand voices sing a glad Amen.

The unity of man and God,—it is first of all a unity of mystery. It is objected to the teachings of a contemporary philosopher that he makes it out that God is the Unknowable. But has he not the Scriptures on his side? Surely, thou art a God that hidest thyself. Can man by searching find out God? For God write man, and it is just as true; for the very essence of a man is consciousness, and how deeply this is hid! By no amount of searching have the anatomists and physiologists yet found it out. They seem to be as far from finding it as ever. Shall we make conceivability the test of fact, and because we cannot conceive of God deny that he exists. But to conceive of God is every whit as easy as to conceive of man. This certain something that you take for granted every time that you say "I," can you conceive of this? Have you any idea

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how it looks, whether it looks at all? And yet of nothing else are you so sure. "It is I: be not afraid," says the New Testament Jesus. But what else is there so fearful as this same mysterious I? What else so awe-inspiring? "I have learned," said Coleridge, "what a dreadful thing it is to sin against the holiness of such an infinite, eternal being as is the human soul." But the unity in mystery of the divine and human has many illustrations. Consider man in his concretest manifestation. "He is in little all the sphere," as Herbert sung. To understand him is to understand the whole. If Tennyson could say this of his flower in the crannied wall, how much more obviously is it true of man! To comprehend him root and all, and all in all, we should have to comprehend the universe and God.

And so the unity of mystery opens out into a unity of infinity. To say that God is personal is to limit God, is the too glib and common iteration of the time. But what if a philosopher should come to us, and say, The personality of man is limitless! And such a one has come. Why not? What barriers to thought are time and space? Swedenborg tells us that, when the angels wish to be anywhere, they are already there. But, if angels were angels in virtue of this power, we should all of us be proved angelic. Did Paul know a man who was in the seventh heaven? There are not a few of us who have known as much. What are the limits of imagination? What of reason? What of love? What limits are there to the fidelity and nobility of ardent and aspiring souls? I have known men and women capable of any baseness. I have known others capable of any sacrifice. I cannot understand how people should be so astonished at the moral quality of Jesus. They must have been unfortunate in their associates. But Father Taylor, asked "Have any others ever been as good as Jesus?" answered, "Millions," and counted some of them, no doubt, among his friends, as you might do, or I. Then, too, humanity is infinite in the resources upon which it draws. There are some fourteen hundred million people in the world, and all of them are our relations; and they are but a handful to the ancestors

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who have contributed within times comparatively modern to make us what we are. And, still, you are but in the outer court of your infinity. For all of these ancestral millions have been shaped by millions of terrestrial and skyey influences, as we are being shaped to-day. "What is your life? It is like a cloud," the Psalmist said. Yea, verily, and like a cloud might sing, if it could find a voice,—

> "I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
> And the nursling of the sky;
> I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores:
> I change, but I cannot die."

We are told in the New Testament that, if the personal history of Jesus should be fully written, the world itself would not contain the books composing it. Could we not say as much of the personal history of any human being, taken with its remotest implications? For such a history, "writ large," would be no less than a history of the complete and boundless universe and a biography of God.

But the infinity wherein man is at one with God is temporal, no less than spatial. Did Jesus say, "I was before Abraham"? Who cannot say as much, and in no trivial sense? Before Abraham? Millions of years before! Before the singing of the morning stars, ere yet the fiery nebulous cloud began to sway hither and thither, and anon to circle into suns that, wheeling, cast the planets. Our lives have taken color from that awful rose of dawn. We bear within ourselves the traces of that great primeval pain. We are a Living Past. "Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth?" There, in the foundations; there, in thy bosom, everlasting God, ere yet thy brooding spirit brought to birth the earliest born of time. And, as we are eternal in the incomings of our life, so are we eternal in its outgoings. The earth, the universe, will never be the same hereafter, as if we had not come and loved and suffered for our little day. What limit is there to the operation of a good or evil deed?

> "How far that little candle throws his beams!"

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The self-indulgence or the abnegation of to-day may turn the scales of truth and justice in some far-off millennium, as well as break some heart warm-beating at our side, or still its every pang.

Man's unity with God declares itself not only in these grand analogies of mystery, infinity, and eternity, that are so appealing to our imagination, so nourishing to our self-respect, but in many humbler and concreter ways. Thus, for example, God and man are one in all the products of man's industrial, intellectual, and spiritual activity. Shall the farmer thank God for his barns stuffed with plenty? Shall he not rather thank himself? Has he not carted off the fertilizing sea-weed from the beach, when the fierce undertow has plucked it for him from the rocks, that he may strew it on his fields? Has he not worked early and late, with aching back and callous, knotted hands, to sort his seed, and plant and sow and weed and fend from sun and storm? Shall he not thank himself for his harvests? Nay, for, though Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, it is God who giveth the increase,—giveth the increase, because he giveth the juicy kelp that reinvigorates the depleted soil; giveth the soil made arable by the poor ground worm of the theologian's contempt, Darwin's transfiguration; giveth the air, the sunlight, and the rain. But the divine co-operation is more intimate than I have yet declared. Even as the apostle said, it is God that worketh *in* us, both to will and to do. Immanent in matter, he has not forsaken man. He is in the farmer's toil and forethought, enterprise and skill. "The works that I do," said Jesus, "are not mine, but the Father's who sent me." Again, who cannot say as much? From the innumerable company of toilers, all the ages down, I seem to hear a mighty choral song, the voice of genius blending with the voice of humblest toil: "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy great and holy name be honor and glory, world without end. Amen." What particles of infinity drop into the mind's retorts, and help precipitate its thought, its feeling, its volition! It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. "Here I stand," said Martin Luther. "So help me God, I can no otherwise."

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But we must not exaggerate the "not ourselves." It is forever check and countercheck. The saying is, God made the country, man made the town. But a very little thought should be convincing that this saying is absurd. If more is needed, one might read with profit *The Earth as Modified by Man*, which is, however, but a single, brilliant chapter in the story without an end, which tells of all that man has done to make the planet habitable and homelike, fruit-bearing, life-sustaining. But check again! Whence but from nature and from nature's God, the powers and faculties which have enabled man to cope with nature, and to tame the rudeness of the world? And so, again, the mighty chorus sounds, Not unto us, O Lord!

But, if we could have a perfect inventory of the facts within the range of man's influence upon the outward world, could know all that he has done to drain the swamps, lessen the forest areas, shrink the lakes and rivers, vary the horse, the dog, the sheep, every domestic animal, put color and shape and beauty into flower and fruit, into the wheat the very staff of life,—if we could know all this, how small a part it still would be of all the plastic influence of man upon the outer world! Not the hands of man, but his sensibility and intellect have worked the greatest wonders. Science and philosophy agree in this: that what we call the outward universe is what it is to us largely because the Not Me has been moulded by the shaping limits of the Me. Not only flowers and fruits, not only trees and streams, are products of a human and divine co-operation. No; but all things we see or hear or touch or taste or smell or apprehend in any way with sense or mind. What wonderful expansion do our science and philosophy give to the phrase of the apostle "fellow-laborers with God"! The minister who prayed unwittingly, "Thou art the clay, and we are the potter," was not entirely wrong. The Not Me is forever plastic to the Me. But check again: we must not exalt ourselves unduly. Whence came this plastic Me? Whence, in the last analysis, but from the Infinite Not Me? How inextricable is this unity of the human and divine co-operation!

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The psychologist assures us that our various sensations are so many non-resembling signs; *i.e.*, the sense of sound is nothing like the atmospheric vibration by which it is caused, the sense of sight is nothing like the efficient cause of this, an undulation of the ether, etc. But we can only go a very little way in separating subject and object. There is nothing ultimate in such terms as undulations and vibrations. The crass materialism of the popular philosophist has no breathing apparatus suited to this higher atmosphere of modern thought, at once so pure and cold. All that we can affirm is that there is a certain something which, impinging on our sensibility, gives the phenomenal world. Then can no man see it and live. It is that which was and is and is to be, and its veil hath no man taken away.

The unity of man and God is not only a unity in mystery, in infinity, in eternity, in practical and ideal co-operation: it is a unity in nature and in law. Man "cannot separate himself," says one, "from that which he contemplates. Though he has the power of gazing upon it as something outside himself, yet he knows himself to be a part of it. The same laws whose operations he watches in the external universe he may study in his own body." Indeed, his body is as external to his mind as any tree or star. It is implicated in the same laws that govern them. It is made of the same stuff. "Dust we are, and to dust we shall return." But these words, which in the mouth of popular religion signify a curse and shame, become a pæan in the mouth of science. For this "dust" of which our bodies are composed allies us not only with this brown old earth,—though that alone were wonderful enough,—but with the whole material universe. It is the body of God, and we are part of it. That which the Romanist confines to isolated sacramental actions is for us a constant and perennial thing. We need no priest to make the bread we eat God's body. For it is ever that.

> "Every loaf and cup is mystic,
> Wine and life-bread eucharistic,
> Feeding body less than soul."

Feeding imagination, wonder, awe. The author of *Natu-*

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ral Religion says: "When men whose minds are possessed with a thought like this and whose lives are devoted to such a contemplation say, 'As for God, we know nothing of him; science knows nothing of him: it is a name belonging to an extinct system of philosophy,' I think they are playing with words. By what name they call the object of their contemplation is in itself a matter of little importance. Whether they say God or prefer to say Nature, the important thing is that their minds are filled with the sense of a Power to all appearance infinite and eternal, a Power to which their own being is indissolubly connected, in the knowledge of whose ways alone is safety and well-being, in the contemplation of which they find a beatific vision."

But if the Power in which we live and move and have our being is to be named indifferently Nature or God, it must be with a perfect understanding that by nature we do not mean only so much of nature as is external to humanity. The unity of God and man is not a more necessary element of thought for man's sake than for God's. The saying of Luther, "God cannot get along without strong men," has various application. "God cannot make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio." He cannot make any sweetest music without human help, any great harmony of love or social order. But it is just as true that he cannot get along ideally without strong men, men strong in love and justice and in aspiration toward ideal ends. That is to say, such men are needed to assist our thought of the divine perfection. The unity of man and God presents no other aspect that is so practical as this. When I say *practical*, I do not mean that any help is here for the adjustment of our tariff legislation. I do not mean that any help is here for any matter of bread-winning or money-getting. These things are practical, but some other things are also practical,— our thoughts of God and man and their relations. We live by these not less than by our beef and corn. It is as easily possible to starve the mind or heart as to starve the body, and the calamity in the former case is not less deplorable than in the latter. And so I say we have something eminently

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practical here in this aspect of the unity of God and man,—humanity a necessary element in our conception of the Deity. For man to be "without God in the world" has always been considered a most lamentable condition. But for God to be without man in the world would be as infinitely sad, given some imaginary being to construct a concept of the Deity without recourse to any human excellence —from Nature, as she manifests herself exclusively of human life, with all the love and truth and aspiration that such life implies.

And therefore, if this natural religion of which we hear so much, and often gladly, is to be satisfying to the exigencies of our minds and hearts, it must deal with nature in the most inclusive sense, with nature inclusive of humanity. There are those who have convinced themselves that nature exclusive of humanity is something altogether gracious, sweet, and kind. So conceiving it, they either set it off against God as a more satisfactory object of delight and admiration, or they use the masculine God and the feminine Nature with complete indifference. Their God is nature exclusive of humanity. And there is nothing in this disposition to surprise us in the least. It is the poet's disposition. Who cannot sympathize with it, who in times of grief and loss and pain has gone apart from men, to be with Nature in her haunts of beauty and of power?

> "There's quiet in that angel's glance;
> There's rest in that still countenance."

"Be still, and know that *I* am God," the mighty Presence seems to say, voicing itself in surgings of the mountain pines, or in the cataract's thunder, or in the still, small voice of birds in woodlands dim, or in the silence of the night. And, if Nature has such completeness for our sorrow, for our joy she has not less. How pure and stainless, how gracious and benignant, does she seem to us, when, in the fulness of our health and joy, we bare our spirits to the flood of her divine caresses! At such times, she is not only sufficient for herself alone: she adopts into

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her beautiful economy the human elements that have been superinduced upon it. Looking abroad upon the world from the sky-shouldering top of grand Monadnock or Chocorua, it were an easy matter, and most natural, either to substitute Nature for God, or identify her with him completely. The homes and occupations of mankind seen far away blend with the forests and the streams, and, instead of marring the perfection of the whole, increase its charm. But a moment's thought rings out the passing knell of our delicious dream. For we know, perhaps, that the pretty farm-house yonder, whose curling smoke is such a pleasure to our eye, which every way is so agreeable to our imagination, shelters a hapless creature drawing her every breath in pain, and dreading like a wound the sunlight that is to us so joyous. We know that yonder men driving their teams afield so picturesquely are warped and bent with their incessant toil, and find their life a burden and a curse. As with these human elements which Nature has adopted into the *ensemble* of her perfections, so it is with the elements that are peculiar to herself. Her leagues of forest, dappled so pleasantly with sunshine and with shade, conceal a thousand scenes of cruelty, animals preying upon each other: that downward swoop of hawk or eagle means the sudden end of some poor creature's joy; and, in the river's gleaming waters, the big fish are eating up the little ones with great self-satisfaction.

I say Monadnock or Chocorua; and I mean the mountain height of poetry, of æsthetic synthesis, the stand-point of a sentimental admiration. Nature is not the gracious, perfect being she appears to be, when so presented to our minds. The very joy in her which leads us to contrast her perfectness invidiously with our own imperfectness is born, not of her actuality, but of our own idealization. We first construct an ideal nature, and then we shame with it its own artificer. For the exclusively poetic, sentimental view of nature, no better antidote has been concocted up to this present time than the famous *Essay upon Nature* by John Stuart Mill. "In sober truth," he says, "nearly all things

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which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing are Nature's every-day performances. Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, throws them to wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them, freezes them, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious tortures of a Domitian or a Torquemada never surpassed. Everything, in short, which the worst men commit, either against life or property, is committed on a larger scale by natural agents." These things are so; and, because these things are so, it is only by holding the telescope, as Nelson did, to our blind eye, that we can continue to imagine that nature, exclusive of humanity, is adequate to the functions of a Deity who shall be satisfying alike to the convictions of the intellect and the emotions of the heart.

God cannot get along without strong men. The God of our ideal conception needs a human element to give us refuge from the pitiless immensity of Nature in her extra-human manifestation. The writer who has attempted the identification of God and nature more seriously than any other writer of our time, and with results more generally satisfactory, owes his success, not in a small degree, to his perception that a Nature-God without man in the world would not be altogether worshipful. Life-giving and beneficent he would surely be, but terrifying and destructive also; and "Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine," shrieks against the creed that would assert her absolute perfection or sufficient good. Speaking of this Nature-God, he says: "We should read his character, not merely in the earthquake and the fire, but also in the still, small voice; not merely in the destroying powers of the world, but, as Mohammed said, in the compassion that we feel for one another; not merely in the storm that threatens the sailor with death, but in the life-boat and the Grace Darling that puts out from the shore to the rescue; not merely in the intricate laws that confound our prudence, but in the science that penetrates them and the art which makes them

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subservient to our purposes; not merely in the social evils that fill our towns with misery and cover our frontiers with war, but in the St. Francis that makes himself the brother of the miserable, and in the Fox and Penn that proclaim the principles of peace." But nature, so conceived, is very different from the nature of the sentimentalist, who imagines that he finds in nature, exclusive of humanity, a challenge to his admiration, reverence, and awe and worship. Nature, when so conceived, becomes co-equal with the God of pantheistic thought and feeling. The only difference is the difference of the pronouns "he" and "she."

> "He is the green in every blade,
> The health in every boy and maid.
> In yonder sunrise flag he blooms
> Above a nation's well-earned tombs.
> That empty sleeve his arm contains,
> That blushing scar his life-blood drains,
> That flaunting cheek against the lamp
> He hoists for succor from a heart
> Where love maintains its wasted camp
> Till love arrive to take its part.
> That bloodless cheek against the pane
> Goes whitening all the murky street
> With God's own dread, lest hunger gain
> Upon his love's woe-burdened feet."

Where "he" and "his" are written in this burst of pantheistic inspiration from our Weiss's poet brain, write "she" and "hers," and it would be just as true of Nature in her totality, which is legitimately inclusive of humanity, as of the pantheistic theist's God.

And still we have not touched the imperial heart of this stupendous wonder of man's unity with God. For it is no more permissible for us to blink the pessimistic elements in human nature and in human life than it is permitted us to blink these elements in Nature as she manifests herself in extra-human spheres. If "Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine," shrieks against the sentimental creed of natural optimism, humanity, coarse and brutal, hateful and malignant, foul and murderous, shrieks against the sentimental

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creed of those who chant the praises of "the great god *man*, who is God," as if his only attributes were those of mercy, gentleness, and peace, and love. The unity of God and man which shall avail to satisfy the exigencies of both mind and heart must not content itself with imputing to the Infinite Power all of the kindness, pity, tenderness, that are actualized to-day or have ever actualized themselves in human life. For, if there were faithful women standing by the cross of Jesus, there were also those that thrust the spear into his fainting side. If there is a legend of good women, there is a legend of bad women also. Was there a Roman emperor, Aurelius, who said, "Even in a palace, life can be well led," and proved it could be so? Well, there was also a Tiberius, a Nero, a Caligula, a Claudius, a Domitian. Was there a Francis of Assisi, who remembered those whom God seemed to have forgotten? There was an Alexander VI. calling himself God's vicegerent, while still he played a perfect devil's part. Alas, alas! humanity is as intractable as nature to the sentimentalist who would speak it only fair. Humanity is far from being an unmixed perfection. It has in it elements as cruel as Jehovah, as licentious as Olympian Zeus. And it were but a sorry refuge from the force of these persuasions to balance all such elements against the better elements of human life, hoping to find preponderance on the side of honor and nobility, and truth and love. "Behold, I show unto you a more excellent way." It is the way that all must go who would maintain on any rational basis the faith of those who all the ages down have

> "trusted God was love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law,
> Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
> With ravine, shrieked against their creed."

And though the average of human goodness could as little bear it out. The unity of God and man demands for its most wholesome and complete significance, not only that our God idea shall embrace the entirety of nature in its extra-human manifestation, and the whole of humanity in its concrete achievement, whether of good or ill, but the

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entirety of man's ideal life as well. His great dissatisfactions, his longings, yearnings, strivings for the good he comprehends not, but still seeks unweariedly,— these are as much the attributes of God as any blueness of the sky or any wonder of clear-shining stars. The law of evolution is our surety for this. There has been no break in the wide sweeping continuity of worlds and men. Our loftiest aspiration was involved in the remotest tendency of the primeval world. "If I testify of myself," said Jesus, "my testimony is not true." But, in the loftiest aspirations of our hearts, in our completest trust in a divine perfection, it is the eternal God that testifies unto himself; and no other testimony could be so true to us. Once more recurs to us that magic word which Polixenes — Shakspere's voice — speaks to the charming Perdita among her garden posies,—

> "Nature is made better by no mean
> But nature makes that mean: even that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes."

And this is true of Nature in her last inclusiveness. Man's highest art is that by which he fashions for himself a vision of the perfect God. This highest art is one that nature makes, that *nature* which is God. Wherefore, our vision of the perfect is God's surety that such a thing must be. Man's unity with God has this consummate flower,— that the Eternal Fact responds to our persistent hope and our abiding faith. It may be more and better than we ever yet have dreamed: it cannot possibly be less.

And, still, it may be that some earnest spirit craves the unspoken word, one that shall be a summons to heroic action, after so much which at the best, perhaps, can only stir the imagination or console the fainting heart. And there is such a word. But it has been implied already in the assertion of the co-operative unity of God and man. There *is* a stream of tendency in nature and in human life. There *is* a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. And, soon or late, the question comes to every son of man: Will you drift idly onward on the bosom of this mighty

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stream, or will you lay to your strength, if haply with long sweeping strokes you may bring in your tiny skiff among the foremost in the race? Will you ally yourself consciously and with unswerving purpose with the Eternal-Not-Ourselves, and make with that for the abiding things? In the right answering of these questions, and in action corresponding to our speech, there is the making of a man. And all the rest that we have seen and said is only saddest accusation, if, seeing that we are one with God in so many great and blessed ways, we do not crown the grandeur and the blessing with the deliberate abandonment of ourselves, in no half-hearted fashion, to the stress of that Eternal Purpose which urges all things on from good to better, and from better to the best.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

PROTESTANTISM IN INDIA.

[This article is the verbatim report of an address delivered at the Ministers' Institute in Lowell, Mass., before nearly two hundred Unitarian clergymen. The address is one of a large number delivered by Mr. Mozoomdar to representative audiences in America; and the resolution adopted by the Institute is appended, as fairly expressing the hearty response of interest and sympathy with which his utterances have everywhere been greeted: "The members of the Ministers' Institute convened in Lowell hereby express their thanks for the noble exposition given by Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar of the course of free religious thought in India, and especially of that form of piety known as the religion of the Brahmo Somaj. We recognize in this exposition the features of spiritual piety and intellectual freedom which appeal most strongly to our sympathy as men, our honor and reverence as those who have received of the spirit and consecrated themselves to the work of Christ. We think we see in that religious movement the advent of a faith full of promise, beauty, and hope. The generous, tender, and devout piety, which it appears to embody, appeals deeply and powerfully to our own hearts. And we are proud and glad to express, through the friend who has now addressed us, our best sympathy and our most earnest good wishes to our Hindu brethren in the faith of humanity and of truth."]

Christian Brethren, my Friends and Fellow-children of a Common Father,— Your welcome assures me, your kind greet-

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ings encourage me. You will readily forgive, will you not, the deficiencies of thought and speech in a man who comes from the other side of the globe. You will take me by the hand as a younger brother, and pardon what in me seems imperfect and unworthy.

But, before I speak, I look up to Thee, O unseen Presence, O God, whom, not knowing what to say, we call our Father. Lead us through the entanglements of this earthly life, through the delusions of false knowledge and temptations to infidelity. Deliver us from evil, from superstition, error, and unwisdom. Take us through the middle path between reason and faith, between philosophy and trust, between this life and the next that leads on to thy kingdom. Teach me what to speak, and teach my brethren to listen to my words in the spirit of sympathy and love; and all glory be unto thee. Amen.

I am a Hindu Protestant. I can assure you that Protestantism has been anything but unknown in India. While, however, I look back upon the principle of protest in my country, I cannot but think that this Protestantism has to answer for a great deal. I am ready to concede to it the great benefit of teaching us the guidance of a sound, clear reason: I am ready to honor it as having stimulated and educated the critical faculty in us; but, on the other hand, I am profoundly conscious how Protestantism, in India at least, has cast down spirituality. I am for the development of knowledge,— let it grow from more to more,— but I am equally for the culture of our devotional powers. Nay: when I look upon the great masses of mankind, millions of men and women who can have no opportunity for intellectual culture, I am disposed to think that greater importance should be attached to human piety, to profound prayer, to simple trust in God. My experience has been that the spirit of protest has tended to undermine that part of man's being, so much so that the case to be decided today is not authority versus reason, but criticism versus faith, unbelief versus piety and prayer. I might go farther, and

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say the case is now between religion and agnosticism, between theism and atheism. The case has a serious aspect. If I mistake not, that seriousness is not confined to my own community; but in England, in America, in all Christian countries, the case is equally serious. There is a struggle, a hard struggle, a death struggle, between religion and the absence of religion, between simple piety and what my friend Miss Cobbe calls magnanimous atheism.

It will be my endeavor this morning to present to you the ways in which we, in India, have tried to decide that case.

Protest against orthodox systems and authorities began in India in prehistoric times. The great system of philosophy known as the Sankhya system was undoubtedly a protestant school of thought, having for its object the subversion of theories contained in the Vedas on the subject of the genesis and evolution of the universe. But the Sankhya philosophy was not a religious system. It was clearly a metaphysical system; and the Brahmans in India are so supple, susceptible, elastic, and tolerant that, although they must have inwardly felt a secret opposition to that philosophy, they did not outwardly wage war with it, but quietly absorbed it, and assimilated it with their own thought. Hence, the origin of Protestantism in India did not give rise to that cry for fire and blood about which we know elsewhere. Yet there is no true, deep philosophy that does not influence man's faith. There is no school of thought that is wholly barren. There is no speculation that has not its practical side also. And, though the protesting philosophy of Sankhya did not seem to have any direct religious bearing, yet it went into the secret thoughts of the people. It affected the motives of action. It produced unconscious reflection; and from the fertile seed of Sankhya philosophy there sprang up and grew a mighty tree of protest, whose branches spread over the whole area of the land, and almost overshadowed all previous belief and thought. Buddhism was the logical and natural result of the Sankhya philosophy. From this seed sown by Kapila's system there

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rose up the great tree of Buddhism, whose branches reached from Chittagong to the passes of the Hindu Kush, from the tops of the Himalayas to the Southern Sea, nay, to Ceylon itself.

You will then agree with me that Buddhism was Protestantism pure and simple. It is generally said to have sprung up about five hundred years before Christ. Buddhism had a philosophical as well as a religious side.

I am not disposed to think that in the speculative creed of Sakya Muni there was much that could be fairly called original. In those days, as well as in later days, they found great difficulty in extricating primitive Buddhistic thought from the schools of metaphysics founded by and developed by the Sankhya and Patanjal systems; but I will not deal with that point just now.

I am concerned with the religious side of Buddhism. Here, we might at once say that Gautama meant to protest against the letter and the spirit of the Vedas. His protest was against the grand Vedic ceremonialism, which gradually had eaten up all that there was of piety and culture in the ancient Scriptures. His protest was against the authority both of the Scriptures themselves and of those who had monopolized their interpretation. Nay, he went further, and protested against the theology taught by all orthodox systems and by the authorized priesthood.

Let me, once for all, declare that I do not believe Gautama or his followers were atheists in any sense. Buddha placed the utmost importance on the pre-existence of personal Buddhas. He seemed to draw his inspiration from antecedent fountains of inspired life and teaching; and the whole hierarchy of Buddhas made up the great personal being who might very well be identified with the Being worshipped by the Brahmans as Brahma, and by others as God. If you go into the Hindu theology, you will discover that there, also, the ideal of divine nature presented is exceedingly different from your own. The stand-points of religious belief and philosophy in the West and the East have been different. Yet, so far as the Vedic idea went,

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Sakya Muni's position was an agnostic position. He never said there was no God, but he did not profess to deal with the theological ideas about God, which one finds in the ancient books of Hindustan. This protest was so far negative.

The protest against the authority of the Vedas, the ceremonies, the position of the Brahman, nay, even the theological principles of the old religion, was clearly a negative protest. But, if Sakya was negative here, he was constructive also,— much more constructive than he was negative. His protest was lost in the great affirmation of humanity which he made,— an affirmation that changed all the preexisting ethics of India, and placed its stamp upon all the moral future of that country. From the high influence of Sakya proceeded all that delicate and gentle regard for human beings, as well as for inferior animals, characteristic of modern Hinduism. The Brahmans used to cut up great beasts,— horses and cows,— and eat them, and, it is said, revived them again. The story is that, at the time of great festivals, the Brahmans would collect a large herd of horned and hornless cattle (you see they anticipated France in eating horse-flesh) and butcher them. Then, they would pile up the flesh, and cook it and eat. Afterward, they would gather up all the bones, and utter incantations over them, and so revive the animals, and let them depart in peace. It so happened on one occasion that, when the animal had been killed and the flesh was being cooked, a young Hindu priest, who had a peculiar weakness for beef,— as many others have,— not only ate what he could get, but thrust some into his pockets, if they used pockets in those days. The feast was over, the animals were being revived; but they found some bones were minus. No revival was possible, and the saints were so much exercised that from that time they gave up killing cows. But it is said this young man, fearing the wrath which he had excited, secreted the meat in the ground, and it germinated: the flesh sprang up in the form of onions, and the bones grew up in the form of garlic. And, at the present day,

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you find nearly the same prejudice against beef as against onion and garlic.

To return from this digression. The humanity which you find at the present time in India is traceable to the influence of the teachings and life of the Buddhist founder and his disciples,— not only that, but physical purity and self-negation also. I cannot think of any other religious system that inculcates the same principles of self-conquest, of the annihilation of carnality, of hatred and enmity, as I see in the religion of the Buddhist. Humanity was divine; love, the chief virtue. Self-conquest, self-discipline, destruction of the passions, removal of worldly-mindedness, are all taught as the only morality by Buddhism. Physical purity, intellectual wisdom, and humanity for all living beings were the three grand elements which entered into the Hindu character from Sakya Muni's Protestantism. But, afterward, the Brahmans fought with Buddhism, and swept it out of Hindustan. You find the Vedic culture still retained, as well as the Buddhistic morality. You find the spirit of Buddhism among the Hindus, though the letter of Buddhism itself has passed from the country.

The second protest after this was the protest of what is known as the Puranas. When the Brahmans once more found their power coming back to them and that Buddhism was gone, the Brahmans and the whole nation set up an immediate and great protest against mere intellectualism, mere critical culture, mere development of reason. Reason was decried, underrated, and classed as a secondary faculty. Reason was found to be insufficient to give rest, purity, profound joy, communion with God; and the Puranas began to be composed, the great Mahabarat was written, the Bhagavat was sung.

The rise of this great religious poem is illustrated in a very interesting anecdote. Vyasa, the compiler of the Vedas, after his great scriptural labors, sat down in the woods one day, extremely disconsolate and dejected. He was restless and dissatisfied with himself. The divine sage Narada, a sort of universal messenger of the deities,

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descended to him, singing sweet strains of the love of Hari, and playing on his veena of three strings. He came to Vyasa and said, "O Vyasa, why art thou so disconsolate, why dost thou look so sad?" And Vyasa answered, "I have written the great books of the Vedas and the Vedanta, and I have compiled them into a repository of religious wisdom; but, behold, my own mind is not satisfied and at peace." Narada replied: "O Vyasa, very well might that happen. Thy work thou hast written has been the work of the intellect. The intellect never gives peace nor brings us to Paradise. Cultivate thy heart, O Vyasa, develop thy religious emotions, sweeten thy piety, try to find out the tender depths of Hari's love, then thou shalt have peace." It is said after that Vyasa began to compose another great book, the Bhagavat,—not the *Gita*, but the Bhagavat Puran which gives tender accounts of God's love and of his dealings with the sinning and sorrowing world.

Thus, then, here in the Puranas you find the second protest against the same pride of intellect, against the same harsh, objectless disciplines of mind, the practices of Yoga and Karma, against abstractions and negations,—in fact, against Buddhism,—that Buddha made against the Vedas.

But, as the system of Sakya had a decided affirmative side, so the protest of the Puranas has a positive, constructive side. It has the constructiveness of piety, the affirmations of Bhakti, and the deepening of love to a God of providence, the heightening of faith and trust in a personal, active God. In fact, it was positive individual piety. These principles are scattered over the different Puranas. They are gathered and embodied in the great book known as the Bhagavat Gita, a collection and synthesis of all antecedent and existing schools of piety and profound thought. The importance of the *Gita*, therefore, cannot be exaggerated; and you find in that, as you now find in the Brahmo Somaj, a gathering together, a picking up of all the great principles of teachings which the Hindus had known before,—namely, Yoga, Bhakti, Guyan, and Karma.

If we come down the stream of centuries, we find that the

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critical and originating power of the Hindus is nearly gone; that the Mohammedans have come like mountain torrents pouring over the fertile plains of the great country. You find Hinduism and Mohammedanism side by side. But, during this time, India was not lacking in protests. The next period of protest very singularly happens to be almost coeval with the age of Luther in Europe.

In the latter half of the fifteenth century, you find two great reforms in the Punjab and in Bengal, protesting against the system of caste, and protesting against popular idolatry, against bigotry and sectarianism of all kinds.

The great prophet of the Punjab was Gurn Nanak, the founder of the Sikhs, the brave Sikh warriors who met the British breast to breast, and for a long time proved to the invading armies that the old Aryan spirit of heroism and courage was not entirely extinct. Nanak was the founder of the Sikh theism, and father of the Sikh nation.

The reformer in Bengal was Chaitanya, a man from whose influence there arose a mighty tidal wave of piety that overwhelmed the whole of that province and Orissa.

These two men, one in the extreme east and the other in the extreme west, greatly agitated society. Mohammedanism had greatly fostered a disbelief in caste. Mohammedan saints and sages—because, believe me, there are high-minded, pious men among the Mohammedans also—had proved to the Hindus that they must not be sectarian, exclusive in their religious fraternity. Above all, the great Emperor Akbar, with whose reputation India still rings, tried to bring the Brahmans and Mohammedans and Persians together; and he even had some Christian missionaries in his court. He held religious councils every Thursday with these men, discussed religious subjects, and produced and spread a great influence of catholic tolerance and fraternal sympathy.

All these influences together took shape in the protests subsequently made against popular idolatry, against caste and narrow sectarianism. The new reformers admitted Mohammedans into their community, a greater revolu-

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tion than which could not be conceived in Hindu society. All castes, even the most degraded, were embraced by Nanak and Chaitanya. Even women were admitted into religious fellowship. Men and women were allowed the same privileges. Hindu society was convulsed with feelings of anger and impulses of fanaticism, when these two men made the progress they did in widening the circle of religious sympathy. But there, also, you find a great affirmative emphasis given to piety, to love, to faith, to the forsaking of worldliness and carnality, to devotion, and to personal purity.

Now, I must come down to later times. The Mohammedans, like locusts, came and went till they blew away forever, none knew whither. Their sceptre of iron was broken like a reed. Their despotism was crushed like a pillar of sand. Their star set. Christian England peeped into India, like the welcome dawn after a night of storm and darkness. England and England's Christianity descended upon Hindustan, and a new era broke upon us like a flood of light; and this fourth period of protest is that to which you and I belong.

The Brahmo Somaj is the legitimate offspring of the wedlock of Christianity with the faith of Hindu Aryans. You know that the Brahmo Somaj began with a loud, fearless protest. You have heard the name of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. I believe that about this very time Prof. Max Müller is fulfilling an agreeable duty, and is commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of that great Hindu with a lecture in the town of Bristol, where the Rajah died. But, although you know his name, you do not know the bitterness of persecution against him. You do not know how the poor and the wealthy, the learned and the vulgar, nay, even the relatives and friends of that great reformer, banded themselves into a mighty phalanx of opposition, before which even *his* fearless spirit now and then trembled. The protest which the Brahmo Somaj made against polytheism, against ceremonialism, against idolatry, was manly and unmistakable. But then, here again, there was a strong

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affirmation made. That affirmation was the affirmation of simple monotheism, the oneness of God. "Ek-meva-dwitwium" is the great Sanskrit motto; "Alla-ho-Akbar" is the great Semitic cry borrowed from the Arabs; "Our Father in heaven" was the echo with which India reverberated when Ram Mohun Roy laid the foundation of his great church.

Speaking, then, of these four different periods of protest, I want to impress upon your minds the fact that there are certain common elements in them. These elementary principles are entirely consistent with the mental nature of the Hindu: they run and interweave themselves with all the various reforms the outlines of which I have tried to lay before you.

The first is faith in a personal centre. Buddhism and Puranism and the religion of Chaitanya and Nanak—in fact, all Hindu reforms—magnified the importance of one or more personal centres in religion. Abstract principles *in India* have not produced much good. They are for the speculator, for the metaphysician, for the man of solitude, the recluse, the individual ascetic. The hundreds and thousands and millions of the people want to see religion concrete, incarnate, personified. Religion must pervade and embody itself in men and women, in practical lives, in actual prayers and devotions that can be seen and heard and lives that can be touched and watched. Buddha, therefore, though he was so agnostic in many things, said that one of the deadliest sins which a man could commit is distrust in the character of the spiritual preceptor. The Hindu writings are so full of the same sentiment that the Brahmans, who have always been teachers of religion, have made a mischievous use of that doctrine by the monopoly of all privilege and personal homage.

Yet, atrocious as the conduct of the Brahmans might have been, you Christians cannot but bear testimony to the fact that, without a personal centre, Christianity would have been nowhere. What is Christianity without the Son of Man? What were the principles which you preach from

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your pulpits, if not sanctioned by the lives, characters, and influences of martyrs and saints who gave their life in commemoration and testimony of their belief? Personal centre, then, is a great matter; and the history of religion without incarnated personalities would be the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out

The second fact upon which all reformers insisted was the fervor of devotional culture. In every school of Hinduism, you will find the essence of true religion to lie in a sense of union between the soul and the super-soul, the spirit within and the spirit without. In the secret of binding man's heart and God's spirit lies all true religion. Such is the verdict of Hinduism.

There are four schools of piety in Hinduism. One is called the Yoga School, the second the Bhakti School, and the third the Guyan school. The fourth is the Karma School. The first or Yoga discipline (the word Yoga means union), by meditation, introspection, abstraction, and realization of God's spirit within and without, aims to arrive at perfect blessedness. There is an absolute control of all physical powers: the flesh is forgotten, the mind concentrates itself on the Supreme Mind, ignores all conditions and circumstances of the world, ignores life and death, ignores all distinctions, desires, virtues, vices, joys, sorrows, nay, existence itself. The mind, thus freed from conditions, immerses itself in the infinite mind; and, to borrow a metaphor from the Hindu, as the arrow penetrates its mark and is covered and concealed by the spot it hits, so the mind is shot into the infinite depths of God's nature, and is concealed thereby entirely. That is the beginning of all true piety.

The second is the same union realized, not through thought, but through love or emotional worship. Bhakti means love, devotion, tender feelings to the God of love. Only when, by childlike trust and development of tender emotions, the mind becomes wholly absorbed in God's merciful dealings so that there is an excitement, a self-forgetfulness, a loosening of passions, desires, and bodily propen-

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sities, does piety begin. Nay, the excitement of devotion becomes a passion, the passion becomes an enthusiasm, the enthusiasm becomes an inebriation, a great intoxication of divine love. Hence, in the cultus of Bhakti, you hear of trances, loud songs, dances, eccentricities, the wild, primitive manifestations of drinking the new wine of the love of God's dispensation to man, of God's presence and love and special providence toward the devotees.

The third form of cultus lies through the purely intellectual powers. The reasoning faculty goes into the laws and arrangements of the world, fact beyond fact, truth deeper than truth, and is wholly immersed in the ocean of intelligence that is in the universe outside and inside. The intellect of God is perceived by human intelligence. Man's mind is absorbed by God's wisdom. The philosopher becomes devout, God-seeing, nay, God-intoxicated. That is the cultus of Guyan.

The fourth form of piety is the discipline of work. This includes all ceremonies, duties, good works. The devotee absolutely consecrates himself to the fulfilment of religious ordinances. So you see that, whether it be the culture of meditation or the culture of the feelings or the culture of reason or the culture of practical work, religion in India means absorption in God, oneness of the human spirit with the spirit of the Divine Being.

One predominant element of Hindu religious movements is the fact of ceremonialism. Every Hindu reform that has had its birth in India has tried to embody and utter itself through deep, great symbols and sacred emblems. What is religion? They will say it is an unutterable impulse; it is an upheaval of the soul; it is a transcendent flight on the part of the human mind toward the infinite azure of God's bosom. It expresses itself in prayers, in watchings and meditations. Not satisfied with expressing itself in that way, it expresses itself also in sublime sacraments, transcendental acts, symbols, and mystical signs. It is only an attempt on the part of the heart to express its sublime sense of divine and unutterable relations. It is worship through

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nature of nature's God. And all over the world, wherever religion has had its sway and its day, has it not tried to utter itself in the same way,— through sacraments and ceremonies, through baptisms and eucharists, through fire and water and sky, through flowers, incenses, and decorations, by the laying on of hands and other ways? Destroy all these ceremonies, and see if religion does not become a great mass of dry saw-dust, a barren shipload of icicles, glittering but cold, benumbing, striking the soul to death. Hence, you find in all reforms in India the supreme importance of symbols and sacraments is recognized.

In the last place, every religious reform in India has tried to bring back the primitive apostolic simplicity to earth which civilization has corrupted. Poverty in India is not considered a curse. In England, I find poverty is a shameful reproach, a social and moral leprosy. The pauper is untouchable: one is polluted if he comes in contact with him, and they hurry him off and shut him up in safety. But, in India and throughout the East, the cry is, Blessed are the poor. Poverty has been the sacred badge of our learned men and pious saints. Our greatest Sanskrit professors have been mendicants. Poverty has been the attribute of our greatest religious reformers. Sakya Muni, the only son of a great king, went about from village to village begging for alms. So did every other reformer. Poverty has always been found to be favorable to the growth of religion. Our religious men and philosophers have never cared for the "almighty dollar." They made no allusions to the needle and the camel passing through it. In India, they have always been tolerant and kindly to the rich, but have never entangled themselves with a superabundance of gold and silver. Whenever a mighty prophet arose, he wanted to bring back the ancient asceticism, self-denial, humility, fasting, watching, homelessness, that the flesh might be sacrificed, that the spirit might grow. So apostolic simplicity, self-denial, indifference to earthly goods, have formed an invariable feature of our religious revivals.

But, at the present moment, Protestantism pays no heed

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to these principles. It protests against everything. To what has this protest against personal influence and devotional fervor, ascetic self-denial and solemn sacraments, led? You protested against the pope: the pope is dethroned, and all ministers have lost their hold upon their flocks. Every man of influence and genius is denounced as a pope. You protest against the infallibility of the Church: the Church has forfeited its ancient position, and a hundred churches have crowded the roadsides, each setting up a sharp rivalry against others, and sects, denominations, and congregations fly at each other's throats. Mr. Cook told me the other day that I was standing in the vestibule of Christianity. I reflected on that compliment; and I thought I would prefer to make my escape from the vestibule, rather than rush into the arena, where the theological gladiators were thrusting knives into each other's hearts.

You protest against the Bible; and the authority of the Bible decays gradually, till the Sacred Scriptures become as any other vulgar book, a mere mass of printer's ink and waste paper. A cold, loveless, dogmatic, carnal, socialistic spirit overruns the world; and men in the abodes of devotion patronize tea-parties and dances and all sorts of social profanities. One after another, the great landmarks of religion disappear; and you stand at the threshold of agnosticism, infidelity, prayerlessness, the cold abodes of spiritual death, where he who enters in never returns to tell the tale.

In the Brahmo Somaj, for a long time — nearly thirty years — this was our state. We protested first against the idols, and then against the infallibility of the Scriptures, then against Providence, then against prayer, till our former leader fled from our church; and we were greatly exercised how we should establish the wisdom and love and power of God. Men held counsel together; and, when the proposition was before the meeting as to whether God was good, they called for a show of hands!

From the year 1830 until about the year 1860, this went on, stage after stage; and every one prophesied the death of the Brahmo Somaj was not far off. Men were crippled by

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cold rationalism. They were inflated with the pride of intellect. They quarrelled among themselves; and it was only the genius of a single man — to his glory be it said — that, by his personal resources and persistent piety, kept up the movement. About the year 1860, a band of young men joined that institution, headed by one whose name you have heard,— Keshub Chunder Sen. They entered with prayer and faith and repentance. Faith, prayer, and repentance became the great battle-cry of the younger section of the Brahmo Somaj. Faith, repentance, and prayer could not but introduce into our midst the sweet, serene figure of the prophet of Nazareth, who prayed and trusted, who lived and died, teaching the world how to pray and how to trust. Thus, Christianity came and mixed with our old Oriental rationalistic, cold faith; and, from that time, we grew. Gradually, piety and spirituality had deeper hold upon us. We determined to purge our church from every taint of idolatry and immorality, to purge our households and our hearts. We introduced reforms, which brought on differences between the younger and the older members. That resulted in the expulsion of the younger members, who were pursued with vilification and calumny. That only helped us the more in our spiritual career, and, about the year 1870, our spiritual infancy was matured into youth, and Keshub Chunder Sen visited England. During the next ten years, our churches multiplied, our reforms grew, our schools and newspapers were started, our missionaries labored ceaselessly. During the last three years, our troubles and trials were intensified; and, in response to our unremitted devotions and disciplines, we received the pentecostal descent of the Spirit of God in the New Dispensation of the Brahmo Somaj. We felt that we had been hitherto groping, seeking after God, if perchance we might find him. We now found that his spirit of love, blessing, forgiveness, truth, wisdom, and holy revelation, descends to *seek* us. The New Dispensation, finding us in the midst of our sins, trials, struggles, raised us up to fresh ideals. That is all the difference between man's seeking God and God's seek-

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ing man. In the former career of the Brahmo Somaj, it was entirely man's effort, with occasional light from God. But, after we conceived the idea that the Spirit was giving us a New Dispensation, our prayers got to have a depth and meaning that they had never known before. Great ideals and great models, great systems of reconciliation, great schemes of brotherhood, of reformers in other lands, the unity of religious philosophers, of prophets, Scriptures, sacraments, presented themselves to us in our devotional exercises. We began to cultivate the principles of the four different Hindu religious schools, we began "pilgrimages to the saints." Christianity, Christian churches, Christian missionaries, had been well recognized facts in India. Christianity rose before us like a mighty, heavenly structure touching the clouds; and we felt the great principles of that religion reaching our hearts. If we were not to be false to the teachings of our own forefathers, could we be false to the teachings of that great prophet of the East, Christ Jesus and his disciples? They have come, and are changing the face of the country, revolutionizing our manners and institutions, our households and our souls. Jesus has conquered India.

The great problem to us, then, is how we may reconcile Christianity with Eastern religions, the West with the East, Europeans with Indians; how unite them as with an electric current that shall produce common sympathies, common thoughts, and common fraternity.

In the light of these great facts and ideals, we felt there was another dispensation coming, indeed. This is all that we mean by the New Dispensation. You ask me: "Why do you place so much importance on Chunder Sen? You make him your pope, your infallible guide." I repudiate that charge. Before three or four thousand men in the town hall of Calcutta, Keshub Chunder Sen declared that he was not only not an inspired prophet, but that he was a vile sinner, unworthy to touch the shoe latchet of Jesus and of Paul,—nay, not of men like Luther, our own modern saint. He said that he only felt that he had a great commission, a great

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work to do, and singular faculties given him for that purpose. He professed to follow the voice of God in what he did. And let me tell you that, if we all love him, it is only as our dear, well-tried minister and elder brother, only in conformity to that great principle of personal influence which all reformers in India have taught, and without which no religion can be comprehensible to the masses of men.

You charge us, again, with mysticism. Everything which the Occidental mind does not understand it sets down as mysticism. I forget who the great literary character was who said, in order to make a Scotchman understand a joke, it was necessary to make a surgical operation. And I must confess, in order to make the heavy Occidental comprehend the faith and spirituality of the Oriental requires more than a surgical operation. When piety utters itself in uncommon language, which you are not used to hear, you say at once, That is mystic. Whenever there are metaphors and parables and appeals to the Spirit of the Universe and of Life, you cry out, That is mysticism. When one meditates or retires into the woods or walks under the stars or stands still before the great, mighty sea, absorbed in communion with the Being or Beauty or Power or Infinite Glory whom eyes and ears cannot realize, you say, That is mysticism. With such critics I cannot deal. What I can say is that our Church of the New Dispensation means to be true to the ideals and examples of those, in every land and nation, who see divine things with faith-illumined eyes. In the flight of birds, in the blooming lilies of the field, in the sunset glory of the sky, in the mysterious suggestions of the dawn, with Jesus and all the prophets, we behold God.

You complain of sacraments and symbols in the Brahmo Somaj,—as if Christianity itself had not found its noblest edification and its beatitudes in celebrating those grand observances which shall remain so long as Christianity remains. Christianity shall continue to baptize its converts in the waters of repentance, and administer the communion in commemoration of that ever memorable parting. Christianity shall sanctify itself in eating the flesh, in drinking

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the blood, in assimilating the character of the blessed Son of God. If, then, you Christians realize so much blessedness through your sacraments, how can you protest against our imitating you on one or two points? We Orientals have been used for generations to symbols, and need them to express our sentiments in outward deeds. We have to deal with millions of men who have neither read Hegel nor Kant, neither Strauss nor De Wette, nor are they familiar with the latest conclusions of Bible criticism. They want some vivid embodiment of truth. Ideas can only reach the masses through national mediums.

For a long time, the Brahmo Somaj was accused of rationalism. It was said to be a religion for a handful of educated, rationalistic men, that it did not appeal to the instincts and imaginations of the masses. And now that we follow the example of our forefathers, and discover for it the spontaneous forms, practically acceptable to the millions, you turn up your noses and say, "Why, that is sacramentalism, that is mysticism!" But, my good friends, contemplate the condition of the people, their antecedents, their nature, their instincts, their capabilities, their surroundings, their circumstances. Can you, from your Protestant experiences in the West, tell us how to popularize abstract religion? Are not the masses in Protestant countries rushing into secularism, unbelief, and vice? You have no experience to give us, but plenty of theories and criticisms. That is not fair. It is the object of the Brahmo Somaj to reconcile philosophy with simple popular faith, Protestantism with Roman Catholicism. We use symbols and sacraments, not every day, not weekly or even monthly; but now and then, on special occasions for special purposes, we resort to them, to work upon the imagination and emotions of the people, and give them tangible mediums of religious feeling.

This is the position of the Brahmo Somaj in faith, in prayer, in love to God and man. We follow those disciplines, those rules, examples, and teachings which religious men have laid down in our country from age to age, and in every country and every age.

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Our missionaries profess to take the vow of poverty and asceticism. They live without salary or remuneration, often in want of bodily necessities. They practise Yoga (devout communion), Bhakti (fervid, devout love), Guyan (devout wisdom), and Karma (all devout performances). They accept their religion as the new dispensation of the age.

And now one word of appeal. By our protest against orthodox Hinduism and idolatry, we have incurred the risk of suffering all the social penalties that Hindu society can inflict. By taking our women out of the seclusion of the zenana, we have incurred the responsibility of being considered impure men and women. Orthodox society has abjured us, and we look up to the enlightened sympathies and higher character of the sons and daughters of the West. Will you deny us your sympathy, your love, and your fellow-feeling? Because a nation of Orientals continues to live as their ancestors for uncounted ages lived, will you visit us with abuse and reproach? I cannot believe it.

When I spoke to my friends in England, hundreds and thousands of them came forward, and offered me the right hand of fellowship. I have not been in this country long; but, when I have spoken to my friends here, they have not been slow in wishing me God-speed. We need your love, your blessing. Our work is a great work. Our mission is not an easy one. We have to reconcile unreconcilable problems. We have to simplify religion, to bring the primitive into the modern, to bring harmony amid conflicts of philosophy, faith and science between apostolic rigor and modern improvement. God help us, and may your blessings follow us. In that hope only does the Brahmo Somaj proceed in its work of protest and its work of reconstruction.

O Spirit of God, bless us all. Unite us in a brotherhood. Let the East call out to the West and the West to the East, till the whole world becomes one field, wherein thou shalt be the Shepherd and we thy sheep. And we thy children will ascribe unto thee glory, here and forevermore. Amen.

P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

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DEAD AND LIVING TRUTH.

The prominence of the intellect in our religion is mainly due to the official indorsement of error. Veracity has been set at nought by the Church. It has systematically refused to give a reasonable account of its symbols and historic ideals. It has insisted that poetry is prose, that the things of sacred imagination are matters of literal fact.

Truth-seeking is a reaction from the intellectual negligence or perversity of the ecclesiastical mind. The larger part of the religious literature of our time is apologetic or critical. If the Church were in a normal moral condition, speculative learning and historical scholarship would be regarded as a subordinate and special department of its work, rather than as a necessary endowment of the active ministry.

The chief function of the Church is not the dissemination of literary truths either in the shape of history or dogma. These are in the nature of machinery, the tools with which it works.

Its business is to do institutionally what Jesus did personally,— to foster a noble character, to teach mutual helpfulness, to inspire resignation in affliction, to develop and liberate the religious sentiment, to warn the sinful, and help the repentant to a better life.

The large majority of its ministers should be pastors; all others, such as historians, philosophers, poets, artists, and financiers, having the subordinate function of strengthening their hands by supplementing their work.

But in our day, speaking of Christianity in general, he who would surrender himself to a purely pastoral work is deterred on the very threshold of such a ministry by the fact that he is required to hold untruthful views of almost every subject which he needs to teach for edification. He must consent to bad history, to false representations of the nature and mission of Jesus, to a wrong account of the character of the sacred writings. He must announce speculations and hopes as positive revelations, treat myths as

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actual persons, and declare that the ghastly chimeras of barbarian nervousness are worthy symbols of the divinely communicated destiny of misbelievers.

Should he turn from his ancestral branch of the Church and take his place among us, still he finds the popular notions of religion so triumphant and menacing in the community at large that he is forced to take the defensive. Spiritual insight and moral fervor are not enough for his work: he must be a diligent student and a determined polemicist; he must be alike critical and edifying.

Being an honest man, his whole soul is stirred with indignation that the venerable institution which enshrines the memory of Jesus and of countless saints, unsurpassed in spiritual beauty, the institution which stands for righteousness, which is permeated by lofty purpose and sublime fervor, should be discredited in the estimation of clear-minded, secular people, because of its intellectual unveracity.

His indignation flames the more fiercely as he sees that these false views are made the test of Orthodoxy, and reared as a social barrier between citizens who otherwise would be in religious accord. He listens on the Sunday morning to the neighboring church bells, his heart goes out to the whole family of Christ, and feels for union's sake he could endure the most wearisome forms of worship, the most fantastic ritual, the most grotesque and obsolete symbols, the most marvellous mythology; but he cannot, dare not, as a loyal disciple of Jesus, adopt their false history, their textual juggling, their savage dogmas, their unintelligible metaphysics, their unintentional derision of the living mind and of the living God.

There is no help for him. Conscience prescribes the limits of compromise. To be one with the Church, he must be at war with himself: he must violate the axiomatic maxims of common morality, if he would be recognized as an authorized teacher of holiness.

But the intellectual habit induced by this attitude of protest has its perils. We are in danger of losing full realization of truths by the exhausting intensity of our

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attention. They swim and grow blurred before our mental eye. They may be study-killed, entering there as living inspirations imperial with divine sanctions, to become under our professional and critical gaze no more than the bodies in a dissecting room are to the student.

Exclusive thinking renders us, in spite of ourselves, unconsciously indifferent to the most sublime themes, like a royal physician who forgets that his patient is still his sovereign.

Thus, we find many, who began as fervid champions of pure religious ideas, degenerated into easy-going, tepid *doctrinaires*, unawed theological dilettants. They who strode forth from the front door of superstition with the step of a Luther are seen sauntering in by the back door with the compliant air of an Erasmus.

Thus, it is not rare to find agnostics advising their brethren, as did one of them some time ago in a leading review, to assist in the worship of the Episcopal Church and work with the parishioners in all their undertakings, refraining only from repeating the Athanasian creed and the Lord's prayer.

This moral debility is, as we view it, the fruit of merely speculative reasoning. The things the rationalist stands for have lost, to these persons, their vitality and grandeur, so that they can be trifled with or shelved as convenience directs. For example, he must be insensible to the great discoveries that there is no such being as an almost omnipotent devil and a literal hell of torture and eternal despair, or he would feel his soul so stirred with compassion toward the multitude still dominated by these titanic fears that he would not even seem to countenance the creeds which afflict them.

The shame of a certain kind of agnosticism lies not in its cry, "We know not," but in a record which says, "We do not."

Comte was wiser than many of his admirers; for he was not content with a philosophy of religion, but aimed to embody it in an institution. The world has made merry

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over his pontificate, and the wisest have pronounced his church the dream of his old age. Nevertheless, Comte, the philosopher, and Comte, the high-priest, are symbols agnostics may well profit by.

The lack of moral sensibility and spiritual ardor in exclusively critical people is due to the remoteness of the truths they have studied. All that literature and art can produce are shadows, memoranda, signs of things, which are suggestive only as we know by repeated experience what they stand for.

A merely bookish man will know no more of the things that the books are about than a lover of art would of the human face, if he had never seen it save in a portrait gallery.

Even so great a master as Michel Angelo could not work as well without the living, present model. Taine tells us that his productions are divisible into two periods: the earlier and best was when he modelled directly from nature; the latter and inferior, when he trusted to his familiar knowledge of the human form, when he worked from memory. To know the truth, our conception of it must be constantly reinforced by the feeling which only comes in practical relations to it.

Take a simple nursery scene, the gladness of a romping set of children. What sort of idea could the profoundest philosopher have of it, if he had not seen a child for years and had never been in active sympathy with them! To know that gladness in its rosy health, he must go down among them, and indeed assist in the merry rite. He who would best interpret Truth must keep his ear close to her lips.

Or take domestic happiness. Is a recluse ever able, by the most thorough reflection on its causes and phenomena, to know it, as some far poorer reasoner who, in the order of nature, loves, weds, and rears his offspring?

Indeed, by mere speculative reasoning, home love may lose all its reality and charm. The study has conceived as abnormal views of it as the cloister, one philosopher affirming that it was a trick of nature to cajole mankind into self-perpetuation.

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Indeed, the serenity and healthy development of our affections requires a certain degree of intellectual continence. If you would press your babes to your breast with unchilled ardor, you must not think too much. In his wisdom, the Eternal has dropped a veil before the future, so that you cannot see them grown-up men, to be, perhaps, your sorrow, your rivals,— in any case, no longer the objects of parental caresses.

Thinking by itself, or thinking in excess of actual, present experience of the things thought of, is harmful,— not that it reveals more truth, but diminishes the force of present facts. If the child in your arms could be vividly conceived of as a man, your joy in his childhood would be minimized, your mind would be divided between what he is and what he is to be. The order of providence is that your fullest thought of him shall always be parallel with his development. The true focus of the mind is the present fact.

So, then, we say truth does not fully disclose itself to the reflective reason alone, but to the whole man, when actively introduced to it. To understand any being or thing, it is as necessary to consult and employ the affections as the intellect.

It is only to the mere reasoner that life is vague and meaningless: it is only he who mopes and queries, "Where does all this tend, what does it amount to?" He views everything from afar, he sees only exteriors. As some one finely says: "Step down into the crowd, choose a path, or let accident choose for you. . . . Have wishes and a pursuit, and how full of meaning it has all become! This labyrinth of life is ever a straight path to him who keeps walking.

"And as with the purpose of life, so is it with our speculative creed. Stand apart and look on, take up your station at the porch of the church, and only question why others enter there. Oh, you may stand and question to the day of doom! Step within, creep but to the first altar, bend a knee to any saint you please in the calendar, and the whole is changed. Devoted actively to an ideal in some form, however inadequate it may be, you will get a sense of its

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value and beauty in no other way attainable. The truth of it will disclose itself."

If you want to know what love is, love some one. Even Goethe's wealth of intellect did not suffice to create his lyrics of the passions, for he is said to have loved for the purpose of inspiring his poetic compositions.

Therefore, if we would know what religion is, we must be religious; if we would feel the reality and impressiveness of our own idea of God, it must be worshipped; if we would discern the validity and power of our transcendent hopes, we must trust them in our hours of sorrow and desertion.

"Prayer," says Novalis, "is to religion what thinking is to philosophy. Prayer makes religion," makes it real.

Suppose a man says that his notion of God is so shadowy that sometimes it eludes his imagination altogether: we would advise him to seize the hour of vision to act aright by his vague notion. For example, he believes there is a moral order in the universe, and deems it possible that this moral order is sustained by a moral ruler. God is to him a mere hypothesis. Let him stretch out his hands in adoring homage before those abstract principles which he infers are centred in God. Let him encourage conscious reverence for this moral order and its possible source. Let him shape his life in harmony with it. Let him teach his faith to others; and then, though the Deity be in the thick darkness, the rays of his eternal light will enlighten the worshipper. The reverent soul will be awed and inspired; and, if he fail to intone the Lord's prayer, he will chant the psalm, "Oh, how I love thy law!"

Or, if a man has ceased to believe that immortality is revealed, he must still admit the possibility of a blessed future. Let him act aright by that possibility, and he will derive more help from his hope than many others from their certainty. He sees that the expectation of something beyond the present life is based upon a variety of inferences, such as the fact that justice is not, nor can be, completely vindicated here. He sees that there is something to be said for it, that there is a great probability it will be justified.

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Let him assume nothing, but act wholly in view of his definite conclusion. Let him act as one who *may be immortal.* Let him bury his dead as though they *might* be reunited to him. Let him bear injustice in the faith it *may* be righted hereafter, and then how real his hope will become! It will root itself in his soul by its beneficence. He will cling to it, bless it as a revelation in paler characters.

If truth be simply in the mind, it will grow less and less palpable. Imprisoned though in its chosen home, chained though to its own throne, it will languish and die. Action is its food, its air. The word must be made flesh. Thought must be bodied, if it is to be potential, vivid, and permanent.

Religious truth, like a person, reserves its essential spirit for the practical relations of life. The anatomist and physiologist have our bones, sinews, nerves, and the like, the artist our color and form, the sociologist our habits and ways; but it is to the friend our inner self is disclosed. Whether he be anatomist or not, physiologist or not, artist or not, he shall know us, know what defies analysis or description. In like manner, religion reveals its essence, not to the critic, nor to the scholar, nor to the official priest as such, but to the worshipper in word and deed.

Let learning state the truth as fully and clearly as verbal terms can express it, let oratory glow and soar in its attempt to describe the object of adoration, still there is something more to be known. There is a knowledge denied to all but to those who bend the knee in intelligent and sincere devotion. Reason merely, and at length you will ask with exhausted interest, "After all, what is truth?" Act, and enthusiasm will ultimately kindle: you will cry, "I know, and am persuaded."

Lucian, with his bold, satirical touch, describes truth as one of four sisters, "who is so obscure, as though she were in a mist, without ornaments, thinly clad, skulking behind and hiding herself." He insists she must take his part against the philosophers whom he has enraged. Then, she ceases to be remote or silent and shadowy. She speaks as boldly and intelligibly as virtue or justice, and is as real.

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The sublimest truth in theory may become to the very brain that conceived it an object of doubt: indeed, no man can be long sure of any thing, if he fail to put it in practice. To-day there would be no general convictions, among even thoughtful people, of the feasibility of steam as a means of motion, if the theory had not been applied. As we all know, the idea of a locomotive or a steamship was openly ridiculed in the House of Commons. Indeed, Watt and Stephenson themselves, had they failed to consummate their theory, might have come to doubt its practicability, saying in old age: "Ah, well, we know not but that it was a dream. So many ideas seem valuable and of use until they are tried. How many an æronaut has been as sure of constructing a serviceable balloon as we were of making a locomotive!" But they wrought their thought into iron forms, and the steam-engine forever forbade a doubt of the inventor's theory.

Our religious ideas fare no better than a merely theoretical steam-engine might have done. Let them never emerge from the realm of critical reflection and discussion; and they will become less and less interesting and influential until, in some moment of anguish and loneliness, the meaning of the saying will flash on us, "Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Scepticism, in the sense of a chronic state of suspicion as to the value of rational spiritual beliefs, is the palsying miasma of our liberal atmosphere: we are in danger of going as far astray in one direction as pious ignorance is in another. It is for us to keep the golden mean between thought and action, between speculation and practical work and worship; for too little thinking and too much action makes fanatics, too much thinking and too little action makes sceptics.

Our churches — the bands of organized workers — are girt round by a belt of people as well informed as themselves; but their information is almost worthless, their enlightened views are less operative than their abandoned superstitious beliefs. The truth they have attained lies as if dead in the chamber of reflection. With the most spiritual conception of the

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Deity, they are put to shame as to devout feeling and self-denying service by the career of a devout Catholic peasant. With the clearest perception of the value of society to individual development, they have the isolation of a Hindu fakir or of an Asiatic anchorite. With a just appreciation of the liberalizing influence of our organizations (themselves enjoying social rank, despite heretical views largely through our denominational existence), yet they are as indifferent as if they had derived no such benefit and owed nothing in return.

And, even among our more faithful parishioners, how many there are who seem to regard a liberal church as merely an institution for the supply of a weekly essay on the latest phase of modern thought or the newest discovery of the error of an accepted belief! who regard religion simply as a matter for discussion and intellectual amusement,—a theme for thought and speech, requiring only sufficient doing to support a teacher and maintain an edifice for these ends!

O miserable fruit of the sacred tree of liberalism,—the irresponsible and insignificant critic of divine things, the conceited and worldly dabbler in religious philosophy, the idle recipient of news from the field of polemics!

It is high time to cry aloud to such: You know enough for the present! Practise what you know. Apply your beliefs, make them serve a purpose. Turn your thinkings about God into worship, your thinkings about humanity into loving service, your thinkings about a true church into effort to realize such a one where you are.

No man in this world has a right merely to think! Nature pales the face of the excessive student, and presents him at length to his fellows as an unconscious and pitiable eccentric. Reason deludes her idle votary, and veils from his mind the object of his unrelieved contemplation.

And Religion, weary of the cold and critical gaze of the theologian, too absorbed in portraying her features to think of herself, turns from the artist to shed her radiance and confer her blessing on the friend and lover, however ignorant and humble he may be.

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And the Deity, from whom proceeds our intellectual life, who in these last days has disclosed himself to the mind as never before, withdraws from the man content to enjoy his own illumination, saying, "To that man will I look; even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

R. A. GRIFFIN.

SOME ABSENT SPOKES OF THE UNITARIAN WHEEL.

In the great show-car of modern ecclesiasticism, manufactured in the work-shops of the Protestant company (of unlimited liability), there are many wheels,—so many that to be one of the number is to be as distinguished as a tree in a forest. Yet Providence has willed that we should be so distinguished. And, though we are only a small wheel, we think we have a large hub and a most excellent tire of wrought steel. And, in front of all other wheels, we are prepared to maintain this. But to ourselves, *sub auditum*, we may confess that some of our spokes are conspicuous by their absence. Revolving swiftly, we may keep up the illusion of a complete wheel; but diminution of speed on our part, and a nearer approach on the part of beholders, will inevitably reveal the fact that, as a wheel in the great show-car, we are a mistake. I jest? Then, it is as the son of Manoah jested when he said, "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle,"—a jest to conceal a wound most dolorous. Not seldom are Unitarian ministers, who were not to the manner born or trained, reminded by the Hebrews of the Hebrews that they are only proselytes of righteousness, when more than proselytes of the gate. This is vexing to our virtue, for many reasons; but chiefly because we poor proselytes are conscious of a love that is true and a loyalty profound. And, when we criticise the generous hen that has been a mother to us poor ducklings, we are conscious of a curb upon our tongue stronger than steel; we are perplexed at our own arguments; we are discomfited at our own logic. We may

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criticise; but our strongest instinct is not that of criticism, but of reverential affection for the great maternal spirit of Unitarianism. Unitarianism exists. Carefully considered, that is no small argument for her right of existence. Idealism has its rights, and they are lofty; but they are not equal to the rights of realism. The thing that *is* always possesses this advantage over the thing that *ought to be*,— *it is*. Possession is nine points of the law. It is a great point in favor of anything that it has actually achieved existence. Theories of the superlative and the perfect are many as the leaves of Vallombrosa. But one lad actually alive, healthy, if ordinary, loving, if dull, is worth a million paternal dreams of a child-god, like unto him of Urbino. Actuality is a great argument. Unitarianism has this primary fact in favor of its right to existence,— it is. Now, still to keep among the roots, this favorable fact may be nullified by indifference to life. The thing that exists may cancel the argument drawn from its existence, by having no desire to continue in existence. This may not go to the actual length of suicide, but may be expressed in the terms of indifference to life. Such an indifference always, in a thousand subtle ways, impairs the healthy activity of the instinct of self-preservation, and is thus morally tainted with a tendency to the crime of self-murder. I put it sadly, but sternly: Is not Unitarianism so tainted? In Massachusetts, Unitarianism has no longer to struggle for bare existence. The mere instinct of self-preservation no longer taxes all its energies. Yet the triumph is only local. Its fame has in it a note of provincialism. From New York to San Francisco, from Maine to Florida, it has assumed in the popular imagination not the venerable character of a Gamaliel, but the questionable aspect of a Baptist with raiment of camel's hair, about the loins a leathern girdle, meat of locusts and wild honey, with probably a hidden tail and a sandalled hoof.

Of course, certain potent, grave, and reverend seigniors recognize in this image the mental condition of religious Philistines and Goths. But the Goths are swarming around

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us; the Goths will soon be upon us. Let us gravely sing and gravely dance to the music of our bygone greatness and faded splendor, peradventure the Goths will turn on their heels and depart, or come and crave the divine privilege of sharing our citizenship. Pictures may have nodded their miraculous heads, stones may have yielded blood,— who can tell? I note concerning Unitarianism a local triumph; I note a national repugnance; I note an unwillingness to continue the strife on the part of Unitarianism. Notes of danger these. Ask why this saint-like willingness to die, and be forever with the Lord, and the ready answer, fluent and fallacious, leaps forth, We have done our work, may be. Ask what work we have done, and the astonished reply will be, Why, what haven't we done? Of course, Unitarianism has done something worth doing, much worth doing; done it thoroughly and well.

But it strikes me that we lay a flattering unction to our soul in this matter. We forget or underrate the spirit of the times,— spirit that may accord with, but was not created by Unitarianism. We forget the great flux in theology, ethics, and politics that is moving Europe as well as America from end to end. Unitarianism did not give rise to this: this gave rise to Unitarianism. And, when we take to ourselves the credit of liberalizing the various religious bodies of the land, we, a wavelet, are taking credit for what is due to the great flux. The great tides in the affairs of men are irresistible: they gather their force from laws that we can but dimly apprehend, much less control. Unitarianism has been an organized effort in the line of advance, and has thus done opportune work. But the fiat had gone forth, Let there be light, and there was light,— light that Unitarianism did not kindle, but was kindled by. The secret pride of Unitarianism is in the thought that it has done the work of liberalizing hide-bound Orthodoxy. But hide-bound Orthodoxy is only half-liberalized: it has cast aside public blasphemy, and become decent in its pulpit utterances,— that is all. And that, little as it is, is the work, not of Unitarianism, but of the Spirit that is brooding

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over the whole western world, and has given us some signs — some terrible, some glorious — of the wonders to be wrought in due time. We may be willing to die or evaporate, and the world may be quite willing that we should. But we shall not have been killed by magnificent work. It takes a good many centuries for that kind of torture to prove fatal. If Unitarianism was ever needed, it is still needed. Had it ever a mission, it has still a mission: it has not yet rebutted the charge of historic infidelity, of unchartered recklessness, of moral arrogance. If it has done its work or the best part of its work, we may be pretty sure that at the bar of posterity it will be found speechless or stammering. It will be tried as a wilful, petty rebel. It will not be honored as men honor the splendid daring of the Great Patriot or the Great Conqueror. Hence, I conclude that our honor is bound up with our continued existence; and our continued existence is dependent upon our adaptation to the needs of the human nature with which we have to deal. I do not ask, Is that adaptation perfect? Whoso achieves that adaptation will have no competitor. The world will be at its feet. I ask rather, Is that adaptation in any degree marked? Does it cover a wide area? Is it sufficient to insure a good measure of success? An affirmative answer would smack of satire in the light of comparative statistics. As Unitarians, we breed slowly. The bulk of our converts have been wrought upon by the Time-spirit. But multitudes are being born again of the Time-spirit every year, yet are they never rocked in the cradle of our faith. In the Unitarian year, now is the late summer, the fields are white unto the harvest; yet few are the sheaves we bind, and small is the grain we store. We are gleaners rather than reapers.

I take this as proof positive that we are imperfectly adapted to the needs of the humanity we have to work upon. Our excellence is not attractive. In us may be hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; but still the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom, that do not characterize us. Unitarianism might not be plastic enough to assume any given forms of modification.

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If not, the argument is ended. I must assume plasticity, however, if only to cover my boldness in suggesting certain deficiencies in Unitarianism,—deficiencies the removal of which would extend the area and multiply the conditions our adaptation to the religious needs of mankind.

(1) The first spoke, conspicuous by its absence from the Unitarian wheel, is the spoke of *Faith.* If we could get on without religious faith, we should flourish. It seems almost cruel that, with so many superb qualities, the absence of this one thing needful should tell so heavily against us. Our moral senses are fairly acute, trained, and accomplished; but, because we have one defective organ, our spiritual vision not being adjusted to the strange light that never was on sea or land, and therefore unable to see the invisible, we stand waving our hands in the flood of divine radiance, saying, It is dark, it is dark; while the elementary men, less gifted, less accomplished, less moral, are rushing forward to take the kingdom of heaven by force. We boast that we have no creed. But every yoke is not a fetter: said one, speaking with authority, and not as the scribes,—My yoke is easy, my burden is light. Take it upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

If non-subscription to a creed means that we have no creed to which we could subscribe, we are fit objects for pity. We are not wicked: we are worse, we are stupid. Dwellers on a lonely, sea-girt island, boatless as regards the sea, the land unexplored, yet speaking big words of satisfaction in having no reliable map, chart, compass, or guide, in being unburdened with any idea of geography,—sinners? No, not sinners! rather, simpletons. Not a devil in the heart, a bee in the bonnet. There are creeds and there are creeds. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is not so much faith that we lack as the right kind of faith, qualitative rather than quantitative. In a certain kind of faith, we are not lacking; but it is not the kind that is contagious. It is speculative rather than experiential, philosophic rather than religious. It is eminently reasonable, but it is not emotive; and, not being emotive, it cannot bear us

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up into the region of inspiration, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice. Our self-consciousness checks our devotion, our sense of the ridiculous forbids enthusiasm. It is a relief to us to be told that virtue is as defensible as statistics. We are disquieted because philosophical moralists cannot make more of God than a questionable utility; for only the beast of burden is, in these latter days, quite divine. Herein, we betray our thraldom to materialistic science, in which thraldom lies the impotency of our faith. It requires, I think, more evidence than is forthcoming to demonstrate that the moral faith that is unable to stir the heart is able to shape the conduct nobly. My faith in gravitation does not stir my heart, yet it does decidedly shape my conduct. So does the arithmetical fact that twice two makes four. Why? Because my faith in these is founded on demonstration, and they appeal only to my rationality.

But it is characteristic of the supreme moral truths that they can never approach demonstration. It is with the heart, ever, that we believe unto righteousness. By consequence, moral faith is influential in exact ratio to its being emotional. So that lack of emotion is equivalent to lack of energy in faith. This emasculated faith may be finely rational, but it is sorrily devotional. And to rely upon it as an instrument of warfare in our battle with the world is hardly less than Quixotic. We need a genuine, enthusiastic, heart-stirring religious faith. We shall receive power by the coming of this Holy Spirit upon us.

(2) The second spoke, conspicuous by its absence from the Unitarian wheel, is the spoke of *Ritualism*. We can all value for what it was worth the Puritan reaction against papal extravagance in this matter. We can understand that orthodox Puritanism has still a powerful motive for retaining the protest. But we Unitarians assume for ourselves an intelligence and reasonableness that are fatal to blind bigotry and mere hereditary prejudice. We are addicted to the Aristotelian definition of virtuous conduct as a mean between two extremes. Yet, in the conduct of our public worship, we maintain the Puritan extreme.

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Other Protestant bodies do the same, and prosper. But we must not overlook the important fact that with them the lack of orderly, regulate ritual is in a large degree made up (*a*) by the mechanism of praise and prayer and class meetings and love feasts; and (*b*) by a steady excitation of the emotions, supplemented by periodic revivals. The substitution may be crude and at times dangerous; but it is almost complete, and is unquestionably effective. New presbyter is but old priest writ large. So that these bodies can afford to maintain the Puritan tradition in the conduct of public worship, it is to their interest to do so. But Unitarianism, with dove-like simplicity and to its own detriment, has been true to the Puritan tradition in letter and in spirit. It has provided no substitute for the abolished symbolism: it has remained almost ascetic in its austerity, so much so that dreariness of worship is noted by John Henry Newman as a special token of Socinianism. To outsiders, we are not merely faithless, we are frigid. And, to one another, we do not seem all aglow. There is about us no delicate mystery, no subtle glamour, no romance of symbol, no ceremonial charm, no poetry of worship. The young we cannot fascinate, the feeble have no support, the sorrowing no solace: the strong, active, prosaic natures come to us, and get the minimum of spiritual nourishment, which they consider enough.

But, for tender piety and quivering aspiration, for the poet, the mystic, the symbolist, and the seer, we make no provision, neither in architecture nor in literature nor in liturgy. Are they hungry? They must go unfed, or seek food in other quarters. And is it not a notorious fact that many, hunger-driven, leave our fold that they may be fed? And where do they go nine times out of ten? To no anti-ritualistic and anti-liturgical body, but to that Protestant Church, which in this land is beginning to reap the reward of its wise and humane adaptation to the spiritual wants, not of a clique, but of a community. Because people have been touched by the Time-spirit, not therefore are their religious instincts killed or their spiritual appetite cloyed.

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We ministers know that the passion and pathos and tragedy of faith are furnished us by the very children of the Time-spirit, whose hearts are longing for the nutriment that cannot be supplied by their heads. Says one whom I need not name, his speech betrayeth him,—of a Church that I need not name, for the tokens are her own: "She is the poet of her children: full of music to soothe the sad and control the wayward; wonderful in story for the imagination of the romantic; rich in symbol and imagery, so that gentle and delicate feelings, which will not bear words, may in silence intimate their presence or commune with themselves. Her very being is poetry: every psalm, every petition, every collect, every versicle, the cross, the mitre, the thurible, is the fulfilment of some dream of childhood or aspiration of youth. Such poets as are born under shadow she takes into her service. She sets them to write hymns or to compose chants, or to embellish shrines or to determine ceremonies or to marshal processions: nay, she can even make Schoolmen of them, as she made St. Thomas, till logic becomes poetical." Is the comment, *Audi alteram partem?* I know, I know. But, when so much can be said unchallenged of a Church, no spear of criticism can touch her vitals. She may be harlot to all else; but, at home and to her children, she is *Alma Sacra Mater Ecclesia.*

In the conduct of public worship, we need the introduction of a ritualistic and liturgical element, we need devotion, we need poetry in our worship. This, not because we are papists, not because we are dilettanti, but because we would make of worship a success, and not a failure.

(3) The third spoke, absent from the Unitarian wheel, is a healthy spirit of *Sectarianism*, on which a very few words must suffice. I say a healthy spirit of sectarianism, because generally it is out of health. Its sickness takes many forms, and to one of its forms we are somewhat addicted. I refer to that spirit of sectarianism that claims immunity from the motives that prompt the generosity of other religious bodies. They give of their treasure lavishly; and, to cover our own backwardness, we accuse them of doing what the Master

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told us to do,— "Lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." Again, there is something positively amusing in the serenity with which we contemplate and discuss the advantages of a denominational decease. The existence of such a frame of mind is appallingly ridiculous. As the positivist sinks personal immortality in the immortality of the race, so among us there seems to be a wide-spread willingness to die as a religious body that we may live as an invisible spirit,— a leaven in other churches. This is the very bathos of self-sacrifice, the cheapest bit of sophistry by which duty was ever evaded. Give us a dauntless *esprit de corps*, give us a chaste ritual, give us more religious faith, and, with these spokes, our wheel will travel far and travel fast. And, without them, some of us may live to see a great break-down.

ROLAND A. WOOD.

MARTIN LUTHER.

There have been great leaders of men whose lives have lain far apart from the currents of humanity about them. The world owns its indebtedness to them, but their names do not rouse it to enthusiasm. They appeal only to this or that following. There are others, whose names stand for some great principle of human thought, so that widely various groups of later men may look back to them as their common inspiration. It is because Luther was such a man as these that we find ourselves in this four hundredth anniversary year eager to give ourselves more definite account of the debt we owe him, and of the place he holds in the line of spiritual descent among the great benefactors of his race.

For two centuries, here and there in Europe, men had seen with eyes as clear as any of later times the evils of the Church and the means of remedy. John Wiclif in England had spoken words as bold as were ever uttered against the tyranny and the frauds of the Roman hierarchy. Protected by a king who was learning the need of carrying his coun-

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try with him, and borne upon the wave of a popularity such as no Englishman of the day enjoyed, Wiclif had passed safely through the storm of persecution, and had died peacefully in his bed, leaving to his followers the heritage of martyrdom. His party, suffering the most bloody persecution, lived on, it is true, but without coming to a firm organization or to recognition by the State.

The doctrine of Wiclif rested finally upon one single assertion, the validity of the Bible as the sole authority in matters of belief; following upon this, the claim that all men should have the Bible in their hands, and then the work which made him the man of all others to whom the free men of England looked up with grateful reverence, the translation of the Bible into English.

But the protection which carried Wiclif safely through the terrible time of his trial was due not so much to any deep conviction of the truth of his doctrine as to his political attitude toward the papacy. We know that King John, a century and more before, had sold the freedom of England to the pope, and agreed to pay a yearly tribute to Rome. Wiclif was the first man in England who ventured to come out boldly and advise the king to refuse the payment, which had now, through long neglect, grown to an enormous sum. He went further into a calculation of the English revenues, and showed the king that five times as much money found its way every year from England to Rome as was paid in revenue to the king himself. That was a tangible piece of service; and it was for this position —a purely political one, as we see—that Wiclif was rewarded with the royal protection.

But his doctrine, crushed in England, went on. In a distant corner of Europe, in the ancient city of Prague, it found a fruitful soil. Here, again, it was a man like Wiclif, a university professor and at the same time a man of action, who was most deeply moved. John Huss saw in this principle of the authority of the Bible the key to the reform of the world. He made himself, with that for a starting-point, the leader of the Bohemian people. The hot

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Sclavonic blood was on fire with the new belief. Here came at once an outward ceremony to further the work of the Spirit. It had become the custom of the priests to exclude the laity from partaking of the wine in the eucharist, one of the plainest cases in which the original meaning of a ceremony had been overladen with restrictions utterly foreign to its purpose and meaning. The preaching of Huss gained, therefore, a new power, when he added the protest against this privilege of the clergy to the more purely doctrinal reform. His party made this their watchword; and the two names by which it was afterward known, "Utraquist" and "Calixtine," were derived from this feature of their observance.

But Huss, although the acknowledged leader of the Bohemian people, suffered, as Wiclif had profited, by his political position. England had already entered on her place as an independent nation. Bohemia was only a portion of the Roman-German empire. Huss was therefore, in a sense, the subject of the emperor, who was himself, too, a descendant of the royal house of Bohemia. The tribunal before which Huss was called upon to answer was no national tribunal, but the assembly of the empire convened in harmony with the Church for the purpose of reforming the latter in head and members. Singular that the body of men who condemned Huss to the flames was assembled solely as a reforming council. Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, Peter D'Ailly, Cardinal of Cambray, were to the eyes of that day violent reformers; yet they were the most bitter enemies of Huss and the principal means of his condemnation. Their aim was a reform without a change in the inner life, a mere outward purification, for which the evil was already too great. Huss had gone to Constance against the advice of his friends, trusting to the sacred word of the emperor in his safe conduct. The emperor's word was foully broken, and it was only by his fearless death and the power of his memory that Huss was to continue his work. He became a saint in the heart of Bohemia, and his land grew to be a home of pure faith and determined resist-

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ance to Roman oppression. A crusade preached by the pope and led by the emperor failed to crush out this now well-organized and open rebellion. The religious question became a national one, and helped Bohemia to a sense of its own power and to a free political development.

It seems strange that so decided a position should have had so little influence on Europe as a whole. The condemnation of Huss seems to have paralyzed men for a century. We shall see later that the German Reformation was not the offspring of the Bohemian or the English attempts, and that in that very fact lay the secret of its power. Now and again in Germany there appeared an obscure scholar who wrote and preached the authority of the Scripture in matters of faith; but these were feeble lights, and deserve remembrance only as a proof how far the men who saw the evil were yet from laying hold upon the nation's heart.

What was wanted was a man out of the people who should be a reformer, not from any intellectual conviction, but because he himself had personally felt the need of being reformed, and whose word should come up from the depths of an intense, inner experience. And such a man was Martin Luther. "I am a peasant's son," he said. "My father, grandfather, all my ancestors, were true peasants." The stock of which he came persisted in that region during all the frightful times of the Thirty Years' War, when almost all the other families of the place disappeared; and the name survives in honor there to this day.

I want to dwell only on such moments of his life as seem to bear directly on his mission. This peasant ancestry, of which he was always proud, was one of those moments. It brought him into sympathy with the great body of the German people. Never perhaps was there a man of whom we might say so truly that he represented the genius of his race. Those qualities of patient toil, of slow conviction, of obstinate persistence, of long endurance and fiery anger when aroused, of obedience to authority so long as that be possible, of prudence and caution combined with courage and determination,— these qualities, which have always

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marked the German people, are the ones which strike us most forcibly in following Luther's career.

His father, a hard man, had saved that his boy might have an education; and he was sent away to school, and then to the university at Erfurt. He was destined for the law, but soon found himself turning to the study of theology. And, here, we begin to notice the peculiar sensitiveness of his mind to religious impressions. The questions of theology, which to others were mere speculations, became for him intense and terrible realities. A sudden and awful experience led him into a monastery, and here began those inner conflicts out of which the Reformation was born. Never was a man more in earnest with his vows than he. With painful regularity, he conformed to all the minute discipline of his order. The most menial service, the longest vigils, were welcome to him, if only he might thereby gain the inward peace he sought for. It was only when he came to see clearly that peace was not to be found by these outward forms that he turned to another source.

I find these struggles of the boy full of deep significance. They represent the struggles of the world. Through them, Luther was kept in sympathy with the progress of the nation; and his final triumph was to be the triumph of the nation also. The burden of these inward conflicts was the consciousness of sin and the means of escape from it; and it was in the midst of this experience that Luther found the word which was to be from that time on the watchword of his whole career, "The just shall live by faith." He understood this to mean that the belief in the power of Christ to save from sin was the condition of such saving. He who believed he should be saved was made whole and safe by that very act of belief. It was as if at the sound of those words all the misery of his recent experience were done away in a moment: the scales fell from his eyes; and, from that hour, he never deviated from that one fundamental principle. The whole Lutheran doctrine was only the enlargement and elaboration of that. The grand thing which distinguishes Luther from all the reformers before him is this: that he

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gave to the world this definite dogma, about which the whole preaching and discipline of the Reformation might centre.

But, to his nature, the gaining of inward peace was not an excuse for inactivity. He went on with his studies, and remained through all the sternest years of his leadership an obedient member of his chosen order. We see no indication as yet that any idea of opposition to the Church had entered into his mind. His whole anxiety was still for himself and his own relations to the great problems of life. While still at Erfurt, an event occurred which was of decisive influence on his future. He was called in 1508 to a professorship at the new University of Wittenberg. The foundation of Wittenberg was a distinct effort on the part of Frederic of Saxony to give an opportunity to the new learning as opposed to that of the scholastic teachers.

Luther himself cannot be called a humanist, yet he was equally far from following the scholastic methods. He was a zealous student of Greek, and indeed differs from the men to whom we give the name of humanist principally in this, that he applied the new studies to the service of theology once more.

What the spirit of the man was we may learn best from the record of his journey to Rome, soon after his appointment at Wittenberg. He went there as a messenger from his order, to get the decision of the pope upon some matters relating to its organization. Never was there a more thoroughly pious pilgrim on that sacred journey. As he says himself, he could not visit shrines enough to satisfy his acute conscience. Through Germany and Italy, in Rome itself, his uppermost thought was to lose none of the benefits promised to those who should fulfil the round of penitential observances prescribed for the faithful.

But the longer he stayed, the more he was horrified by the indifference or open contempt for everything holiest in his imagination. He heard priests and monks telling as good jokes the scandalous stories of Alexander Borgia and his family. He heard men calling themselves priests of God

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reading the services of the Church without the slightest reverence, often without knowing the meaning of the words they were saying, sometimes substituting for the regular words some blasphemous parody. And all this shameful perversion of the true office of the Church was covered by a haze of splendor, which dazzled men's eyes, and made them silent when they ought to have cried out in protest. It would have been hard to find in Italy at that day more than a handful of men to whom the worldliness of the papacy was a thing to be mourned over with all the power of a deep conviction. They knew it well enough, but what then? The papacy was a factor in the splendor of that new intellectual and artistic life, for which alone the men of that time in Italy were living. But to the pious German monk, whose mind until then had dwelt upon Rome as the holy of holies, and on the pope as the representative of divinity therein, these revelations must have come with crushing power. Once, as he was on his knees, ascending with painful care the holy staircase, there seemed to come a voice from heaven, thundering in his ears, "The just shall live by faith"; and he suffered new agonies in trying to reconcile that with this life of outward observance he saw going on about him. On his way home, in Milan, he asked permission to preach, as he had at intervals all along his route, and received only the answer: "What have you to do here? We are Ambrosians." Then, for the first time, he learned or realized that here in Milan for centuries a form of service had been used, ordained by Saint Ambrose, and differing materially from that used in the Roman Church. Here was a new revelation. Was it then possible that, after all, good Christian men might live and be saved by other ways than those prescribed at Rome? It was a question that bore fruit in that active mind. Back in Wittenberg, he lived preaching and writing quietly enough until the moment came when he could keep quiet no longer.

Let us go briefly into the causes which roused the sleeping passions in that quiet, reverential soul. These were, it is well known, the attempts of the Roman Church to

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raise money in Germany by the public sale of indulgences. Scarce any one of the institutions of the Church will serve so well to illustrate its departure from its primitive purity as this. It was a theory, resting on a long series of assumptions and logical conclusions from them, which had taken definite form in the writings of Petrus Lombardus in the twelfth, and of Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth, century. According to this theory there was in heaven a treasure-house in which were stored the surplus of merit, above what was necessary for the salvation of the virtuous. The foundation of this treasure was laid by Christ himself, and had been added to by all the virtuous from that time on.

Now, the peculiar quality of this treasure was that it might be applied to the advantage of the sinful. It was an enlargement of the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, and was made to cover every wrong-doing of which any man might be guilty. But how was this great trust to be administered? Clearly by that power which claimed by right of direct descent from Peter the privilege of binding and loosing for all eternity whatsoever it should see fit to bind or loose in time. The papacy claimed to have on hand an inexhaustible supply of this heavenly credit, which it could deal out to sinful mortals at its pleasure. Theoretically, of course, such salvation was conditioned by an actual repentance; but, with time, that part of the process had come to be forgotten or neglected. Certainly there was no test applied to ascertain whether the life corresponded to the profession. The money was paid, the certificate was given, and that was the whole.

How purely business-like the whole arrangement was we may learn from the terms of that particular indulgence which roused Luther into active resistance.

The pope wanted money, nominally for a war against the Turks, and for the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church; practically, to satisfy those luxurious tastes, which, under the papacy of a Medici, had come to be the mainspring of Italian policy. Some time before this, Albert of Brandenburg, already Archbishop of Magdeburg, had been elected Arch-

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bishop of Mainz also. A newly elected archbishop had to send to Rome for the pallium, or collar of state, which was the sign of his office; and the price of this pallium was one year's income of the diocese. Generally, this sum was raised by a tax on the inhabitants of the diocese; but Albert, to secure his election, had promised to meet this expense himself. The necessary sum he borrowed of an Augsburg banker; and now, in order to pay him, he made a bargain with the pope that he, Albert of Mainz, should undertake to collect the indulgence money through Germany, and should keep one-half the net proceeds for the trouble. In other words, the saving grace of God was offered for public sale, in order that an ambitious politician might seat himself in the highest office of the German state, and that the vicar of Christ might adorn his church and his palace with the works of a Raphael and a Michelangelo. The papacy did what it would at that time hardly have dared to do in any other country of Europe: it called upon the German people for a great contribution of money, and sold them in return so many years of absolution from the pains of purgatory for themselves and their ancestors.

Albert of Mainz sent abroad his proclamation, and engaged Dominican monks to conduct the business, sending carefully a man of his own with them, who regularly made sure of his half at every contribution. Loudest and most shameless of these agents was the monk Tetzel, a man of bad reputation already, and bent upon nothing but getting the most money on the easiest terms. The progress of the indulgence preacher was made a pageant. The procession drew near to Wittenberg. Members of Luther's parish to whom he refused absolution, because they refused to give up their sins, flaunted Tetzel's letters of absolution in his face. That was too much. Already, Luther had written to the Bishop of Brandenburg, spiritual head of the University, begging him to stop the infamous traffic. It had been in vain, and there was left only the way of open protest.

On the day of All Saints in the year 1517, at twelve o'clock noon, when the streets were filled with a holiday throng,

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Luther nailed to the door of the University Church his ninety-five propositions against the theory of the indulgence. Of course, this act of his could not have to him the significance we now attach to it. Such an announcement was the commonest form in which a scholar of that day called attention to a proposition which he wished to defend. It corresponded to writing a newspaper article or holding a public lecture. How well these words of Luther hit the popular mood is proved by the rapidity with which they spread. In a fortnight, they were in the hands of every German. Luther himself was alarmed at their effect. Answers came from friends and enemies. Amazing how the affair was looked upon at Rome. Luther was an Augustinian, Tetzel was a Dominican: that to the priestly circle about the pope was the whole matter. A mere monkish quarrel over some reasoning of the schools,—that was all. An officer of the pope's household undertook an answer, a simple restatement of the extreme Ultramontane position. On the other hand came from many quarters assurances of sympathy and support. Every attack upon him Luther met with calm confidence in the truth of his own belief; and, what was of more value, he was thus led on to inquire more carefully and to sound more painfully the foundation principles of his own change of faith.

This time of trial, these years from 1517 to 1521, are among the most interesting of Luther's career. They were the hour before the battle which all the world felt was drawing near. In them, the parties came to learn their strength. Luther shrank, as every true soldier must, from the possible consequences of his own position. His was not the cheap conviction of a hasty zeal to reform the world. It was the deep-seated persuasion of a man who believed, because after long inward struggle he could bear it no longer.

In this time came to him Melanchthon, a youth of twenty-one, pupil and relative of Reuchlin, newly appointed professor of Greek, already a famous man. He was the good genius of the Reformation. Profound in scholarship, sweet and

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conciliatory in disposition, firm in the essentials and full of tact in disposing of non-essentials, he stood by Luther's side through the whole battle, furnishing him weapons of offence and defence, lending him some of his own patience and prudence at times when they were sadly needed.

In these years, too, Luther learned to know where to look for the earthly protection he was sure to need. Frederic, Elector of Saxony, was the most famous of the German princes. He was a man after Luther's own mould, combining as he did caution with determination, of profound and sincere piety. It was one of the decisive elements of the Reformation that this man, and his two successors as well, were supporters by conviction of Luther's doctrine.

A few months after the ninety-five theses came a summons to Rome. Frederic interfered, and obtained a hearing for Luther before the papal legate at Augsburg. Warned not to go thither, he started, as he says, with the stake before his eyes. His one thought was, "Now, I must die; and what a disgrace for my poor parents!" But he went for all that. Before the legate, he threw himself on the ground and besought forgiveness, if he had allowed careless words to escape him, begging the legate to give him instruction in the right way. This submissive tone seemed to promise everything. The cardinal replied: the pope desired three things: 1. That he should retract his errors; 2. That he should promise to refrain from them in future; 3. That he should abstain from whatever should disturb the peace of the Church.

Luther answered respectfully he wished nothing more than to be shown his errors, for he himself knew of none. The legate brought forward two of his propositions, selecting carefully such as had been decided by church authority. Luther welcomed the opportunity of discussion, but that was not the legate's business. He was there, he said, simply out of personal regard for the Elector of Saxony, to give Luther the mildest terms possible. As the monk however persisted, the legate grew angry, and declared that he was empowered by the pope to excommunicate him, unless

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he should recant at once. From that moment, all hope of reconciliation was lost; and, after several anxious days, Luther's friends thought it best to get him out of the city as quietly as possible.

Next year (1519) came the famous disputation at Leipzig, between Luther and Dr. Eck. Here, the discussion turned entirely upon the authority of the pope; and we find Luther resting his argument here upon the firm basis of historical criticism. Long before, he had made a study of the papal decrees upon which the pope's whole claim to authority rested. In the midst of these studies, he wrote to Spalatin, a councillor of the Elector, "I am going through the papal decrees to prepare for my disputation; and — I say this in your ear — I am uncertain whether the pope be antichrist himself or only the apostle of antichrist, so miserably is Christ, *i.e.*, the truth, crucified by him in these decretals."

At the discussion itself, Eck, one of the most famous disputants of the time, employed every weapon of the scholastic reasoning, but was met by Luther at every turn with some argument based upon Scripture. In the midst of their most earnest debate, Eck cried out, "But these doctrines are the same as those of Wiclif, for which Huss was condemned"; and Luther had to answer, "Yes; and among these condemned doctrines were some that were right Christian and evangelical." Thus, without his own will, he was led into a direct challenge of the doctrines of Rome. He declared openly that the pope, and even a council, might go wrong. What, then, was to be the ultimate appeal? Clearly, the Bible. But now comes a further difficulty. Who is to interpret the Bible? Here, therefore, at the very outset, we encounter the weakness and the power of the Lutheran position.

For us of this day and land, the same difficulty has appeared and been settled without conflict. All our Protestant brethren rest too upon the Bible, as the ultimate rule of faith. Then, as to interpretation, we have agreed that every man shall interpret for himself by the best light he

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can obtain. Then, by a law of our human nature, those who came nearest to each other in their interpretation have joined together; and thus our manifold sects have grown up, and are living side by side in harmony, because, after all, they are in agreement on the one fundamental principle, that there shall be no one authority above them forcing them into an outward uniformity. What has been the result? I said every man of us was free to judge for himself according to his light; but where, now, is his light to come from? Clearly, from these many varying groups of believers, who, if they will exist, must keep themselves so many centres of light to which every man may come and find, perhaps, the very truth he was seeking.

It is from this point of view that we must consider the stand taken by the Lutheran Church. In the sixteenth century, it could not occur to any one that there might be different ways of reaching the same end in matters of belief. Lutheran, as well as Catholic, could see no other settlement of their differences than the victory and control of one over the other. Even the moderate men of both parties aimed, not at mutual toleration but at a compromise which might be accepted by both, and thus become a new form of authority. It is only by holding firmly to this thread of development that the Reformation and its consequence can be understood. The challenge against Rome which Luther had let fall at Leipzig could not pass unnoticed. It brought upon him the last penalty of the Church,— the excommunication. The bull in which this was conveyed was largely the work of his Leipzig antagonist, Johann Eck. It is in the usual tone of such documents, beginning with expressions of humility and pity, coming then to the statement of his errors, and finally condemning him, unless he recant within a given time, to be delivered up by the Church as a heretic.

The reception of the bull in Saxony shows how far men had already gone in their contempt of papal authority. Luther was in unbroken intercourse and sympathy with the powers next him, with the Elector of Saxony, and with

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Staupitz, head of the Augustinian Order in Germany. With their encouragement, he wrote a third letter to the pope, defending himself from the charge of heresy, and refusing to recant, warning Leo at the same time of the consequences of his antichristian conduct.

At the University of Wittenberg, the papal bull was treated with open contempt. Luther himself, at the head of a procession of students, marched out at one of the city gates, and there publicly burned a copy of the document, and also one of the canon law. It was an act of decided boldness, certainly; but we must not forget that the only temporal arm which at that place could have reached him was already on his side. The real bearing of the ceremony was seen in its effect upon the rest of Germany. All the discontent with the Roman supremacy, which had so long been kept silent, burst forth now into open flame. Luther could no longer remain the monk, priest, and teacher he had been. He had become at one stroke the man of Germany, and must fulfil his mission. The moment was approaching when he was to be brought face to face with the mightiest powers of the earth. The religion and the politics of the Reformation were drawing nearer and nearer into complications whose end no man could foresee.

The politics of Germany, during the later Middle Ages, had resolved themselves into a struggle for the possession of the empire, between certain great families on the one hand, and the electoral college on the other. The object of the latter was to keep upon the throne a prince of some obscure house, who should leave them free to exercise their rights of sovereignty without disturbance. In pursuit of this object, they had elected in succession princes from the Houses of Habsburg, Nassau, Luxemburg, Bavaria, and the Palatinate; but the Habsburgers had won Austria; the Luxemburgers had won Bohemia, and the Bavarians, Brandenburg. Thus, the purpose of the electors was constantly defeated; and finally, in the House of Habsburg, the empire had become practically hereditary. One-half of the fifteenth century is filled up by the reign of Fred-

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eric III., a man utterly insignificant, excepting for the sullen obstinacy with which he defended and enlarged the territories of his House. His master-stroke of policy was the marriage of his son Maximilian to Mary, heiress of the Duchy of Burgundy, a country comprising with only slight interruptions the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea. The son of this, perhaps the most famous, marriage in all history, the Archduke Philip of Austria, had married Joanna, daughter and heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; and the child of this union found himself therefore as Archduke of Austria, King of Spain, Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, King of Naples and Sicily, and Lord of all the newly discovered lands in America, monarch, *by right of inheritance*, of the widest kingdom the world had ever seen.

The beginnings of Luther's activity fell in the closing years of Maximilian's reign. He died in 1519. He was a man filled with mediæval ideas, a cavalier of the ideal type, — brave, rash, full of generous impulses, but wanting in tenacity of purpose to make them effectual. During his reign, most important changes had been made in the direction of concentrating the power of the empire; but this work, undertaken by the princes, had been defeated by the constant secret opposition of the emperor, and the movement had ended in his obtaining a higher position in the estimation of the people than any emperor since the time of the Hohenstaufens. He died in the midst of the most extensive plans for securing to his grandson the succession in the empire by means of an alliance with the papacy.

For several months, Germany was the scene of an election contest, such as it had never passed through before. Frederic of Saxony, it seems, might have been unanimously elected, but felt himself too old, and was unwilling to bear the terrible burden. That was the beginning of evils. That a German prince, commanding the respect of all his countrymen, a leader in the work of political reform, and now the protector of a fresh and vigorous religious move-

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ment, should have refused to put himself at the head of the nation, is but too significant of the political dulness which from the beginning until now has characterized the German people. He withdrew, and left the field open to two foreign princes,— Francis I. of France and Charles I. of Spain, the grandson for whom the late emperor had striven in vain to secure the succession.

Both candidates exhausted the arts of bribery and persuasion. Not until Frederic of Saxony declared himself for Charles was the contest decided. Never was there a greater political blunder. The electors of Germany had done well to resist for so long the possession of the empire by a man who was backed by a powerful territorial estate. Even now, they gave their votes to this foreign youngster only under conditions which seemed to secure to them all their ancient rights. The emperor promised to use no foreign troops in the imperial wars without the consent of the diet, to hold no diet or court of justice outside the empire, to appoint none but born Germans to the imperial offices, to use only the German or the Latin tongue in imperial documents, to annul all attempts of the Roman court to act contrary to its agreements with the German nation, to establish an imperial regency, and not to alienate any of the imperial territory. This was a truly German performance. The nation put its head into the jaws of the lion, and believed implicitly the lion's written promise not to bite. At first, it seemed as if there were really a national spirit, which would make this something more than a paper promise. People actually believed that a half-Spaniard, born and reared in the atmosphere of absolutism, with a power at his back sufficient to crush all opposition, would lend himself to the purposes of a mass of independent princes, each of whom had no higher object than his own aggrandizement!

The history of the politics of the Reformation is the story of a rude awakening from such illusions. The direct relations between the empire and the Reformation had been thus far of the slightest. Maximilian had advised Frederic of Saxony to keep a good eye on the Monk of Wittenberg,

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—he might some day be useful; and, early in Charles' reign, his ambassador at Rome had written to advise him to go to Germany and show some favor to a certain Martin Luther, who was making trouble there for the Roman court. This meant that Charles, out of purely political motives, was to keep the revolt in Germany as a weapon with which to threaten the papacy. Such considerations mark the whole of Charles' policy toward the Reformation. Its meaning as a deep religious movement, grounded in the innermost life of a great people, was utterly beyond the range of his vision. He was a boy of nineteen, the son of a half-insane mother, whose inheritance of melancholy made itself visible first in him, and afterward in the whole of the Spanish Habsburg line. When elected to the empire, he had never been in Germany, did not know a word of its language, and regarded its crown only as a means of maintaining the perilous eminence he had inherited. With him, the German question was a purely political one.

It was the spring of 1521 before he came to hold his first diet on German soil, in the ancient royal city of Worms. Luther was condemned already: it remained only for the papal ban to be enforced by the imperial. It was decided to summon him before the diet, and demand his recantation. This in itself was a concession, for it was rather the business of the emperor to proceed now against him as a condemned heretic. He had, in fact, been advised to take that course; but there was Luther safe under the protection of the Saxon elector, and Charles could ill afford to ruin his cause at the outset by offending German princes too deeply. Moreover, the rivalry with France had by no means ceased with the election. Francis, too, was a young, ambitious prince, strong in the affection of his people, and claiming the Duchy of Milan as his own inheritance. Charles must therefore keep his hold upon the papacy, yet did not by any means propose to be its too willing slave. His game was a deep one: it remained to be seen whether he was the man to play it.

When Luther received his summons, he did not hesitate

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for a moment. He wrote at once to Spalatin, "Do not suppose that I will retract anything, if I see that they have no proof against me excepting the usage of the Church as they pretend." To the elector he wrote that he preferred nothing before the Church of Rome, excepting God and his Word. He would retract any error which should be proved to him.

He prepared himself at once for the journey, which was the dramatic culmination of his whole career. An imperial herald, bearing the banner of the empire, came to conduct him, under the emperor's safe conduct. He himself followed, riding with three companions in a covered carriage. His way led through the ancient Thuringian cities, closely associated with his boyhood and youth. Everywhere came crowds of people to gaze upon him, and their gaze was not one of mere curiosity. This journey was the living proof to Luther that his word had not been spoken in vain. There is a thrilling interest in this simple narrative. Here, in Erfurt, his old university town, he was received in solemn procession by the rector and students of the university, and preached on Sunday on his usual topics without reference to the great events that were going on. So in Gotha and Eisenach he preached to enormous crowds of people. This journey of an excommunicated heretic to his final judgment, perhaps to his death, was rather a triumphal procession. As he drew nearer its end, warnings began to reach him. He read on the church doors as he passed along the decree commanding the burning of his books. Near Mainz, he received an invitation from Franz v. Sickingen, leader of the lower nobility, to come for shelter to his castle; and there he wrote to Spalatin the famous words: "I will go to Worms though there were as many devils there as tiles upon the roofs." And he went on.

I know of but one story of a triumphal entry that surpasses this in grandeur and significance. This was no occasion for divine honors: these throngs of people about the plain country carriage were not worshippers, but they represented the pride and triumph of a nation in the man who was leading it up to liberty and light.

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The papal legate, Aleander, the evil spirit of the diet at Worms, wrote to his master that this arch-heretic had come with a hundred horsemen to the city gates, and that, as he left his carriage, he looked about him with his demoniacal glance and said, "God will be with me." Next day, as he went before the diet, an old, weather-beaten general of the empire, George Frundsberg, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Little monk, little monk! thou art going to take a stand such as many a general of us has not taken in his most dreadful battle. Art thou in the right and certain of thy cause, go on in God's name. God will not forsake thee."

And so, upheld by these unseen hands, the little monk stood alone before the emperor, the papal legate, and all the splendid throng of princes, lay and clerical, who had come together at this first appearance of their new monarch on German soil. Two questions only were put to him: First, are these your books? Second, do you stand by all that is in them? To the first, Luther could only say, "Yes." As to the second, he asked for time, and was given until the next day.

As he came out of the hall, a jubilant throng received him; and one voice (a woman's voice, we may be sure) was heard above the rest: "Blessed be the mother that bore thee!"

This request for time must be understood, not as implying any hesitation as to his main points of belief, but only a certain dread lest some things might have escaped his pen which his better judgment might not approve. Next day, he was himself again. His answer, first in Latin and then in German, was a calm refusal to retract, since he had said what he believed to be the truth, and to retract that would be to deny the truth. The Roman party, however, wanted no reasons; and its spokesman therefore made a new demand that he should give them a plain answer, without horns and with no mantle about it, whether he would retract or not. And then came the immortal words: "Since, then, your Imperial Majesty and your Graces demand a simple answer, I will give you one without horns or teeth; and it is this:

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Except I be convinced by evidence of Scripture or by plain reasons (for I believe neither the pope nor the councils, seeing it is evident that they have often erred and contradicted themselves), I am convinced by the Holy Scriptures I have quoted, and my conscience is bound by the word of God. I can and I will retract nothing, for it is a dangerous thing to act against the conscience." Asked once more in the emperor's name if he persisted in saying that councils had been in error, he replied that it was evident that councils had erred; yes, that the council of Constance itself had erred, and that he could prove it in many places. This was too much for the emperor. He ordered the hearing to be closed, and it was then that Luther spoke the words: "I cannot do otherwise. Here I stand. God help me. Amen."

With these words, Luther stands upon the height of his whole experience. He never rose above them, and we should be justified in saying that from that moment on the Reformation carried Luther more than it was carried by him.

We have followed its course thus far in close connection with the person of its leader, because his personal experience represents so singularly well the process that was going on in the mind of the nation at large. From the time when the religious movement became a political one, it passed from the consciousness of the people into the control of the princes. It shares henceforth the fatal pettiness which has always marked the politics of Germany.

In two ways, the German Reformation might have grown to be the dominant power in the land. It might either have conquered Rome and so have become itself the religion of the State, or it might have won for itself the right of independent existence by the side of the dominant Church, and have used the peaceful weapons of persuasion to win members to itself. The former it attempted, and of course failed. If it had attempted the latter, in the midst of the first burst of enthusiasm, it seems, humanly speaking, as if it might have gone on to ultimate victory.

The life was taken out of this German Reformation by a

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fatal compromise. Five years after the diet at Worms, the same assembly met at Speyer,—the emperor no longer the novice he had been at Worms, but flushed with his victory over France and busy with a new combination. His interest in the religious question was as purely cold and negative as before. His whole purpose was to gain the princes of Germany to his cause.

The result was a decree, committing to the princes the settlement of the religious question, each in his own territory. This was but the beginning of a series of similar measures. Germany was divided into two hostile camps, not Protestant and Catholic against each other in fair competition, but Protestant territory against Catholic territory, without regard to the opinions of the individual inhabitants. Thus, whole countries, which in those years were filled with active Lutherans, became lost to the Reformation, because the ruling prince, oftenest from some political motive, had held to the ancient faith. The very decentralization of Germany, which had made the Reformation possible at first, prevented it from becoming the national form of belief. What failed here in Germany succeeded in those countries in which the popular feeling had become most thoroughly developed,—in Switzerland, Holland, and England. Zwingli and Calvin, men of less profound religious feeling perhaps than Luther, were both men of far wider views, and left behind them organizations capable of wide development.

While Lutheranism proper has never spread beyond the north of Germany, Calvinism became the religion of the Huguenots in France, the Covenanters in Scotland, the Puritans in England, and, in modified forms, of all the Protestant sects in America. To Luther belongs, however, the undying fame of having dared to stand alone in defence of a conviction from which all the later movements derived, if not their origin, at least encouragement and support.

E. EMERTON.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

The preparations going on to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth attest the reverence and warm regard in which all Protestant Christendom holds the memory of the stalwart German reformer. The cities of Germany, especially, vie with each other in the splendor and popular interest of their festivities; and many of the towns that were the special scenes of Luther's activity have anticipated his birthday, to centre public interest upon one or another memorable passage of his life. Contemporary literature, in like manner, is witnessing to the solidity and livingness of Luther's fame. Besides numerous lecture courses and magazine articles, new memoirs are written and new editions of earlier ones announced, as well as a new and complete edition of his works. The late biography by Treadwell in the new Plutarch Series, a book just announced by Edwin D. Mead, and several translations of the excellent popular life by Theodore Köstlin,— one of which, at least, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is announced to contain the curious fac-similes of antique plates and manuscripts of the latest German edition,— are among the helps that the student will be glad to have added to the earlier Luther literature. A careful revision of the German Bible, and an edition of Luther's Hymns, in German and English, with the music written for them by Luther and his successors, fitly mark the debt of the German people to the great leader, not the least of whose varied services consisted in opening the Scriptures, fixing the language, and founding the noble choral music of the German nation. So the most stalwart and influential figure in the Christian Church since St. Paul yet holds his place in the imagination and hearts of men, and witnesses still, even better than he knew, for the faith which was his watchword, and the protest against ecclesiastical bondage, out of which it was the necessity of his rugged and heroic manhood to break the way.

One of the charges against the priests at the time of the Reformation was that they were studying Cicero instead of the Bible; but this will not be revived on account of the graceful translation of *De Officiis*, which Dr. Peabody, eminent alike for his love of the Scriptures and of the classics, has just given to

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the public. It comes to us rather as one of the recreation tasks he has set for himself during a long life of ceaseless activities in all the duties and studies of a theologian; and it brings to mind those beautiful words in praise of learning, which Cicero uses in the oration for the poet Archias: "Haec studia adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

We are not so much concerned with the translation of this remarkable book, although this seems to us to give with rare precision and beauty the author's meaning, as with the comparison it must bring about, now that it comes so easily and with so admirable an introduction into a wider circle of English readers, between the pagan and Christian ethics. As the study of Comparative Religions has taught us that all the elements of religion are found over the whole world, and the truly religious life in all lands and ages, so this book must bring from every reader the admission that there were ethical standards, and, in individual instances surely, ethical attainments of no mean degree. We turn to a few of Cicero's moral teachings upon subjects ever before our consideration, and make as brief extracts as possible. In regard to conversation, he says, "Especially let him take heed lest his conversation betray some defect in his moral character, which is most frequently the case when the absent are expressly ridiculed, or spoken of slanderously and malignly, with the purpose of injuring their reputation."

In regard to extravagance: "In the house of a distinguished man, into which many guests are to be received, and a multitude of men of all kinds are to be admitted, care must be taken to have it roomy. Under other circumstances, a very large house is apt to bring discredit to its owner, if it have the air of loneliness, especially if under some former owner it used to be thronged. For it is offensive to have it said by those who pass by,—

> 'O ancient home! Ah, how unlike a lord
> Now lords it over thee!'

which in these times may be said about many a house. But special care should be taken, if you build yourself, not to go beyond reasonable limits in costliness and splendor. In such extravagance, great mischief is done by mere example; for very many are anxious, especially in this direction, to follow the ex-

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ample of distinguished men. Thus, who imitates the virtues of Lucius Lucullus, a man of the highest character? But how many have imitated the magnificence of his villas!"

Perhaps this was a moral reflection, drawn from Cicero's own experience in the building of villas! "When any specious appearance of expediency is presented, one cannot help being impressed by it. But if, when you give it closer attention, you see that there is something morally wrong connected with what thus seems expedient, in that case you are not to sacrifice expediency, but you are to understand that where there is moral wrong expediency cannot be. . . . It is, then, the misapprehension of bad men, which, when it lays hold on anything that seems expedient, considers it independently of the question of right. This is the origin of assassinations, poisonings, forgeries of wills. Hence come theft, embezzlements of public money, plunderings and pillagings of allies and of citizens. Hence, too, proceed the intolerable usurpations of excessive wealth, and lastly, even in free States, the yearning for sovereign authority, than which nothing can be imagined more foul or more offensive."

We must quote the more lengthy and perhaps more familiar illustrations, which are forever applicable to the world of trade:—

"If, for example, a good man has brought from Alexandria to Rhodes a large cargo of corn, when there is a great scarcity and dearth at Rhodes, and corn is at the highest price,—in case this man knows that a considerable number of merchants have set sail from Alexandria, and on his passage he has seen ships laden with corn bound for Rhodes, shall he give this information to the Rhodians, or shall he keep silence, and sell his cargo for the most that it will bring? We are imagining the case of a wise and good man. We want to know about the thought and feeling of such a man as would not leave the Rhodians uninformed, if he thinks it wrong, but who doubts whether it is wrong or not." "A good man sells a house on account of some defects, of which he himself is aware and others ignorant. Perhaps it is unhealthy and is supposed to be healthy,—it is not generally known that snakes make their appearance in all the bedrooms,—it is built of bad materials, and is in a ruinous condition; but nobody knows this except the owner. I ask, if the seller should have failed to tell these things to the buyer, and should thus have sold his house for a higher price than he could have reasonably expected, whether he would have acted unjustly or unfairly?" Then, Cicero gives

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the arguments of a stoic teacher and one of his pupils upon either side, one insisting that all things ought to be laid open, the other taking the ground that, if only he keeps within the law, and escapes its penalty, it is well enough, and adds his own judgment.

"It seems to me, then, that neither that Rhodian corn-merchant nor this seller of the house ought to have practised concealment with the buyers. In truth, reticence with regard to any matter whatever does not constitute concealment; but concealment consists in willingly hiding from others for your own advantage something that you know. Who does not see what sort of an act such concealment is, and what sort of a man he must be who practises it? Certainly, this is not the conduct of an open, frank, honest, good man, but rather of a wily, dark, crafty, deceitful, ill-meaning, cunning man, an old rogue, a swindler."

Certainly, this is quite as high a standard for business transactions as we are accustomed to hear taught. Then comes the question, How large a portion of Roman traders practised or pretended to practise it? Or how large a portion of traders in our own cities pretends to practise it, or to give it the least consideration? We remember once giving this very illustration of the corn-merchant to a large congregation of business men, and among them a fair proportion of members of churches, and of merchants who had an honorable name and position, who would be regarded as quite equal to the average Christian lives; and yet every one of them ridiculed the idea of any such principles being possible in trade. We see enough of the prevailing spirit of overreaching, of concealment, of deception in our own time: we know there are many noble protests against it, we know there are some who successfully resist it; but, when we read such noble words from a moral philosopher over whom Christianity had no power, we long to know more of the trade-life of that day, and how large a proportion then found it was possible to carry out such a lofty standard, or made the attempt. All such books must help break down the barriers, when Greek and Bostonian, Jew and Gentile, pagan and Christian, divide among them the whole world in such exhaustive but false divisions, and must bring together all those who have been guided by the spirit of righteousness.

But Cicero's work, *De Officiis*, shows by a painful contrast when we review his own life, how much easier it is to portray

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than to practise the ethical virtues. And here it seems sometimes as if in our day we were even more to blame than the Stoics, because of the higher claim Christianity has made upon us, and with which we are all familiar, so that we are without excuse. In the brief sketch of Cicero, which Dr. Peabody has given in the introduction, while acknowledging that "it is only when we try him by his own standard that we have a vivid sense of his deficiencies and shortcomings," the portrait, as a whole, seems to give a higher moral character than we had been inclined to allow. At least, it differs so much from that of Froude that we would add a few lines from the latter: —

"So ended Cicero, a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralized and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities. . . . In Cicero, nature half-made a great man and left him uncompleted. Our characters are written in our forms, and the bust of Cicero is the key to his history. The brow is broad and strong, the nose large, the lips tightly compressed, the features lean and keen from restless intellectual energy. The loose, bending figure, the neck too weak for the weight of the head, explain the infirmity of will, the passion, the cunning, the vanity, the absence of manliness and veracity. He was born into an age of violence with which he was too feeble to contend. The gratitude of mankind for his literary excellence will forever preserve his memory from too harsh a judgment."

The freedom of self-criticism, which has been from the beginning a characteristic of the Unitarian body, has been very freely used of late among us; and our readers will find earnest and trenchant illustrations of its exercise in several articles in the current number of this *Review*. All thoughtful attempts to point out sources of weakness and failures to see and seize opportunities of religious progress should be frankly welcomed; and the tone of undue insistence or exaggerated estimate in regard to special defects or mistakes may be as readily pardoned, at least, as the spirit of complacency and impatience of reproof, which declines to listen to any strictures upon a state of things in our churches which no serious-minded Christian liberal can regard with unmixed content. For, while the prevailing tendencies and the intelligent religious movements of the times more

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and more conspire to justify the main protest and the leading affirmations of the Unitarian churches, giving them, it might well be thought, an opportunity for influence and extension unexampled hitherto, it must be confessed that there is little in their recent history to indicate any profound consciousness of the opportunity and the call it brings, nor any adequate evidence of the presence of the organizing genius, and the determined purpose that can advance liberal Christianity to the leading place which its history and its consonance with the coming, and soon to be commanding, religious thought of Christendom would seem to entitle it to hold. The meagre visible growth, and the lassitude that have characterized the organized religious activities of the Unitarian body in the past, might be excused, if it were ever justifiable for a Christian organization to occupy itself wholly with methods of individual culture or abstract theological speculation; but they become unspeakably painful and well-nigh intolerable to such as have a deep conviction that it is the great mission of a church to witness for practical righteousness, extend the fellowship of a large and redeeming gospel, and do its part of the world's spiritual work in thorough and efficient fashion. Suggestions are in order then, from every thoughtful man, as to the methods and agencies of a larger efficiency, and a more vigorous and adequate advance along the lines of our religious development and activity.

Nor do we think that the more positive and practical spirit which we are glad to recognize as an increasing and happy augury, and which is, indeed, the source of hopeful discontent among us, should make us unwilling to consider the sources of the weakness and failures we deplore, whether suggestions and criticisms as to these things come from the side of conservative experience or from that of youthful enthusiasm. We listen to the calls for a more devoted faith, a better ordering of worship, a more compact and efficient organization, a more inward and living piety, a warmer, simpler, more direct administration of our rational faith, in closer adaptation to human needs, with hearty sympathy, and in earnest expectancy that the new generation of Unitarian thinkers and workers may show us the better means and the nobler spirit in which we may join them in fulfilling and actualizing their aspirations in our churches. And we hear with not less sympathy, what we hold to be the no less wise and timely counsel, to hold clearly and firmly to the historic line of

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our religious descent, and let no zeal of mistaken liberalism and no chill of speculative doubts bar us from the warm fellowship of Christian worship and the discipleship of the spirit and faith illustrated supremely in Jesus Christ. The leadership of essential Christianity among the forces of our civilization is as assured as the religious nature and needs of men are real and profound; and a religious movement that does not build on both parts with much that is essential in the main grounds of its security and power. We have only sympathy for every movement that sincerely seeks to minister to the devout sentiments of men, or that strives to organize them for ethical culture or social fellowship and service; and rejoice in all enthusiasm and effectiveness in such attempts, however joined with what seems to us most unfair and uncritical depreciation of the religious work of others. But religious fellowship is a thing of degrees; and, while no one shall abridge our liberty to accept the most rational and approved results of theological scholarship and religious thought, we find that experience and conviction constrain the witness that the spiritual posture of Christian discipleship and the service of "pure Christianity" command our loyal adhesion and our increasing confidence, as the basis of religious work and of the highest spiritual service of the world. The criticisms of our contributors in this *Review*, and the comments of our English correspondent in regard to a discussion that has attracted a good deal of attention in England and in this country, mark the presence of a dissatisfaction and sense of difficulty and weakness that can only be removed when we have learned how to harmonize our zeal for liberty and our welcome to all new light with a central trust in the verity of the spiritual nature in man, and the word and life of Jesus as unfolding the true character of God, opening the highway of the spirit for the largest progress, and calling men into the fellowship of the truth he witnessed to and the work he began.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OUR INDIA WORK.

We published in our last number an informal letter from Mr. Dall, our missionary in India, which made some free and yet friendly allusion to our distinguished guest, lately present in Boston.

Mr. Mozoomdar's ability and devotion to religious truth are too well known for us to enlarge upon them here; but it is important for us fully to understand the condition of things in India, in order that we may appreciate truly not only his services to the cause of religion, but also those of our own ardent and devoted worker, Mr. Dall. These two men are working from somewhat different stand-points,— one from the basis of pure theism, the other on the historic and spiritual basis of the Christian Church; but this does not prevent the two from having a great many points in common. Mr. Dall was censured at one time by a few of our friends, and satirized by some orthodox papers, for joining the Brahmo Somaj. We believe that he allied himself to this society merely as an act of brotherly sympathy, at a time when they were beginning to do good works of piety and philanthropy, and were completely ignored by other missionaries. We do not believe that Mr. Dall compromised in any way his Christian position: he only secured for himself an opportunity to come face to face with these people, in order to have an interchange of thought and feeling. As a result of this, we know that when he is away in the country recruiting, and there is a little knot of these Brahmos gathered together for worship, they generally ask him to speak, if they find he is in the vicinity. What better method of reaching their hearts than for him to go in to these simple meetings and pray with them, and show them the unsearchable riches of Jesus,— a master whom they revere, although they are not ready to accept him for their leader?

As for the prophet Keshub Chunder Sen, with all due admiration for him as a religious genius, as we have before said, we cannot believe him now a safe guide. He was a great inspirer, and has undoubtedly had much to do in forming originally the Brahmo Somaj and developing its spiritual life. But his high-strung, imaginative nature has carried him so far away from

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terra firma that many of the Brahmos cannot follow him. Hence, we hear of a division in their ranks.

Miss Collet, in her valuable Year Book, shows how these societies have been thoroughly organized for devotion and works of philanthropy; and, although they respect and admire the religious enthusiasm of their first leader, Mr. Sen, they cannot follow him in his high-wrought ceremonial, or abandon their well-laid plans for work and worship.

The editor of the *Unitarian Herald*, England, has an article upon this subject. It shows us that the English Unitarians have had a mistrust of the effects of the New Dispensation of Chunder Sen. The editor makes a reply to the charge of a Durbar (leader of a Brahmo society) that the "rationalist" party in England is withdrawn from Mr. Sen's movement, because it is too spiritual for them. The editor says: "We can assure the Durbar that our want of sympathy is from precisely the opposite cause. Whatever is most spiritual, most truly human, as of the soul, whatever attempt is made by Mr. Sen and his missionaries to restore the intuition of the best days, to give us back the piety of the East in place of the artificial formalism, which has grown around the dogmas of the West,—all this will receive a glad and loving welcome from us." . . .

It is the very fear that their old leader is returning to bondage again — a bondage which they so well know in the priest-ridden East, with its caste and its austerities — that makes the members of the Brahmo Somaj recoil from him, and communicate the apprehension to English and American Unitarians. Besides the objections to Mr. Sen's new requirements in the way of invocations and fastings, the editor of the *Herald* says, "The Unitarians of England and America must certainly be staggered at his Trinitarian phraseology." He adds: "We have enjoyed greatly the addresses and the conversations of Mr. Mozoomdar. . . . He knows that he has our warm sympathy, . . . and we sincerely trust that his visit to England and America may issue in cordial relations between Brahmos and Unitarians, whatever diversities remain."

Mr. Dall is in the midst of these movements. He understands them, is friendly with all the various leaders, but he cannot help regretting that any subtle questions or excessive religious forms should have disturbed the good work of these Brahmo Somaj societies. Meantime, he keeps on his way, overseeing his schools,

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preaching, circulating his tracts, talking with the natives, and corresponding with the daily press. We can never fully estimate how much this Hindu movement has been indebted to him for its first progress in India through the aid of his Christian sympathy.

We enjoyed much the discourse of Mr. Mozoomdar, which we heard him give in the church at Cambridge, on October 7. The emotional side of religion is certainly a very important one, and one which we Protestants in this work-day world hear too little of. It is especially interesting to hear such spiritual utterances, such profound convictions of the being of God, from the mouth of a Hindu, the descendant of the most ancient races that have peopled the world. For these positive assurances of faith, these deep revelations of the communion of soul with the Infinite Mind, this exaltation of Love over all the other forces of the universe, we thank Mr. Mozoomdar, living, as we do, in an age of so much cold criticism and intellectual materialism. We believe in the idea of repose,—that freedom of the spirit from vexing cares and worldly anxieties, when the soul habitually lies open to God, and is in that plastic state which receives the highest influences, and is not overcome by the lower. But we must have repose in action. That love for God which is born in the recesses of the solitary wood or desert must spread itself forth in good deeds, in prompt service among our fellow-men, or it ceases to be a virtue: it becomes only a passion, morbid and unhealthy, like any selfish, earthly love. We wish, therefore, that our Hindu friend had told us more of the good works of the society of Brahmos, as well as of the devotional habits and religious observances of the Hindus. We know from what we have read in the Year Book of the Brahmo Somaj that they have not only regular organized methods of culture for themselves, but also plans of education and charity for the less fortunate. We hope that the two elements of devotional ceremony and religious work now separating these societies for a time will gradually fuse, under wise and broad leaders, into a harmony of action which will regenerate India and bless the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We expected to receive for our Correspondence Department this month a letter from Rev. J. T. Sunderland about his students' class and other interesting work at Ann Arbor, Mich.; but he is

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prevented by a press of engagements from writing it. He sends us a little package of circulars, showing what he is doing. One is a list of the names of representative Unitarians all over the world, past and present. Another is the series of valuable books, sermons, and pamphlets on the practical questions of our liberal faith, written and published by Mr. Sunderland. Still another is the order of services at the Ann Arbor church, its principles, organizations, and work,—a church in which much missionary interest, especially among women, has been shown of late years. All success to its Christian work!

We have in our hands two letters from East Indians to Mr. Dall, which will show us how those people out there feel about his work. One of the writers is speaking of the last little pamphlet-book in the popular series that Mr. Dall has been in the habit of publishing for some years past. The writer says:—

Your *Life Book* came yesterday evening. I am quite delighted with it. I have in my time met with a variety of trashy stuff put into the hands of children, which, if anything, only tends to make them more sceptical. I can find no words to express my gratitude for your charming production. I sincerely thank you for myself and for my children.... How beautifully have you expounded the philosophy of Jesus! What a wide and delightful field of thought you have opened up!

Another writes to Mr. Dall:—

Your kind letter has been very welcome. It has afforded me the assurance that you are still as vigorous as ever in your career of philanthropy, and nothing could be more pleasant news; for you are the same "guide, philosopher, and friend" to me as ever. You have not succeeded in making professed Christians by hundreds or even by dozens; but what an amount of real good you have done to this country by your example and teachings since 1855! May the Almighty increase the number of your years, and keep you yet in vigorous health!

This man, says Mr. Dall, "is a kind of incarnation of Rammohun Roy." He appears to hold offices of great trust under the government. He has had a good deal to do with the settlement of land claims between the aborigines and the Aryan settlers. His situation is full of cares and anxieties, but he hopes in two years to have time to devote himself more to religious questions and literature.

Such are the men we wish our liberal and Christian gospel to reach.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION.

We have received another pamphlet from the Government Bureau of Education at Washington, D.C., giving us a report of the meeting there of the "Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association." The demand for these reports has been so great that the first edition was exhausted immediately. This is an encouraging sign of the times, and it shows that the national mind is thoroughly awake on this great question. Among those persons present were Gen. Armstrong; Principal Beard, of the State Normal School, California; Mrs. Sarah B. Earle, member of the Board of Education, Worcester, Mass.; Hon. John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, Washington; Hon. H. F. Harrington, Superintendent of Schools, Connecticut; Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Indian Territory; Prof. W. T. Harris, LL.D., Concord, Mass.; Hon. B. G. Northrop, ex-Secretary State Board; Rev. A. D. Mayo; Hon. William Lawrence, First Comptroller of the Treasury, Washington; and many others, superintendents of State boards and schools throughout the country.

Natural History in Schools was the first subject, treated in an interesting paper by Prof. Bickmore, of New York. The president, Mr. Calkins, addressed the meeting at the second session, saying that they wished not only various papers, but thorough discussion of the whole question of school supervision. A report was then read from the principal of the Dwight School, Boston, on "Industrial Education." Also, a letter was read from Mr. Leland, of Philadelphia, a well-known advocate and leader in this reform. Discussion took place; and, then, Prof. Harris, of Concord, Mass., read a broad and comprehensive paper on the "Educational Lessons of the Census." Dr. Haygood, of Georgia, gave an address on "If Universal Suffrage, then Universal Education." He declared that the South could not, unaided, meet the emergency upon her. Judge Lawrence next addressed the meeting on the "Constitutionality of National Aid to Education." Mr. Northrop opened vigorously the discussion of the "Indian Question"; and then Gen. Armstrong followed with an address, showing his great faith in the education of the Indian. Next, Miss Fletcher spoke,—a lady well known to us here by her fine powers as a speaker and her thorough archæological researches at the West, where she has lived for months among the

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Indian tribes, not only studying ancient remains of civilization, but the present habits of the tribes. Miss Fletcher gives us a good many original ideas in regard to the Indian, which we should like to quote if our space permitted. With the Indian, she says the true man is "straight." "I have talked to you without branches," said a chief. It is, or It is not, covers all the Indian ground; and he knows nothing between.

Mr. Edwards, of Baltimore, spoke of promotion in schools; and the marking system was severely criticised. Gen. Eaton quoted distinguished Germans as saying that the extent to which "cramming was carried on in the schools of England was startling." We fear the state of things is as bad in this country. The Germans, it is said, practise examinations, but in a healthy way which leads to true promotion. Hon. Joseph White spoke on "Compulsory Education"; and Mr. Newell, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Baltimore, said some true words in regard to destructive criticism of our schools,—the kind that says, "This is all wrong," but never gives you a hint as to how to make it right. Mr. White spoke of the excellent results accomplished by women as members of school committees in Massachusetts. The meeting was adjourned until July, to meet in Saratoga. We have not yet received the published report of this meeting. Our newspapers probably had brief reports of both these meetings, which our eyes glanced over at the time; but the rapidity with which such pamphlets have been taken shows that a published report is much more valuable.

SOUND ORTHODOXY.

Dr. Dorus Clarke's address at Chelsea, on "The Alleged Progress in Theology," has just come to our notice, from beneath an accumulation of pamphlets. We must confess that, if the orthodox Congregationalists were so well pleased with this address at their association as to wish to have it published, the defenders of the faith need not longer fear the contagion of liberal thought.

Dr. Clarke maintains that the talk about John Robinson's liberality is a great mistake. His oft-quoted saying, "More truth will break out of God's Word," had nothing to do "with questions of dogmatic theology," but had "exclusive reference to points of church order and liberty of conscience." "It is a great error," he says, "to suppose that the astounding progress in the natural sciences and the arts has been followed by a cor-

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responding progress in theology.... There is a chasm between the premises and the conclusion.... Another cause of the supposed advance in theology may be *the secret disrelish of the doctrines of the Bible, and a desire to get rid of them altogether.*" The italics are the Doctor's. "It will not be known, until the all unfolding day, how many new doctrines are born of hatred of the truth." Here follows a startling assumption. "All the increase of light within the last half-century has not unfavorably affected a single doctrine of the orthodox faith.... A new Confession of Faith cannot be made," he says; and "the authors of the Westminster Confession, in studying the Scriptures, endeavored to eliminate the last particle of error from their work,... and succeeded to the general satisfaction of Christendom down to the present day.... We must accept it with no 'qualification,' or 'mental reservation,' or 'as we understand it.' Gen. Jackson said, 'I take the Constitution of the United States as I understand it.' He had no right to do so. The Supreme Court of the United States are the constituted expounders of that instrument. In like manner, the Bible is to be interpreted by the supreme court of public opinion; and every man is bound by that decision."

We think our liberal orthodox friends must have blushed to hear these assumptions; but the Doctor is right, from his standpoint. Let them make a new confession of faith, so simple that all disciples of Christ in their ranks may accept it; and let them refuse to sign these old creeds. We do not expect them to give up their distinctive doctrines,— as, for instance, the trinity, certain views of regeneration, of sin and atonement, of the supernatural: these questions must always have two sides; but there are some old errors of doctrine so monstrous that their Church must abandon them, if it would hold together. And yet our wise and sound Doctor thinks all the failures of the Orthodox Church to-day are owing to the facts that these great doctrines of the "trinity, depravity, personal election, and the endless punishment of the wicked, are not discussed once a year or once in a lifetime in orthodox pulpits."

In regard to preaching, he says, "It is very unfortunate when a church or parish has a pastor who is excessively fond of speculation." This assertion has a show of truth in it. As he says, "Men need help in their sorrows and temptations, and not the last new theories." We agree that these critical studies should

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mostly be confined to the Bible class and lecture room of the church. But our Doctor does not mean to have speculation at all, except for a few popes in the Church, who get their heads together and say what the people shall believe. "This spirit of excessive speculation," he says, "crept into the ministry fifty years ago, and has thrown Congregationalism into its present water-logged, helpless position in the trough of the sea."

How exactly this reads like the sound Unitarian croakers in our own denomination! We believe the Orthodox Church will come out of this ferment broader and more Christian than she was before, as has happened with ourselves in all our contests between radicals and conservatives. The just mean of liberality and deep Christian faith men will ever tend to in all sects.

The Doctor ends vigorously: "Tone up the theological seminaries to the foundations on which they were based; tone up the pulpit; tone up the pew to the acceptance of every article of our Confession; tone up the children to the catechism as it was taught a hundred years ago.... Take courage!... The true faith will yet triumph!"

If we have ever thought Unitarianism had done its work, let us take heed to such an address as this, given before a dignified body of thinking men calling themselves Congregationalists.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

DR. PUTNAM ON UNITARIAN "ASPECTS AND OPPORTUNITIES."

It is perhaps not too late in the day to note the somewhat remarkable message delivered to English Unitarians by Dr. Putnam from your side. In one sense, indeed, this is the best moment for reviewing that message. We have now pondered it: our little conflict of thought is over; and now, in the cool of the evening, we may fitly sum up. Besides, what Dr. Putnam said does not belong to June or October, to 1883 or 1884; and, in all probability, the discussion is *not* "over," after all.

By the way, it is pleasant to record that every one seems to have been impressed by our visitor's gravity, earnestness, zeal, and kindliness. Though many questioned his message, no one was antagonistic to the man.

Dr. Putnam's address was delivered mainly to ministers, and at an almost confidential meeting; but, as it was afterward published, and has been freely discussed, it is now fully before the public for consideration. The "burden" of the address is by no means a consoling one. It might almost be called a sad and depressing one; and it must be understood that the speaker only professed to speak of America, though it is plain that between the lines we may find Dr. Putnam's thoughts concerning England also. In America, we are told, there are persons who lament the practical decadence of the Unitarian churches, and who attribute this decadence to the fact that Unitarianism is no longer "positive, reverent, Scriptural, and Christian," but is rather "a medley of doubts and denials, petty criticisms, and secular teachings." These persons say that "very extensively" our ministers and writers discredit the Bible, make war upon the miraculous element of the New Testament, find fault with Christ or ignore him, hasten to sympathize with every new theory or tendency that seems to tell against the Christian Church, and even seek to undermine belief in God, immortality, and prayer. "The body is declared to be in a chronic state of scepticism and unbelief"; and Dr. Putnam thinks there is "only too much foundation in fact" for what these people say.

One case cited by Dr. Putnam, it must be confessed, throws an element of doubt over his description generally. He asks, "Has

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it not again and again been said, in the language of a prominent Western preacher, writing for one of our papers, 'God or no God, immortality or no immortality, liberty must be our watchword'?" Unless we, here in England, are greatly mistaken, this could only have been said by some one who had to cease to be a "preacher" anywhere. Readers of your denominational books and papers here are simply astounded to hear these sweeping statements. Here and there, as is inevitable in such a "body" as ours and in such times as these, there will be hasty or reckless spirits who will exaggerate, or even pervert by exaggeration, some of the tendencies and conclusions of modern criticism; but we were not prepared to hear, and Dr. Putnam will forgive me for saying that we are not prepared at present to think, that American Unitarian writers, preachers, and churches are where his gloomy picture leaves them. We fancy he has been looking too much one way, and taking too much to heart one tendency. Our faith in him is not lessened by what he says; but, while we retain our faith, we must retain also our hope and charity.

An admission may, however, be made. There are undoubtedly men in England, as it appears there are in America, whose critical tendencies override their intuitional leadings, and whose treatment of the old basis of belief must seem hard, if not irreverent, to many. But the point is whether unbelief really lies that way, or belief on new grounds. Perhaps the real difference between Dr. Putnam and those who take the other side is that what he calls "assaults upon the Bible" they would regard as frank and honest criticism, and that what he describes as "thrusting spears into the sides of the Christ crucified anew" others would regard as an attempt to put faith in Christ upon a reasonable basis. It must be very hard for men who have been long used to rely upon certain bases of belief to have the reliances shifted to new ground, but we all need to remember that each in his turn gives pain to some one. Dr. Putnam himself must seem to some divines and their followers as pernicious an assailant of the Bible and as guilty a crucifier of Christ as, for instance, the radical Western States Unitarian does to him. He longs for the old days of Channing and Ware and Gannett and Dewey and the rest; but were not these quite devoutly and in Christ's name denounced and damned as assailants of the Bible and crucifiers of Christ? Perhaps, after all, the men whom Dr. Putnam denounces are only doing, for faith in God and

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Christ and immortality, what Channing and Ware and Gannett and Dewey did. We cannot perhaps decide that yet; but it is well to remember that Dr. Putnam is to some what these radical teachers are to him. When the orthodox call his Unitarianism "infidelity and unbelief" and the like, he repudiates the assertion, and he does well; but it might be useful to reflect that possibly what he, in his turn, calls "unbelief" may be really faith on other grounds.

Another admission may be made. Dr. Putnam pictures, and in an effective and touching manner, the beauty, the peace, the satisfaction of the orthodox churches, with their absence of "questionings and scepticisms and speculations," with their "positive faith," their "beautiful service," their "holy sacraments," and their "ark of safety." Ah, yes! it is all true; and does he think that these poor flying radicals miss nothing, that these lonely John the Baptists in the desert are all content, that these men of the forlorn hope, these "strangers and pilgrims" leaving their father's house, never think of the crowds they have left, and of the old haven they have to leave behind? But Dr. Putnam's picture, if it is to influence us, would not land us in Protestant Orthodoxy, still less in conservative Unitarianism, but in Catholicism; for there in perfection are to be found the freedom from "questionings and scepticisms and speculations," and the "positive faith," the "beautiful service," and the "holy sacraments," and the "ark of safety." It is not the first time that men who were wandering foot-sore and lonely in the wilderness have been reminded of the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ah! let us pity those whose sorrowful task it is to doubt, to test, to question, to deny, and to seek "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," and not man. Yes, let us pity them, if that must be so; but let us remember that these have always been the pioneers of "paths to dwell in."

And yet one other admission may be made. This critical and adventurous habit may easily be exaggerated and overdone. Liberty is as much a means to an end as an end in itself. The critical faculty is not man's highest faculty, and its results are not the most fruitful in regard to man growth and "faith and hope and charity." Man has spiritual intuitions as well as intellectual perceptions. He does need to "walk by faith," for in walking by faith he may often be truest to himself. Do what we will, we are all only walking on the "thin and outward rind" of

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the universe; and we ought to know it. Negation and doubt may be necessary at times, but they ought ever to be only preliminary to affirmation and trust. A church of denial is a horrible misnomer. Worship implies self-surrender to a higher power: it really also implies aspiration, hope, and joy. It is unwise, therefore, to give too large a place to critical experiments or destructive enterprises. But even these may be made to minister to faith and trust and hope and love.

I may be allowed to add that there are some of us who, while determined to tell the plain truth about the Bible, and what is called "the supernatural," yet wish to go all the way with men like Dr. Putnam, in their desire to be found with Jesus. There is no need to part company there; but we must be true to our Unitarianism to the very end. Jesus was a man; he was our brother; he revealed God as such. In these statements, we sum up all that is necessary to be said; and these statements are implied in the Unitarian testimony. The relations of Jesus to the spirit sphere were human relations; and that fact must dominate all explanations of his "miracles," his "resurrection," and his "mediatorial" work in the spirit world. We must hold fast by our faith in the persistence of life beyond what we call death, and in the actual existence of Jesus in the heavenly world. But our Unitarian testimony compels the conclusion that he is there under human conditions,— our brother Jesus, even though he may be our Head, our Leader, and our King.

Dr. Putnam warned us that, unless we return to Christ, "the great Church of God, with many banners, but with one Captain of its salvation, will march on without us to its final and boundless triumph." It may be so, but we cannot return to Christ in the sense of going back to Catholic or Orthodox presentations of him; and the threat of being left behind, while the victorious Church goes on to its victory "without us," must not induce us to be untrue to our solemn convictions. In a great campaign, some die in the ditch, while their comrades press over them to victory. It may be so with us. Milton nobly says,—

> "They also serve who only stand and wait."

It is as true that they also serve who only stand and die. But are we dying?

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MR. MACKONOCHIE.

Mr. Mackonochie, who has resisted the law courts for fifteen years, is at last "deprived." But perhaps some American readers may not know who Mr. Mackonochie is, and why he should be deprived, or how he managed to resist the law courts for fifteen years. It is really a long story, and a very significant one; but it can be told in a few words. Mr. Mackonochie is the *beau-idéal* of a High Churchman, a ritualist of the deepest dye, whose mission appears to be to introduce as much Roman Catholic ritualism as possible into the Protestant Established Church of England. A sturdy, old English resister of royal encroachments and exactions was once asked, by way of warning, How much treason a man could commit without losing his head? The answer was, "I don't know, but I am trying to find out." That is precisely what Mr. Mackonochie has been doing in another quarter. He has been trying to find out how much popery and rebellion the Established Church and the law courts would stand; and it must be admitted that he has been marvellously industrious and wonderfully pertinacious. He must have become singularly callous in relation to sentences. Indeed, a sentence seems to have acted upon him pretty much as a shake of the finger from a grandmother acts upon a mischievous lad. He has been admonished, suspended, and threatened, until it almost seemed that the law courts were powerless to stop him or punish him. And what has it all been about? An affair of candles, robes, incense, genuflections, and posturing, millinery, and masquerading, generally.

Mr. Mackonochie and his friends make it a matter of conscience, forgetting, in a way that has often had a most irritating effect, that the Established Church exists as a department of the State, under laws made by Parliament for its guidance and control. These High Churchmen, whose theory is the essentially popish one that the Church should control the State, and not the State the Church, call the interference of the civil courts sacrilege, and do their best to defy and escape their censures and sentences. By some curious and rather tricky arrangements, the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the present Bishop of London did their best to assist Mr. Mackonochie to evade a sentence by exchanging one living in London for another. But this has been put a stop to by Lord Penzance, who, as judge in the case,

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has not only suspended the hardened offender, but "deprived" him,—a sentence which will exclude him from the ministry of the Established Church throughout the whole province to which he lately belonged. It is possible, but not probable, that an appeal to the Privy Council may reverse the judgment; but it is a serious blow to the High Church party.

The point of interest for liberal Christians and independent churches is that these discreditable proceedings, the like of which we are never free from, are incident to the existence of a State Church. People here have got into the habit of cynically saying that a dissenting minister has to please the people who pay him. But what of the clergymen, and even the congregation, whose beliefs, convictions, and actions, to the minutest and most sacred detail of worship, are exposed to the supervision and control of secular courts of law? The High Churchman is right when he resists this, but he is wrong in imagining that he can have freedom from interference and inhabit a State Church at the same time. Events seem to be forcing this home upon men's minds and consciences, and we may be nearer the bringing up of the whole question for judgment than many imagine. If our statesmen could only be got to resist or ignore the prevailing court, aristocratic, military, and rowdy liking for robbing and murdering Afghans, Zulus, and Egyptians, and to mind their own business, this National Church would soon come to be dealt with; and a mightily interesting bit of business it would be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims. By Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins. Edited by Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.; New York: Putnam's Sons.
Century of Dishonor. By Helen Jackson (H. H.).

These books initiate a new era for the Indians; for they are not idle declamations and sentimental disquisitions, but historic and contemporary facts, earnestly set forth with a practical aim. In the retrospection of the century of dishonor and the century preceding there is found enough matter for melancholy reflection, in seeing what an opportunity was lost through bigotry and ignorance. It was felicitously said by Prof. Solger, who died untimely at the beginning of Lincoln's administration: There has been no effort to understand the Indian's race characteristics, but it has been taken for granted, without any adequate investigation, that the relation between the Europeans and the Indians was identical with that of old between the Israelites and the heathens of Syria, the most cruel pagans of the Old World, the leading rite of whose worship was human sacrifice, to which their own great ancestor, being a Syrian, was also "tempted," but who initiated the religion of humanity, which later Jesus of Nazareth restored, by consecrating his life instead of murdering his son.

As Mrs. Jackson has shown, every one of the Indian nations east of the Rocky Mountains welcomed the whites in the beginning with wonder and admiration, and were never the first of the two parties to show belligerency. In Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins' quaint narrative of her grandfather's first meeting, as late as 1848, with white men, it was something more than welcome. The imagination of the man was so enkindled by the personal beauty and the wonderful arts of the new civilization that he was completely "possessed," and had no eyes or ears for the evidences the whites immediately gave of a barbarism to which there has been no parallel among the gentle tribes of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, to say the least; and we cannot but marvel at the depth of his faith and the persistence with which he explained away as exceptional all the earliest outrages of the whites, instructing his people that it was wholly unjust to revenge on other white men the wrongs committed by

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some of them. What a lesson on war and peace to Christian nations! In her narrative of this and of other instructions given by her father and brother, and supported by their consistent practice, we see what Christians might have gained, had they come to the Indians in the same courteous and considerate spirit in which the great apostle to the Gentiles addressed the Athenians as "feeling after God, if haply they might find him."

In all the glimpses Mrs. Hopkins gives of the religion and moralities of the Piutes, as displayed in their mode of educating their children,— the girls especially,— and taking counsel together constantly in the tent of their chief as to all the details of the conduct of their life, we see the moral riches of their nature and traditions. Old Heckerwelder, in his history of the North American Indians, gave a multitude of facts of a like kind; but it is only an Indian and an Indian woman who could do full justice to the subject.

Through her grandfather's enthusiastic imagination of the worth of civilization, the English language and a good deal of refined social training were secured to his grand-daughter in the families of his friends; and, what was of momentous importance to both parties, an honest interpreter was trained who could lift the veil which difference of language had hitherto dropped between the two races to their mutual misunderstanding and, it seems to us, to the greater misunderstanding of the Indians by the whites than of the whites by the Indians.

This little book is not only a literary curiosity, and interesting in that point of view, but challenges the serious attention of our people to a subject in which, as sovereigns of this country, they have an important duty to do. The book ends with a petition which is to come before Congress early in the coming session, and whose discussion will throw needed light upon the measures proposed last winter by a bill which passed the Senate, and must come up before the House this winter, and which needs an amendment to make it of any more avail than former attempts at just legislation. We all know that Congress does what the people importunately demand.

This little book is written in the fond faith of its author in the Spirit Father's reigning on earth as he does in heaven; but we all know that God does nothing for man but by the instrumentality of man, and it behooves every man and woman to do his or her uttermost that his will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven, his "kingdom come," for which we daily pray with our lips.

The Appendix to the book gives the credentials of the author from the most unimpeachable authority.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

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Biblical Study: Its Principles, Methods, and History, together with a Catalogue of Books of Reference. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., Davenport Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883. pp. xv, 506. $2.50.

"This work is the product of the author's experience as a student of the Bible and a teacher of theological students in Biblical study," etc. He has "aimed to present a guide to Biblical study for the intelligent layman as well as the theological student and minister of the gospel." It is in large part composed of articles and addresses before published, but improved by wise selection, condensation, and abridgment. The great misleading principle of the book is one which is announced by the learned author as its eminent excellence. He says, "It has been the constant aim in this book to . . . explain the doctrine of the Bible in the chief Puritan symbol, the Westminster Confession, by citations from its authors and forerunners." Now, it would seem as if the chief object of the book should have been to unfold the true principles of Biblical interpretation without any reference to any class of scholars or doctrinal symbols. A book professing to teach us the true method of interpreting the Constitution of the United States would not have for its "constant aim to explain the fundamental laws of the nation according to the symbol of Federalism." The author would apply those principles of interpretation which are accepted by all critics in their interpretation of language, whether thereby he found Federalism or something else in the Constitution, State rights as supreme or nationality. Notwithstanding this, there is a vast amount of the most important information, and very many sound principles of criticism in the work. It is full of the soundest scholarship. Three indexes close the volume, on Texts of Scripture, Topics, Books and Authors. As a book, it is thoroughly made up. It could not be improved. Order pervades the whole. Only the barest references can be made to some of the author's views as expressed in the work: —

"The prophetic discourses in Deuteronomy are the sources, as they give the key to all subsequent prophecy." (p. 51.) Very few readers of the prophets are aware how little there is in them, but the form of their addresses, which is original. "The words of Jesus, as they passed through the Hellenistic conception of the evangelists, [were] colored by their minds and human characteristics." (p. 69.) Therefore, it is evident enough that great care must be taken not to refer to Jesus everything which they have attributed to him. "First prove their [the Scriptures] inspiration from their own internal divine testimony, and then accept them as canonical. . . . It is therefore the authority of God himself, speaking through the Holy Spirit, by and with the Word to the heart, that determines that the writings are infallible, as the inspired Word of God; and it is their inspiration

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that determines their canonicity," not their personal or historical origin. (pp. 111, 117.) "Hence, the people need no mediating priesthood of theologians, no help of apologetics or of polemics, to convince them of the authority of the Bible." p. 123.

Why, then, was the "Song of Solomon" placed in the Canon, and not the "Wisdom of Solomon"? Or why not introduce *Pilgrim's Progress* as an inspired book as well as Esther? Respecting the Pentateuch, he says, "If the inspiration of it depends upon the sole Mosaic authorship, then criticism has come into irreconcilable conflict with its inspiration." (p. 227.) This is very true. Again, "It is now conceded by most critics that the Pentateuch is composed of four separate historical narratives, each with its code of legislation, and that these have been compacted into their present form by one or more editors." (p. 227.) But this does not prove the later origin of either of the four parts, as Wellhausen maintains. The author maintains that Jesus interpreted, or rather used, the Old Testament in the popular way, without attempting to correct the false exegesis of the times.

These passages give a clew to the trend of the current of thought in the work, which is worthy of a place on the table of every student of the Bible. A fresh and free atmosphere pervades it, in spite of the expressed limitation of the Westminster Confession. The old landmarks are being removed, the old theology is crumbling, the old criticism is departing. Such books as this will open blind eyes, and fill with light darkened minds. Let them abound. R. P. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From George H. Ellis, Boston.

The Oriental Christ. By P. C. Mozoomdar. Price $1.25.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

English Traits. Volume V. of Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price $1.75.

The Conduct of Life. Volume VI. of Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Price $1.75.

Beyond the Gates. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Price $1.25.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Biblical Study: Its Principles, Methods, and History. With Catalogue of Books of Reference. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. Price $2.50.— For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

Golden Thoughts from the Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos. With Preface by J. Henry Shorthouse. Price $1.25.

Certitude, Providence, and Prayer. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., D.L. (Philosophical Series, No. IV.) Price 50 cts.

The Theory of Morals. By Paul Janet. Translated from the latest French edition. Price $2.50.— For sale by Estes & Lauriat.

From the Bureau of Education, Washington, D.C.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1881.

From Williams & Norgate, London, England.

Observations on Celebrating the Anniversary of our Saviour's instituting the Lord's Supper. By Henry Hawkes, B.A., F.L.S.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. DECEMBER, 1883. No. 6.

A RELIGION FOR ITALY.

Catholicism, however much it may be flourishing in other countries, is unquestionably losing its hold in Italy. This fact is due to a variety of causes, the chief of which are the gradual progress of enlightenment, the development of the historical sense, and the policy of the Church in discouraging liberty of thought and action, in opposing the unity of Italy, and in identifying herself with the Jesuit party. This party not only takes its stand upon bald dogma, and sets its face against all rational progress, but it takes such a political stand as to make it necessary for every Italian to choose between his country and the Church, by rendering it impossible, or well-nigh impossible, for him to be loyal to both. The result is what might naturally be expected. Nearly all Italians, laying any claim to cultivation in the modern sense, have preferred their country to the Church, so that the latter finds favor now only with the lowest classes, with sentimental women, and with those old, superannuated families, whose existence, so to speak, is bound up with it. Moreover, since the present attitude of the Church

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makes it quite plain, the ecclesiastical influence is only a source of weakness to the State. The Italian government naturally uses every means to counteract that influence. The consequence of all this is that, in a few years,—a generation at most,—Italy will have practically ceased to be a Catholic country, and, what is more momentous, will be left without any religion at all, unless, in the mean time, some new movement be set afoot. It comes, therefore, to be a highly important practical question—directly for Italy, and indirectly for the world—whether Italy is in a condition to advance steadily in civilization without any form of religion; and, if this question must be answered in the negative, what form is best suited to her wants and, at the same time, best calculated to meet acceptance among men and women who, having been reared in Catholicism, and accustomed to the moral code and sanctions which it offers, now stand in an attitude of reactionary opposition to it, or will soon do so.

A clever German novelist, herself a model of moral health, once wrote, "Religion is no more necessary to the healthy soul than corsets are to the well-formed and well-conditioned body." This is undoubtedly true, provided religion be regarded as merely a liniment for the suffering soul or a medicine for the disordered one; but it is to be noted that, even as so regarded, religion would still have an important place and function, as long as there are suffering or disordered souls. But there is another and nobler view of religion, which looks upon it as the natural food of the healthy soul and the essential condition of its full normal action. So regarded, religion is coeval and coeternal with the soul itself, broadening out as the soul develops, and becoming more and more the spring of national life. In this sense, no nation that is not voluntarily sinking into decay can afford to be without a religion.

Whichever of these two views of religion we adopt,—and there is no reason why we should not combine them, since, if we omit the "merely" from the first, they are by no means incompatible,—it must be quite plain to every one at all acquainted with Italy that her people cannot ad-

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vance on the path which they have so nobly chosen without a religion. As still suffering and greatly disordered, they require religion as a medicine; as manfully striving for health and order, they demand it as food. The question is, What sort of religion will meet these two necessities? In order to answer this, we must consider, *first*, what are the maladies from which the Italians suffer, and, *second*, what are the demands of the Italian spirit, when in its healthy condition.

The maladies, moral, intellectual, and even physical, which at present oppress the Italians, are such as may, for the most part, be traced to the bad government and civil disorders of which they were for so many ages the victims, but from which they have at last escaped, and to the ecclesiastical system from which they are now trying to escape. The chief of these maladies are the almost universal ignorance and abject superstition of the lower classes, the very prevalent want of truthfulness, of honesty, and, generally speaking, of moral earnestness, a wide-spread social immorality of tone and action, and, as consequences of these, a want of moral and physical energy, and a tendency to replace these by servility and low cunning. The great, and one might almost say, the fundamental weakness of the Italians is want of truthfulness. While most of the other weaknesses are confined mainly to the lower classes, this one extends to every class. Indeed, with the exception of the members of some of the religious orders, and those men whose heart and soul are in the present national movement, and who see clearly the needs and defects of their countrymen, hardly any Italian habitually speaks the strict truth. Some years ago, when I was speaking of this one day, an Italian countess said to me, "Of course, no Italian cares for the truth as you English and Americans do; but, then, you must not come to us with your brutal ideas of truth, and expect us to accept them." Indeed, truthfulness is so rare a thing in Italy that it has even ceased to be considered a virtue. Dishonesty, in the sense of thieving, is, of course, mostly confined to the lower classes; but cheating goes

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much higher. It is almost impossible to find an honest servant, especially in Southern Italy; and so inveterate is the habit of dishonesty in most cases that kindness and generosity, instead of making servants ashamed of it, only make them follow it more recklessly. They themselves are so unaccustomed to exercise generosity that they have no appreciation of it in others. A cabman or a boatman who does not grossly overcharge, whenever he thinks there is the slightest chance of success, is a being unknown in Italy. And, even in ordinary buying and selling, the shopkeepers are few and far between who do not attempt to overcharge those whom they suppose not to know the exact price of things; and I have been informed, on very good authority, that Italy in one or two years could export wine enough to furnish to the State a revenue equal to the sum of the national debt, if foreign wine-dealers could trust to obtaining from Italian exporters the quality of wine they bargain for.

In mixing with ordinary Italian society, one is continually impressed with a sense of frivolity and want of moral elevation, especially in regard to education and matters of personal purity. Almost everywhere, children are allowed to indulge in all sorts of caprices and selfish habits; and any man who should be known as attempting to lead a thoroughly correct life would be considered by almost every brother man, as well as by a very large number of sister women, to be a fool or something very near it.

The natural result of this unfortunate condition of things is that the majority of Italians, of all but the best classes, are lazy, unenterprising, servile, and consequently cunning. *Il dolce far niente* is a phrase peculiar to Italy, and corresponding to a state of mind peculiarly Italian. Hundreds of thousands of Italians are ready to sacrifice everything,—comfort, food, clothing, and self-respect,—in order to enjoy the privilege of being idle. Throughout the whole of Italy to the south of Rome, begging is almost universally practised by the lower classes. In some places,—for example, here in Capri, where I am writing,—almost every native begs, and thinks the foreigner who is not always ready with a

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soldo a hard-hearted wretch, whose salvation is a very doubtful matter. Having been, from childhood up, encouraged to beg both by parents and priests, they cannot be made to understand that the habit is a degrading one. With laziness and that want of self-respect which makes begging possible, servility and cunning, of course, go hand in hand. The former of these vices, however, is powerfully fostered by ignorance and superstition, which were mentioned first among the maladies affecting Italy, but which have been reserved for treatment till the last.

Among the pictures in the Fine Arts Exhibition, now open in Rome, the most powerful, both in subject, conception, and execution, if not in every respect the best, is Michetti's very large (unfinished) work called *Il Voto* (The Vow). It represents, in all its revolting details, a scene which takes place every year at the festival of St. Dominic, in a village of the Abruzzi. A number of persons, men and women, who in hours of danger or trial have made vows to the saint, are in the act of fulfilling these, by dragging themselves along at full length from the door of the church to the altar, licking the rough stone floor the whole way with their tongues. One old, weather-beaten man is in the act of kissing the silver bust of the saint, which stands, surrounded by candles, on a carpet in front of the altar. As he does so, he soils it with his blood. Behind the altar sits a group of pitiful wretches, men and women, exhausted and distraught with the foul ordeal. Near by stands a priest, with a look of the utmost unconcern; and beyond the line of crawling votaries is a mass of people, some in holiday attire, and many with candles in their hands, all gazing with reverent approval at the horrid spectacle. The picture has given occasion to a great deal of talk, by reason both of its merits and its defects, but especially on account of the boldness and truth with which a painful subject has been handled. And no wonder. It thrusts, as it were, in the very face of every visitor to the exhibition the hideous cause of the crass ignorance, and of much of the degradation, that are found among the lower classes of Italy. That cause is the su-

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perstition fostered by the Church, and, until the present Italian government came in, encouraged by the State. People who know the laboring classes only of Great Britain and America can have no notion of the superstition and ignorance that prevail among these classes in Italy, and, indeed, in Catholic countries generally. It is only two or three years since a friend of mine, Madame Jerichau, the Danish court painter, came near being stoned to death by peasants as a witch, because she was found to have reproduced on canvas some natural objects which they were familiar with. And this happened at Rocca di Papa, within twenty miles of Rome; nor is it the only case of the kind that has occurred there. Last summer, an old servant of mine, who, by the by, could both read and write, consulted me in all seriousness as to the cause of thunder, saying that she had heard two opinions, and had never been able to decide between them: the one, that it was the devil beating his wife; the other, that it was the children dancing in heaven. And such things occur every day.

It need hardly be said that a religion which permits and even encourages to some degree this state of things is not even a medicine for the disordered soul, but rather an opiate or a deleterious stimulant. Still, that religion and its effects cannot be uprooted in an hour; and, even if they could, the immediate result might be something undesirable and fraught with danger. It is one of the great penalties attending the prolonged and habitual use of supernatural sanctions that the natural moral sensibilities become dulled, and finally disappear altogether; and this is the case with a very large portion of the ignorant classes of Italy. There need, therefore, be no doubt that, if the Catholic superstition were removed from their minds, as under socialistic and nihilistic influences it has been from those of the peasantry in some parts of Hungary, and were not replaced by something better, and at least equally powerful, these classes would be left without any motive whatsoever to virtue, and therefore ready to become instruments of cruelty, anarchy, and crime, to all of which they are naturally prone. The Italian gov-

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ernment sees this very clearly, and is therefore using every effort to do for them, in the way of enlightenment, whatever can be done by school education and military discipline. Indeed, the military system of Italy is its greatest glory. It is not only a school for order, patriotism, and self-respect,—a school in which many a poor peasant learns for the first time that he has a country wider than the township or valley in which he was born, and duties besides that of getting his daily bread,—but it is also a school which no recruit is allowed to leave until he can read and write. The truth is, no praise can be too high for the singleness of purpose with which the Italian government is dealing with the matter of education; and, if its endeavors are not crowned with all the rapid success desirable, fault will be found with it only by those who have failed to appreciate the difficulties it has to contend with. But, after all, school education, even if supplemented by military discipline, will not take the place of religion. By widening the range of vision, and awakening the sense of self-respect, which always includes respect for others, it does much; but it does not do all. It does not heal the inherited maladies of human nature, purify the heart and its purposes, or impart to life that meaning, that boundless significance, which is necessary, in order to make moral action seem the only logical action, the only action with promise. If, therefore, the Italians are to become, as a whole, a moral and prosperous people, they must have a religion which shall do all these things, and, when they are done, supply the conditions of normal spiritual activity. That the Catholic religion should ever be able to do this, even if in some degree modified by the removal of its most objectionable features, is highly improbable; and what chances there might be for it are reduced to nothing by the policy of that party which at present aspires to rule the Church.

Before we pass on to consider what form of religion is best calculated to take its place, let us look at the other side of the picture which we have sketched above. We have shown the diseased side of Italy: let us now look at the

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healthy side, in order to see what form of religion is the condition of its health. As we have already seen, religion may be defined as the prime condition of the normal action of the soul. But souls differ widely in all but their essence, which is moral intelligence; aud, therefore, the religions which correspond to them must differ equally. This is a fact which, unfortunately, has never been sufficiently recognized; and the result is that, even in our day, many glorious young souls are rudely deprived of their natural religion, in which they are free and happy, and burdened with an unnatural or supernatural religion, which sadly cramps and disorders their spiritual life. Let us see what the normal spiritual life of the healthy Italian is.

It is a saying of Aristotle's that the abuse of the best things is the worst. Inverting this and applying it to human beings, we may say that in very many cases, if not in all, the worst natures are only the best abased and degraded. This is certainly true in the case of the Italians. Amid the multitudes of degraded men and women with which Italy teems, we find very frequently natures of the loftiest and purest type, natures so rich and so full of all sweetness and nobleness, all tenderness, charity, and devotion, that we are almost lost in admiration. The stock that produced Francis of Assisi, Thomas of Aquino, John Fidanza, Dante Alighieri, Catherine Benincasa, Giordano Bruno, Galileo Galilei, Thomas Campanella, Giambattista Vico, and, in recent times, Antonio Rosmini, Vincenzo Gioberti, Camillo Cavour, and Massimo d' Azeglio, is very far from being extinct in this land. Both in the Church and more frequently out of it, among the men who have made and are making united Italy, we find their spiritual progeny in no small number. We meet young priests who in other days would have been known as shining examples of piety and learning, but who are now looked upon with suspicion by those who have power in the Church. On the other hand, in that ever-increasing band of men who are laboring to raise Italy to a place, political, moral, intellectual, and artistic, among the nations, we meet men of such

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energy, learning, and insight, such lofty patriotism and such singleness of heart, that we are reminded of those "simple great ones" whom we had feared to be "gone forever and ever by." In the Senate, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the courts, in the army, in the universities, colleges, and schools, and even in the ordinary walks of life, we find them, doing what men may do for their country, for education, and for high morality. The great and good men of contemporary Italy are little known beyond its boundaries; but these men exist nevertheless, and perhaps their work is done all the better that the world hears little of it, and that they go their own way, not troubling themselves about what the world thinks. If we wish to see the true and normal character of the Italians, and to infer therefrom the nature of the religion that corresponds to it, it is to these men that we must look. What, then, is that character?

If we were to single out that trait in the true Italian character which best distinguishes it, we should find that it was balance, harmony, absence of exaggeration. No other character is so equally developed in all directions, none is so free from one-sidedness, prejudice, asceticism, or extravagance, as that of the Italian. His sympathies are evenly divided between religion, art, science, philosophy, politics, and life; and the attempt to destroy his interest in any of these seriously injures him. It is this wonderful balance of character that is the great safeguard of Italy, and that, in spite of all the turbulent elements which she contains, enables her to pursue her great purposes undisturbed by those social outbreaks that are jeopardizing the peace, and even the existence, of other countries. Italy is to-day freer from dangerous elements than any other of the great powers of Europe.

But to descend to particulars. First of all, the good Italian is a profoundly religious man. Even when he has shaken off Catholicism and all dogmatic belief, he does not lose faith in what is usually called the rightness of things and the moral government of the universe, but which he prefers to call the eternity and morality of being. He there-

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fore never, or rarely, lapses into materialism, idealism, hedonism, utilitarianism, or any of those irreligious vagaries to which minds of less balance are always prone. Of his fondness for art and his power to appreciate its merits, it is hardly necessary to speak. For hundreds of years, Italy has been the home of the fine arts; and, if at the present moment she produces very few works of a high order, this is due to foreign influence and other causes over which the better class of Italians have no control. The severest criticisms that have been written upon some recent exhibitions of Italian art have come from the pens of cultivated and art-loving Italians. At the same time, works like Michetti's *Voto*, to which reference has already been made, show that the spirit of earnest art is still alive in Italy. All that is needed, in order to make this spirit clothe itself again in noble works, full of beauty and significance, is an earnest religion. Of the Italian's fondness and aptitude for science, we shall make no question, when we remember that the foundations of the modern inductive sciences, the political and philological as well as the physical, in nearly all their branches, were laid by Italians. It will suffice to name, in political science, Dante Alighieri, Macchiavelli, Vico; in philological science, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Valla, Robortelli, Politian; and, in physical science, Leonardo da Vinci, Cesalpino, Galilei, Torricelli, Spallanzani, Malpighi, Galvani, Volta. And the promise given by these pioneers has been amply sustained by the Italians of succeeding ages. But the important thing to note is that the Italians as a people interest themselves in science, that they follow its progress with understanding and concern. It is astonishing to what extent this is true even among Catholic priests, who are usually supposed to be averse to experimental science. Father Secchi, the Jesuit, who died a few years ago, has a world-wide reputation; and it would be easy to name many others who are deeply versed in the methods and results of modern research. It is, indeed, rare to find a cultivated Italian who has not made a specialty of some science. Still, science, in the narrow sense of that term, is

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not a need of Italian natures to the same extent that philosophy is. Indeed, it may be said that no cultivated Italian is happy without a philosophy, and that, too, a philosophy which assures him that his highest aspirations correspond to realities. When a thoughtful Italian is unfortunate enough to drift into pessimism or into any of those shadowy systems which, like Hegelianism, eschew reality and try to dissolve the universe into a self-differentiating idea, the effect is very curious. He becomes dissatisfied, gloomy, and sometimes misanthropic,—a kind of Obermann. I have known personally several striking examples of this. This fact is a highly important one, and explains a great deal in Italian history. Especially does it enable us to see why neither Protestantism nor Positivism has ever taken root in Italy. Both these forms of religion are distinctly unphilosophical; and the latter, as denying an object to man's highest aspirations, is pessimistic besides. But the very circumstances that have militated against these have contributed to render Catholicism acceptable. Catholicism has always striven to be a philosophic religion, and indeed is so, as far as any religion claiming to rest on an authority above reason can ever be. Anselm Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas have done more to keep Catholicism alive in Italy than all other influences put together; and the present Pope showed great wisdom, from his point of view, in calling upon all the clergy of the Church to return to the study of the works of St. Thomas, as he did in 1879 by the encyclical known as *Aeterni Patris.* Of the Italian's interest in politics, it is hardly necessary to speak; and, of his aptitude for the same, the rapid progress of Italy in the last few decades is the best proof. Indeed, the political spirit of the old Roman republicans has descended in considerable measure to the modern Italians; and no sooner was the yoke of grinding religious and foreign despotism removed from their necks than this spirit asserted itself in all its vigor. It may be safely said that the Italians have a truer sense of the nature and limits of liberty than any people in Europe, except those of Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian blood. From all

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this, it follows naturally that the Italian's interest in life is both deep and wide. Indeed, perhaps more than any other human being he possesses that harmony with his surroundings, and that power of quiet, rational enjoyment, which we are wont to think belonged only to the Greek of ancient times. While free from the lower vices, he is also free from asceticism and that morbid tenderness of conscience which make life unjoyous for so many men of other nations. He lives simply, gladly, thankfully, humanly, in equilibrium with himself and all around him.

Having thus enumerated, on the one hand, the maladies that afflict Italy and, on the other, the characteristics of her healthy condition, we may now ask, What form of religion will at once act as a remedy to the former and as a healthy stimulant to the latter? It is certain that, in order to become a religion for Italy, it must do both these things; for it would only lead to endless scepticism and confusion, if there should be one religion for the diseased and another for the sound, a supernatural alongside a philosophical religion. We may answer the question in a very few words. It must be a religion that shall banish superstition, enlighten the mind, encourage self-respect and personal independence, and justify the highest aspirations and hopes,—a religion based upon a generous philosophy, and affording material for art, encouragement and guidance to science, and a norm of life, political, social, domestic, personal.

Here, two questions at once suggest themselves: (1) How is it possible to have an efficacious religion without superstition? (2) Who could be found to preach such a religion? These are undoubtedly the main, one might almost say the only, difficulties connected with the matter. A religion without superstition seems almost a contradiction in terms; and, indeed, the two words originally were almost synonyms. No religion that has ever made any progress has been without an element of superstition; that is, a belief in supernatural agencies, for whose existence no proof could be found in nature or reason. Even that rather shadowy religion professed by broad-churchmen and sentimental no-

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churchmen and no-churchwomen in England still holds fast a supernatural element; and, however ready these may be on occasions to sublimate it into an effervescent phrase, such as "a current that sets for righteousness," they still regard it, for practical purposes, as endowed with a certain grandmotherly, soothing-syrup potency, highly beneficial to overtaxed nerves, and unboundedly tolerant of loose thinking. If, then, we were to appeal merely to past experience, we should be obliged to say that a religion without superstition was impossible. But, if there be any truth in the doctrine of human progress, things must be continually happening that never happened before, and of which, therefore, there can have been no experience. Among these, we may place along with the invention of the railway, the telegraph, etc., the advent of a religion without superstition. Indeed, that the advent of such a religion is not far off, if it has not taken place already, there are good reasons for hoping and believing. These reasons are mainly two, which supplement each other in the most remarkable way. The first is that New England Unitarianism, in its more advanced forms of Free Religion and Emersonianism, comes very near being such a religion, and only lacks a profound philosophical basis to give it courage to become so altogether. The second is that there exists a philosophy, thus far little known in New England, which is in every way suited to supply such a basis. This is none other than the philosophy of the Catholic Church, Thomism, as worked out in the light of modern thought into clearness and coherence in the system of Antonio Rosmini, the greatest of Italian thinkers. It may seem strange to hear that Thomism and Rosminianism, the systems of the two most thorough-going Roman Catholics that ever lived perhaps, should be fitted to furnish a basis for a religion without superstition or supernaturalism; yet such is the case. Of course, St. Thomas and perhaps even still more Rosmini would be shocked to think that their philosophy should be put to any such use. Both wrote philosophy in order to furnish a rational basis for supernaturalism. But truth is truth, for whatever purpose it is sought; and the

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truth which they evolved falls naturally into harmony with all other truth, and into dissonance with all error. Philosophically speaking, there is nothing in the writings of St. Thomas that may not be found stated with greater clearness and cogency in those of Rosmini; and, therefore, we may confine our attention to the latter. If, then, we strip the works of Rosmini of all that is based upon mere authoritative dogma, we shall have left in our hands a system of thought admirably adapted to form the basis of a religion without supernaturalism. It will not, indeed, prove to us the existence of a God made in the image of a powerful and capricious man, or, to use Theodore Parker's withering phrase, of "an almighty cat"; but it will show us that being has infinite depths which it is our eternal task to fathom; that it is in its essence spiritual, potentially, at least, personal, and therefore moral, and in its exigences holy. It will show us, moreover, that our souls are eternal beings; that their welfare is their fidelity to their true nature, which obeys the law of absolute holiness; that no good can come to them except through moral action based upon self-sacrifice in obedience to insight into the nature of universal being. Finally, it will show us that matter, which so befools and misleads us, is not by itself a reality, being but the term of spiritual activity. In this way, it will restore to life its infinite significance, to aspiration an infinite object, to virtue an infinite reward, and to each man an infinite task. Also, it will furnish to religion without supernaturalism a rational and irrefragable foundation. So much for the possibility of such a religion.

Our second question was, Who could be found to preach such a religion? The answer has already in part been suggested,—the advanced Unitarian ministers of New England. These are preaching almost such a religion already, only that their efforts are to a great extent rendered ineffectual from want of a philosophical groundwork. They preach a pure, manly morality; but they are able to find no justification for it except in shrewd utilitarianism or pectoral inspiration, neither of which is in any degree sufficient. Hence

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come the ominous whispers that Unitarianism in New England has proved a failure, and that its most gifted preachers are either going over to pure materialism, which is no religion at all, or else relapsing into old-fashioned anthropomorphic theism and revelation. In the nature of things, what these whispers report must be true; for no religious system can long endure without a basis either in revelation or philosophy, and the advanced Unitarianism of New England rests upon neither. If, therefore, it is to maintain itself and carry on its noble work of intellectual emancipation and moral elevation, it must ally itself with some profound philosophical system capable of furnishing real sanctions of infinite power for the moral doctrines which it preaches. And no other system can do this half so well as that of Rosmini, which is, in the best and truest sense, a religious system, worked out by one of the purest and most religious men that ever lived.

But New England Unitarians are not the only men that might be found capable of preaching a religion without supernaturalism. In Italy there are men both able and willing to do so, who are only waiting for moral support in order to begin. And these men are to be found not only among the patriots, who are compelled to assume an attitude of opposition to the Church, but even among the clergy of the Church itself. The hold which the supernaturalism of the Church has upon Catholics, and especially upon priests, is very great; and no less is the care with which she strives to protect them against the influences of modern thought. But neither the one nor the other is all powerful. So that quite a number of priests — and those, too, among the most pious and learned — are ready, if occasion offered, to throw off the weary burden of supernaturalism, and meanwhile are trying to explain away its dogmas into mere metaphors for something rational. I know personally several priests who are in this position,— not one of them, curiously enough, belonging to the Rosminian order. As to the learned and zealous patriots, there are very few indeed among them that would not welcome, and do their best to

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aid in disseminating in their country, a manly religion, free from superstition. I have more than once heard the venerable patriot, Count Mamiani, whose recent work, *The Religion of the Future*, has been so widely read, and was so speedily placed upon the Index, say, "If the Unitarians of America will establish a place of worship here in Rome, I give my word that I will preach for them." And this means not a little; for Mamiani is not only the best writer of Italian now living, but he is also one of the profoundest thinkers and one of the most charming speakers. Besides, he can command a greater following than any man in Italy.* His philosophy, though differing considerably from Rosmini's in terminology, is really a development, and a most important one, of its principles in the direction of non-supernaturalism, for which reason no man is better fitted to be the exponent of a non-supernatural religion.†

The practical result aimed at in all that has been written is this: that the advanced Unitarians of New England have at the present hour two most important tasks offered to them,— tasks upon which the permanent success of the religion which they profess depends. The first is to find a firm basis for that religion in philosophy. The only philosophy that offers such a basis is the one which was born with intelligence itself, grew as it grew through a free Hellenic boyhood and a sentimental mediæval youth, and now, after many trials and vicissitudes, has at last found its manhood's expression in the Italian philosophy of Rosmini and Mamiani. All other philosophies, after trial enough, have proved fruitless, except in power to break down and dissolve. The second task is to recompense Italy for her philosophy by establishing centres of non-supernatural religion in her prin-

* Mamiani's fortunes as a patriot make him very dear to the Italians. He was fifteen years an exile. Afterward, he was prime minister to Pope Pius IX. in 1848, and drafted a constitution for him, which was set aside. He is now a senator and the editor of the philosophical journal *La Filosofia delle Scuole Italiane*. His works on philosophy and politics are very numerous.

† It is a curious fact that a very large number of the scholarly and thoughtful men who have been most prominent in the great work of Italian regeneration have been Rosminians in philosophy,— Manzoni, Tommaséo, Gustavo Cavour (brother of the statesman), Minghetti, Bonghi, and, in a sense, Gioberti and Mamiani. Each of the last two wrote a book against Rosmini; but the former lived to regret his rashness, and the latter generously acknowledges that Rosmini, by his reply, converted him from sensism.

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cipal cities,— centres round which all that is best and purest in Italy may rally, in order to fight the battles of intelligence, freedom, manliness, and purity against ignorance, spiritual oppression, servility, and vice.

It is indeed a strange circumstance that while, since the granting of religious toleration in Italy, almost every other Protestant sect has been busy offering its particular views of the supernatural as a substitute for those of Catholicism, now losing their hold, Unitarians have (so far at least as I am able to discover) done nothing. In the city of Rome alone there are now no fewer than fifteen Protestant places of worship; but there is not a Unitarian one among them. It is true that one noble Italian preaches what is equivalent to Unitarianism to the soldiers; but he derives no aid or encouragement from Unitarians, properly so called. Protestant supernaturalism, for reasons already stated, has no chance whatever of wide or lasting success among art-loving, philosophically-minded, optimistic Italians, as is abundantly shown by the notorious fact that very few Italians indeed attend the Protestant churches already established in Italy. On the contrary, a philosophically based Unitarianism, free from superrational dogmas, and tending to encourage science, art, and manly freedom, has every possible chance. Indeed, it may be safely said that this is the natural and only possible successor to Catholicism, being the only form of religion that can at once incorporate all those art elements which have for ages given Catholicism such a hold upon the feelings and at the same time meet the intellectual needs of the time. Such a form of religion, if regularly preached in Italy, would at once draw to it three classes of people who at present are obliged to live practically without any outward form of religion that meets their sympathies: *first*, those philosophical priests of the Church who are tired of supernaturalism and dogma, and who yet feel the need of a spiritual religion to justify their devotion to the cause of human redemption; *second*, those high-minded, patriotic Italians, who have abandoned the Church altogether, but who nevertheless feel the need of

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entering into union with their fellow-men on the highest spiritual grounds, and of maintaining an atmosphere in which their souls, so to speak, may breathe freely and unfold their highest powers; and, *third*, that numerous class of liberal-minded foreigners of all nations, who are always to be met with in Italian cities, either as residents or visitors. Among these are many New England Unitarians, who, when they come to Italy, find no place where they can assemble with people of their own views. These three classes taken together would certainly form a sufficient congregation for one church in every large city of Italy; and, if the Unitarians of New England would provide one minister for each such church to preach in English, the Italians, it may be safely presumed, would furnish another to preach in Italian.

It may be said that a philosophical religion, such as the one here proposed, is fit only for highly educated and philosophical people, and that it would never be able to permeate the lower and ignorant classes, which most need it, as a healing, strengthening, and elevating influence. That these classes would not immediately, and as such, become adherents of such a religion, is true; but, if it were once established as the religion of the educated classes, it would permeate downward as education itself permeated, or rather the lower classes would rise to it as education, which is now spreading rapidly in Italy, enabled them to do so. Moreover, the religion itself would, from its very nature, largely aid in promoting education, and so in furnishing the conditions of its own success. That it would not leaven the whole mass of the Italian people in one generation, or even in several, is very likely; but the same would be true of any other moral force. Those who try to wield such force must be content to wait, and comfort themselves with the assurance that what they cannot accomplish now their successors, carrying on their work, will accomplish in abundant measure in the future. Men who are thoroughly in earnest, and who have faith in the highest things, are not too eager to see with eyes of flesh the fruit of their labors.

In conclusion, let us sum up the benefits which might be

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expected to spring from the establishment in Italy, by advanced New England Unitarians, of a rational, spiritual religion, based upon the most advanced form of Italian and, indeed, of human thought. They would not all be confined to Italy. The first and not the least important would be that the manliest religion now existing in the world would find the groundwork which it requires to make it fully effectual, and for lack of which it is threatened with dissolution, even within its own borders. It was exceedingly unfortunate, both for Protestantism generally, and especially for its most logical form, the Free Religion of New England, that they allied themselves at an early period of their careers with philosophies that in their very first principles were false: the first, with the subjectivism of Descartes and the sensism of Locke; the second, with that final form of these aberrations, usually known as German Transcendentalism. All the philosophies that can in any way trace descent in a direct line to Descartes and Locke, however they may have helped to clear away old prejudices, are ineffectual for the establishment of those great truths which reason and life equally demand and require; and this for the reason that they lack the most important of all concepts, the one which was and is the source of all the strength of scholasticism, but which was thrown away with the rest of that system by the philosophers named, and has never been picked up by any of their successors. This is the concept of *being*, that immanent act which lies at the foundation of all others, and without which all others are not only wild, causeless phenomena or hallucinations, but absolute self-contradictions,—a concept without which there is nothing real, no truth, no soul, no law, nothing to live or die for. It is one of the saddest sights in the world to see earnest modern thought struggling to build up a rational universe without this concept, chasing all sorts of phantoms, and finally sinking down exhausted and powerless, confessing its own impotency. Any religion that hopes for a future must courageously turn away from all the popular systems of the day, whether German, French, or English,—from Kantian-

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ism, Hegelianism, Schopenhauerianism; from Cartesianism, Spinozaism, Comtianism; from Lockianism, Humeanism, Hamiltonianism, Spencerianism,—in so far as they claim to be philosophies, and, gathering up the great lost concept, make it the basis of all its thought. Not till then will "mind and soul, according well," "make one music as before." It need not be repeated that the only existing philosophy in which this life-giving concept is restored to its true place, and shown to be all-powerful against the phenomenalism and scepticism of all other modern systems, is that of Rosmini and Mamiani, which therefore must be made the basis of all philosophical and religious restoration.

The second benefit likely to arise from the establishment of such a religion would be the moral regeneration of Italy, and its final deliverance from the grinding yoke of supernatural despotism. By uniting all the noble and liberal elements of the country, and imparting to them the enthusiasm of a common purpose, it would do more than any other possible influence to spread education, to elevate morality, and to force Catholicism either to abate its pretensions and reform itself or to disappear from the face of the earth.

A third benefit would be the establishment of cordial intellectual and religious relations between Italy and the United States, a thing in every way most desirable. Italy sadly needs the energy and enterprise of the great Western Republic, and even still more its large humanity and its respect for women. On the other hand, the republic no less needs the polish, the fine taste, the balance, the power of enjoying life, and the ideal devotion which belong to the Italian character. It will be a bright day in America when the names of the great Italian poets and thinkers are household words, and their works in every library; and no less bright will be the day in Italy when Emerson's writings have taken the place of the breviary and the missal, and Shakspere and Burns and Scott and Tennyson and George Eliot are read as familiarly as Ariosto, Tasso, Leopardi, and Carducci. After all, the great literatures of modern

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Europe are the Italian and the English; and they are great, because they are moral. German literature, whose greatest name is Goethe, was condemned to be second-rate, because, as Emerson says, "Goethe was incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment." This is a terrible judgment, coolly pronounced.

Other benefits besides these might easily be enumerated; but these seem sufficient to make it an object for the advanced religious thinkers of New England to study Italian philosophy, and to propagate their faith based thereupon in Italy. The harvest is ripe: where are the laborers? The task is great, and the forces at command are apparently small; but

"Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda."
"A little spark becomes a mighty flame."

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

ITALY AND BRACCIFORTI.

One must go to Italy to realize the spirit God has given her of new life and of genuine reform. The privilege of spending the larger half of last October with Bracciforti, at Milan, involves the duty of a brief report of his work and its signal opportunities of good. If we can do no more, we can give it the positive wealth of intelligent sympathy. We can send messages of love and faith to a band of pioneers who for fifteen years have given heart, brain, and purse to the truth we love, and to its triumph in the land of the Cæsars, to which we all owe so much.

Everybody knows that the best thing going in Italy is liberal thought, which is waiting to remodel Church and State, and embody her new life in improved institutions. Already, Italy has five or six thousand miles of railway, and is spending twelve millions sterling — sixty millions of dollars a year — on public works. It is not many months since a great movement for popular emancipation became law. It decreed that, without other qualification, every man who can read and write shall be a voter. Here, we see the

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thin end of the wedge that in Italy is to disestablish the Roman Catholic Church. This movement is already organized, and is backed by the government and the press. The most widely circulated newspaper, *Il Secolo*, with fifty thousand subscribers, advocates this denationalization of the oppressor. The Church of England is backed and supported by the government. Not so in Italy, where the government opposes the Church. As a band of religious liberals, we are specially interested in religious reforms and reformers.

(1) Gavazzi has been repeatedly heard in our American cities. Some of us remember how vigorously he was mobbed in Canada for his anti-Romish protests and iconoclasm. He lives in Rome. He has succeeded in founding liberal churches (Trinitarian) in many Italian cities. Of his twenty or more *Chiese Libere*, there are two in Milan, each with an attendance of two or three hundred. Those who have heard Gavazzi preach — as the writer heard him, years ago, in New York — will recall his skill in sarcasm. His forte lay in his stinging ridicule and denunciation of the "heathen" festivals and processions of the Church of his childhood. He showed them up as the veritable *Lupercalia, Saturnalia*, etc., of Rome before Christ. It is no wonder that the same spirit of laughter and defiance, coupled with a somewhat narrow creed, animates to some extent his *Chiese Libere*. A better spirit must come to the help of awakening Italy, if she is to be really vitalized. Bracciforti understands this, and gives the Unitarian movement a catholicity and charity akin to that of Channing and of James Freeman Clarke.

(2) At Naples is published the *Catholic Liberator*,— *Il Emancipatore Catolico*,— whose declared purpose is to free Italy from the papal yoke. It is the organ of a movement led by Signor Prota Guirleo, bishop of the Italian National Church. He was chosen bishop, it is said, by the votes of ten thousand delegates.

(3) At Noce, in Southern Italy, resides Signor Cesare Romanazzi, an able writer and well-known author. Some

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years ago, he visited England in search of religious truth. He returned with the impression that, if English Unitarian hearts could be as warm as their heads are clear and cool, they would lead the world. Were they not at once the highest and the coldest of pioneers? So he thought. One English acquaintance suggested his co-working with Bracciforti. This he did promptly, and is still ready to do. He sent Bracciforti a pamphlet (of seventy-eight pages), giving views of Jesus and his mission, which are distinctly Unitarian. The pamphlet is called "Il Vasto Inganno," the grand mistake, or rather deception, in the teaching of Christianity. It was so full of force and point that Bracciforti printed it, and paid five hundred francs (a hundred dollars) for a first edition; and some copies are being sold.

(4) In Venice lives Signor A. F. Peroai. He is a student and thinker of some determination, and is enduring the pains of self-conversion, such as Bracciforti, years ago, endured. According to the grace given him, he is bearing open testimony to the unity of religious truth, and the fatality of the contradictions, called mysteries, in which Orthodoxy indulges. He resides in the city. There, friends have secured for him an honorable appointment as leader of a large establishment. He is now *Direttore del Instituto Industriale Evangelico* in the Campo Santo Marguerita. He also edits a periodical, the *Fra Paolo Sarpi.* This goes on in face of the fact that he sympathizes and corresponds with Bracciforti. He preached for some years in the more liberal Trinitarian churches. In these, he was gladly heard on the truths common to all Christians, so long as he failed to urge his personal conviction that Jesus is man, and not God. Recently, he published Unitarian views without giving his name. Their authorship was not long hidden, and he is now forbidden to preach them. He has lost his pulpit, but for the present is allowed to go on with his work in the Evangelical Institute. His case is far from being a rare one in Italy. Other able Italian preachers are similarly cornered. And a little timely cash would help them walk safely through the fires of persecution, and crown with

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triumph the painful sacrifices they are making, and ready to make.

(5) In Rome, as you know, the Italian Parliament have offered the pope a retiring allowance of four millions of francs a year. His holiness never took the vow of poverty. He gets more than four millions a year from his Catholic children round the world, and he will not at present accept the government offer.

(6) In Venice there is also an organized association of men somewhat active in the propagation of "infidelity." They seem to be infidel rather to orthodox than to absolute truth, as, for some years before Garibaldi died, he wrote for their journal, and was their honorary president. They name it the *Abbo Ateo*, or *Atheist's Album;* and it now goes on under the editorial direction of Baron Smith, a resident of Venice,—an extreme begotten of its opposite, and an excess we deeply regret.

(7) Men out of Italy, as a rule, build and sustain all the Protestant churches in Italy. Protestantism is just beginning there to see the light. The birth-hour is always one of struggle and of help. Great changes in public feeling and conviction are difficult and invite assistance, especially such religious upheavals as follow the revolutions accomplished by fire and sword, and Italy's recent revolutions. Where would English, where would American Christianity be today, but for the timely arrival of foreign sympathy and fraternity, and the sinews of life sent over seas? The introduction of good from abroad has to meet prejudices also at home. Among these, one is the feeling that it is a money-making affair, "*bottega*" (of the shop), to pay a brother—not a priest—for religious comfort, prayer, instruction. Is he, too, making merchandise of religion? They have had enough of that. Many Italians have yet to learn that the bringer of religious light and warmth is of all men a genuine producer; that here, as in other cases, he that supplies a want should earn a living; who gives good should get good; or, as Paul put it, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." In time, Italians will see it so. Until they

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can do justice to their best helpers, let *us* help them. Just now there are few countries as civilized as Italy, in which scholars are more pinched for money and oftener go hungry for plain food. Italian senators, even, are poorly paid, and glad of an extra job.

(8) *Il Secolo*, a leading newspaper, openly befriends Unitarian Christianity. Both its editor and proprietor lately took the writer by the hand. Freely it announces Bracciforti's sermons and meetings to its more than fifty thousand subscribers.

(9) The Director of Public Instruction in Italy is Verenzio Mamiani. He was lately vice-president of the national Senate. Mamiani holds the same relation to theism in Italy that James Martineau does in England. He also fearlessly honors Unitarian Christianity, and calls for the opening of a Unitarian church in Rome. Long in kindly correspondence with Bracciforti, this able publicist was lately Italy's ambassador to Greece. He favorably reviews and notices the work and writings of our friend, who lately read me a letter he had just received from Mamiani. Were this senator a wealthy man, his gifts to our cause would come in other forms than that of his precious manuscript. Surely, there are American merchants and bankers who need only to know the facts to meet such a man half-way, and at least pay the small cost of printing what is now ready for the press, from such a hand and brain. Supplies of valuable material, both in poetry and prose,—such as commit eminent public servants to our cause,—lie unprinted in Bracciforti's hands. They have cost years of culture at universities, and theist writers are rich in experience of their country's needs. And men who thus give of their best thinking have it not in their power to give again in money.

(10) Prof. Vicini preached for us twice while I was in Milan last October. He is professor of languages, and a good Greek scholar, and well read in history. He is on the committee of management, and is a sort of colleague with our professor. The latter is past fifty, while the former is hardly thirty. The older of the two is worn to a

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shadow with hard work and poor fare, so that the younger and stouter man is in many ways an accession and a benefactor. He is one of the five trustees; and another is a German lady, a Mrs. Heller. The trustees are pressing subscriptions and collections, however small, and hold monthly meetings at the close of the regular service. This is in a street near the cathedral, No. 10 Via Pietro Verri, where visitors will be heartily welcomed.

(11) And, now, a word for Count Bracciforti himself. He has dropped his title, and cares to be known only as a Professor of English. He resides at No. 15 Via Durini, on the upper flat, where all friends are met with open arms. He has nine well-grown sons and daughters, the eldest the wife of a physician, Signor Cipolla. Eight are either studying or giving lessons or at work, and rely wholly on education and self-support; two of the sons being clerks in business firms. For thirteen years their father has been preaching without help, and for only two years had some aid from England, his salary as professor being 2,100 lire (about $400) a year. I attended his mother's funeral in 1875. She was of the old nobility, and died at eighty, Giulia Cioccolanti Contessa Bracciforti.

In Milan, as in most Italian cities, there is an increasing demand for English, for purposes both of study and of commerce. This enables our professor to gain something by private lessons, given to special pupils, at their homes, in what should be his hours of rest. Only thus, by overwork, has he been able to shelter and feed his family, and pay the rent of a hall and all the expenses of his mission. A small legacy of his mother's has all gone to the cause and the barest needs of life. His ability and his sacrifices have made him widely known as a pioneer, and to recoil and retire is now impossible. He must go onward and upward till he drops from sheer exhaustion. In his boyhood, he was a page of the ex-Empress Maria Louisa, widow of the first Napoleon. There were six other pages, of noble families, chosen to attend upon her; and he was one of the seven whom she educated as part of her household. He was born

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a Roman Catholic, at Fernio in Umbria, and for twenty-five years was trained in that Church. Maria Louisa was married at twenty, lived to be fifty, and died in 1847. She sent her train-bearer Bracciforti with the other pages, in turn, to be educated by the Barnabites of the Parma College. His father died when he was seven years old, and his imperial patroness paid his expenses at the university. At that time, the Barnabites and the Jesuits were the chief educators of youth in Italy. The Jesuits were the more orthodox and stringent, and the Barnabites the more quiet and liberal. What was then the Collegio Maria Luigia of Parma now bears the name of one of Italy's best known writers, and is called the Collegio Taverna.

In Italy, Maria Louisa was Duchess of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla. Her chief agent and *major domo*, the Count di Bombelles, who clearly saw the rising talents of Bracciforti as a writer and speaker, was her (lawfully married) morganatic husband, and lived at court. The Barnabites found Bracciforti so pure-minded and religiously inclined that they strongly urged him to seek perfection as a celibate friar instead of living to the world and having a family. At that time, he was quite willing to be a friar, and declined a favorable appointment in the army. It is only of late years that he took an active part in his country's battles for unification and liberty, and smelt powder in actual service. His portrait hangs in the central hall of the Parma college, as a *Dux in Disputatione*, or senior wrangler. It was placed there when he was but seventeen years old. The Count di Bombelles eagerly put forward this young leader in eloquence, at the University. Expecting him to become a great light in the Church, he sent him to a four years' study of law at Piacenza, where he lived with his uncles. Meantime, his mother went to reside in Rome. She had to live there, in order to secure the pension of her husband, who for many years was a judge at Pesaro. It has been often said that her son, had he a Unitarian (Channing) church in Rome to-day, would doubtless, by his spirit and power, make it a success. Before the death of Maria

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Louisa, her favored Bracciforti had been honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws. But his father died and left but little property; and the sum required for the ceremonial of investiture, the *accolade*, was never paid. He went to Rome, and lived two years at his mother's for special study, and then married and settled in Milan; and the youngest of his ten children is now fourteen. The eldest son, Victor, died in 1875 of diphtheria; and some of the other children barely escaped death, so poor and badly located was, at that time, the best home they could afford.

When the father of this fine family bravely sacrificed his worldly prospects by leaving the Church of Rome, he at first preached three years for the Wesleyans, and then for the Waldensians.

A pastor-bishop of the latter communion, the Rev. Turino, has filled a good church in Milan for more than a score of years. He once sent Bracciforti to Pavia, to gather and carry on a church there. Pavia has a celebrated university, to which "rich" Milan sends many students. The church he gathered goes on and thrives among middle-class people. In Milan, to-day, the Waldensian church seldom gathers an audience of less than two hundred. During his struggle out of their half-truths into a higher unity, our professor and his family attended the "Swiss Church," whose minister, Signor Paira, willingly forfeits caste and loses hearers by his open fellowship with Bracciforti. He receives him as a communicant, and some of his children attend the Sunday-school. Our Unitarian preacher has repeatedly stood in the pulpit, and may again. He also aids its minister by officiating for him in occasional sacramental and funeral services. Not only does Signor Paira honor Unitarians, but the name of his talented daughter, Miss Fanny Paira, stands with our professor's in some of their manuals. Miss Fanny superintends the Swiss Church Sunday-school, where both visitors and pupils, Italian, German, French, and English, find her, as did the writer, speaking in equal perfection these four languages. Living in Italy and educated in France, her father is German and

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her mother is English. One of their school books (of two hundred pages) is a Manual of Religious History,— *Manuele di Storia Religiosa per le scuole e le famiglie,*—and has been prepared jointly (November, 1879) by "Fanny Paira and F. Bracciforti, Professor al R. Instituto Tecnico, e al Accademia Scientifico Letteraria." Her father has, by his uncompromising liberality, lost many a hearer to the Waldenses. Like the present occupant of what was Athanase Coquerel's pulpit in Paris (M. Viguier), Signor Paira recognizes certain relations to the Consistory, and his handsome brick church has an attendance of from two to five hundred. Our professor's connection with Signor Rosa, the Wesleyan pastor of Milan, is less pronounced. This Church is one of a communion of twenty-five or thirty Churches in Italy, which, standing fast by an orthodox creed, appeal to the feelings of the masses, and never weary of attacking the Church of Rome.

C. H. A. DALL.

MARTIN LUTHER.

BORN NOVEMBER 10, 1483.

With wide and almost unexampled blazon of the press, resonance of pulpit and choir, echo of tens of millions of tongues, and such response as heaven can send to the human heart, we observe the beginning of the fifth century of Luther's birth. Since Christianity lay in its cradle, was brought forth, and first furthered, it has had no stronger friend. But to the tribute of the Protestant part of Christendom, Rome, the papal see, adds not her praise. The light still glimmers of the papal bull he burned. The hammer resounds with which he nailed his propositions to her walls. The rent, as by earthquake shock, has not been repaired which was made in her authority by this most distinguished of her sons, the circumstances of whose coming were as humble as his Master's; Eisleben answering to Bethlehem, the peasant Hans to Joseph the carpenter, Margaret the bath-servant to lowly Mary, and the German village-market she had gone to

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buy food at to the manger outside the Hebrew inn, the mountains of Thuringia to the hill-tops of Judæa, and Luther at the age of fourteen, at school in Magdeburg, to Jesus disputing among the doctors at twelve. Our first glimpse of the boy who had been baptized when a babe a day old is in a picture no poetic imagination could surpass,— like other poor students, paying for his lodging, board, and tuition by singing in the church-psalmody, and on week-days in the streets under the windows of the rich. But they were close; and, after a year, despite his fine voice, Martin had to leave his studies and the steel-hearted town, having spent his last groschen. Taking up his stick and pilgrim-sack, he went toward Eisenach; and, seeing by the way a fine-looking house, he stopped, laid his sack on the ground, and again began to sing. A woman soon appeared at the window. Moved at the voice made eloquent by want, she threw down several pieces of copper money, which he gladly picked up, thanking her with a look. But, noticing that the small beggar's eyes were wet, the woman, whose name was Ursula Cotta, made a sign to him with her hand to come up. Straightway, he climbed the wooden stairs, and in the dining-hall was refreshed with wine and fruits. Then, stick in hand, his hunger appeased, he started to go down. But she, being a widow with a child of her own, bade the winsome lad stay, and by her care became to him as a second mother. Afterward, on the margin of his vulgate Bible, at the thirtieth chapter of the Book of Proverbs, he wrote in the German tongue a distich, or gloss, as follows: "When one is so happy as to find it, nought on earth is sweeter than woman's love."

His own experience he never forgot. "Speak not ill," he said, "of the little ones who go chanting from door to door, begging bread for the sake of the good God." He was passionately fond of music; and Cotta made him a present of a flute and guitar, which he learned to play on without a master. After his lessons, the young mendicant would return to her hospitable lodging; and, on either of these instruments accompanying himself, he would essay some old German canticle which his ear had caught on the road, such as "Let

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us bless the Infant born to us" or "Good Mary the Pilgrim's Star." The widow would listen and applaud. How little she thought into what a trumpet for all lands and times the pipe she gave him would turn! But this was a tough nature; and the prior, or schoolmaster, at Mansfeld, whom Hans, Luther's father, made his guest, observed as they questioned or catechised the boy, who had learned to read and write when six years old, that he fixed his eye on them without winking. But he had no indulgent training. Neither Hans nor Margaret the mother spared the rod. Luther himself relates that one day, when he had appropriated a wretched little nut, she struck him till the blood came; and that he was so afraid of his father that he ran into the hole of the soot-chimney when he had been so unfortunate as to disobey the paternal command.

During the course of his studies, as he was on his way not far from Erfurt, where afterward sprang up eleven Lutheran churches, early in the morning, going to visit his good second mother Cotta, his sword, getting entangled, cut an artery in one of his legs. While the surgeon tied it, he clasped his hands, looked up into heaven, and cried to Mary, "Holy Virgin, come to my succor, or I die." In 1505, having received his philosophical degree, he was stunned one day with a thunderbolt. He shut the books of Aristotle, which he had scarce opened, and, as the historian relates, affrighted like Paul on the way to Damascus, he raised his eyes, and heard a voice from the sky saying to him, "To the convent!" He accordingly vowed he would embrace the monastic life. At night-fall, he left his chamber with a little bundle under his arm in which he had wrapped up two classical books, a Plautus and Virgil, and proceeded to knock at the gate of the Augustinians, exclaiming, "Open, in the name of God." "What," demanded the porter, "do you want?" "To consecrate myself to God," replied Luther. "Amen," responded the brother, and opened the door. The next day, Luther sent back to the university his title of master, with the robe and ring he had received in 1503.

The story of the man of whose outset and outfit such facts

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are the sketch is told and retold in all tongues throughout the world. It carries us back almost a century beyond Shakspere, and reminds us of the lines the great poet puts into the mouth to express the purpose of Henry IV.:—

> "To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

Luther was one of those heaven-shaped and world-shaping men who are appointed not to float on, but propel the stream of, human affairs, and to turn the course of history, as Alexander made the river Granicus serve him in its bed, to agitate the current, as Homer tells us the stream of Simois was troubled by the battles fought on its banks. The great reformer belongs to the class of movers of men and things, among whom we may reckon such as Moses, Buddha, and Mohammed; in a higher range, Paul; in the highest, Jesus, the Christ. Such men renew society and change the face of the earth. They are commissioned to alter the march of mankind, not only to progress, but to a new front. They are the men of action; not only and not mainly warriors who act often on the surface, like Cæsar or Bonaparte, but actors on the springs in the human mind of which they are the main-springs. They are thinkers, but not such first or supremely. They are more moral and spiritual than scholarly or intellectual. They hold the uppermost rank in the recreating providence of God. Men of theory or vision expressing themselves in written words occupy but the second place, great though they be in philosophy or poetry, like David and Solomon, with whom "the pen was mightier than the sword," or Dante, Shakspere, Milton, and Goethe, who work to regenerate through the intelligence rather than by the will or the deed. Does not Goethe himself, in *Faust*, tell us the beginning of the universe or creation was not the Word or the Thought, but the Act? Luther, beyond any King Henry, Emperor Charles or Frederick, or Protector Cromwell, is pre-eminent on this list. In our own land, Garrison

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is one of these men who, above any anti-slavery orator or poet, have, as we truly say, a work to accomplish and achieve. Theodore Parker, within the lines of a numerically narrow sect, owes his influence not to any superior genius or unrivalled talent, but to the position he took, and was, if not a transcendent power in it, yet of singular strength. He may be microscopically criticised; and he was no fixed star, to be surveyed through a telescope. But he showed a Lutheran vigor to give new direction to and refashion religious faith without being eminently a theologian himself.

What, then, was Martin Luther's place and agency in this active sphere to which he belongs? As translator of the Bible into the German tongue, as a kindling voice and voluminous writer, he stands high among preachers and men of letters. But his peculiar momentum in "the process of the suns" is in what he did and caused to be done. So says the universal human heart. Those who for all or many ages have been by their fellows called great are not such as possess the power to argue for their foremost faculty, but rather are themselves possessed by some immense passion, using their understanding for its ends. The worst sin is to be cold. In any art or calling there is no substitute for a spark of fire. Prometheus well stole it from heaven! In nature or human nature, it is indispensable for any and every deep, lasting effect. Immanuel Kant found the proof of God not in any metaphysic, but in the practical reason; and by no *a priori* road did Luther reach his conviction. The proof of God is such a man. Piety was a passion native with him. He realized the object of worship. It was his real presence. No Hebrew devotions are more vivid and vital. Jeremiah or Job gets no nearer to the Most High. Luther informs the Lord that he must hear him. He compels the heavens to bow; for to such entreaties in such exigencies God has no choice: he cannot be deaf, more than a human parent to the cries of a child. But Luther's passion for the Divinity became a passion for humanity, as the volume of a River Amazon or Missouri answers exactly to the vastness and profundity of its source.

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In this passionate or impassioned quality, he left the wavering and fluttering scholar Erasmus, in comparative inefficiency as far below and behind, among the forces of the Reformation, as an eagle does a wren. Luther had forerunners: John Wiclif, the translator of the Bible in England, and protester against Rome that sent against him a papal bull; and John Huss, the Bohemian, who adopted Wiclif's sentiments, and was to Luther as his soul's brother, and proto-martyr in his land for the cause of religious privilege against ecclesiastical tyranny, being excommunicated and burned alive in 1415. But Luther was more a statesman than Wiclif or Huss. His ability in securing political support through the Elector of Saxony, and safe conduct to the Diet of Worms, combined with his comprehensive practical genius, both saved him from such a fate, and promoted him to a wider fame, though it could not crown him with a more enduring worth. He was not a solitary or insulated figure, as no commanding leader can be. Moulded by many examples and converging influences, he was able in turn to remould the Church; for his tremendous stroke reacted; and, after the Protestant secession, the Romish communion could not itself remain the same. There was lightning all around the horizon. He suffered it not to be heat lightning alone, but conjured it into a terrible and cleansing storm, himself, Jovelike, gathering into his hand the bolts he should fling, of which at first the sale of indulgences was the conspicuous mark. An indulgence was so much exemption from the penalty of sin for so much money dropped into the priest's greedy dish. But, the breach made, or at a single point attempted, on the claim of the Church to be final and supreme, at once the entire fortification of form and creed was exposed, and liable to attack. Therefore, the bitter feeling, the vehement repulse, and the long conflict with papal arrogance, raging still.

Here was the question: Has one man in his own person, from any interior persuasion, right and title to resist the ecclesiastical decretal or decree? Pope, cardinals, and councils on one side, has the individual possible warrant to

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be on the other and contrary part? Has God himself entry, a door of access, to the private breast? Can we flee for sanctuary from cruel, arbitrary rule, of whatsoever sort, to our own heart, and be closeted with him? Or does he appear but in convocations and synods, and like some military chief issue only general orders at the head of his troops? When Luther said at the bar he was summoned to, Here I stand. Otherwise I cannot. God help me. Amen! and when he wrote to Linck, I feel God, and by the Holy Spirit I am possessed and pushed, he struck a blow for the soul's prerogative of private judgment that would not cease to resound, and found, not on the globe, but in his mind, that place for one to be planted on to be a majority and move the world, which Archimedes, the Syracusan engineer, missed.

The Roman Catholic writers tell us Luther attained to no system or set of dogmas, instead of their own, which can abide; that all his rebellious conclusions among his own followers are in flux of perpetual debate, nought save the creed of the Church continuing unchanged. But in such liberty of speech and variety of opinion, not in dogmatic stability, we answer, are our life and joy; and the principle Luther laid down, practised, insisted on, of the soul's direct fellowship with its inspirer and of justification by faith, is impregnable, ever-fruitful, and, like every principle, such kinship with God admits of applications all-beneficent and without end. The bubbling of a tea-kettle showed to Black and Watt and the Marquis of Worcester a force called steam, whose nature and uses in locomotion, manufacture, and arts manifold, no Bible-prophet foresaw. Benjamin Franklin was a man of genius, but not competent to anticipate the telegraphic and telephonic consequences of his confining the electric current from a flashing cloud to the string of his kite. A twig pulled from a California hill revealed the glitter of gold, but not the law of deposit that had enriched with countless treasure of the precious metal so many a mountain gorge and river-bed. The first jet of oil from the soil of Pennsylvania waked no suspicion of stores inexhaustible, by undeniable statute of Providence laid away, with

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which ocean-sundered continents would be lighted up. Martin Luther no doubt erred in some of his conclusions. He used gross and indefensible terms in his attack on hierarchs. He carried his own favorite doctrine of faith-justification into extravagance, over-disparagement of good works, and demoralizing under-estimate of the sin and injury of evil ones. He sacrificed, as did Jonathan Edwards, the freedom of the will, and with it the precious boon of manhood, to a fixed destiny, derived from divine sovereignty, rendering human virtue a name or a dream; and, in the heat of strife, he allowed no place for the necessity and value of external authority, though no other may be strongly felt by masses of men. But he saw how government without responsibility tends to perversion and falls into corruption in the religious as well as civil domain; and he pointed to the antiseptic, he offered for antidote the corrective and refreshing visitations of the Holy Ghost, by which, like a column of water against a flood, or those lakes found on the sea-board on a higher level against the waves, a mortal may resist potentates with sword, mitre, or sceptre in their hand.

Therefore, four hundred years dim not, but add lustre to his immortal name; for our chief danger is not to question, as Paul calls them, "the powers that be without us," but a sacrilegious surrender to them of the power that is within. Distrust or defiance of the moral sentiment is the only high treason against God For that crime, what famous men have suffered condign punishment, like Napoleon the great and first, to say nothing of Napoleon the little and last! On a smaller scale and at home, we may think of active and ambitious persons to or in whom the conscience does not seem to exist, and of whose ignominious names and fortunes Luther's own may serve to wash our mouth. Says Emerson, "He who fights with the moral sentiment fights with an enemy not subject to casualty"; and we rejoice in every testimony, whether from armed strife with slavery or a political warfare against selfish aspiration to office, that God's rule in his children's bosoms is not quite overthrown, and his law, in the fleshly tables of the heart as

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on the sacred page, cannot, with impunity, be forever set aside; the people which is his people — even the majority and immense numbers of them, in an English lecturer's phrase — will not be finally false to that voice and trust.

We may mention three ways or directions in which Luther was true,— the monk and the man, the Bible and the Church, the letter and the spirit. Many-sided he was. Had he been devout alone, devotion in him was so innate and extreme he might have been content to be simply a priest. Had he been affectionate alone, his love for his mates was so warm and steadfast he would never have sundered any tie. But the man, in the exercise of his own thought and wit, was so sturdy, lusty and strong, that adherence and independence struggled together in him, and both prevailed. He went without the camp bearing Christ's reproach, yet never ceased to belong to the Christian Church. He was a real, living member, impossible to amputate or cut off. Though excluded, he was reabsorbed. His tender reluctance, as of a sobbing child, to break with the pope and the organized body of believers, could have been exceeded and overcome only by his more indomitable resolve to obey the inward bidding he dared not affront. Macaulay's figure respecting Milton and the English Church is more true of Luther. "He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her," though the Church was no Desdemona and Luther far enough from being Othello the Moor. A tropic fervor he has; but there is a clearness and rectitude in all his heat. His path is an ecliptic, his motion that of the sun; and he rebukes still those among the advocates of freedom, temperance, and rights for woman as well as man, who would postpone truth and righteousness to a particular object, and so lose or prejudice the object itself; for no end of abolition, of liberation, or prohibition, can equal or claim for its offering and victim the just and holy mind. They who think to lie for the Lord and employ a devil's advocate betray the point, however fine and lofty, which they would carry.

This is our eulogy: that Luther's candor was never compromised in his ardor. Because he dug to the depth of

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principle, he rose to the top of behavior. While he rebuked popes and princes, he sang to heaven, and said he wished all the arts, especially music, might become servants of religion. Often severe, he was never sour. Belonging to that noblest, the Germanic Saxon race, he is the unrivalled German heroic actor, as Goethe is the peerless writer of the German language; and he still presents a manhood in its results and proportions in modern times unmatched.

Perhaps the boldest of his steps was the marriage of this monk to a nun. He excuses the sudden espousals by his wish to stop the tongues that were wagging censoriously over his visits to the young woman, by whom he was dearly loved. But what rage, mockery, caricature, and calumny pursued the wedded pair! The reformer's appeal was to nature, to Scripture, and to the Author of both, in a breath. We are made, he declares, man and woman, male and female. That was enough for him to defend and recommend matrimony for himself, and for all of his order, whatever priestly cloth they wore; and domestic affection was never more earnest and constant than his, while against the busiest slander his purity was proof. "In uniting myself to Catherine Bora," he says, "more by friendship than love, I meant to make angels laugh and demons weep." He was humorous and holy at once. He leads a merry and saintly life, and says the words he scatters at random while stopping at the inn would do more to shake the papacy than could any prince or emperor with steel-barbed cavaliers. As he leaves the inn one day, a poor man begs. Luther gives him some groschen. The beggar cries, God reward you. Jonas, Luther's attendant, asks, Who knows if God reward us? Luther replies: Has he not done so already? Let us give, and make no condition. So he gave himself and his all.

Luther falls dangerously sick near Schmalkald; and Melanchthon hastens to his side, and is dissolved in tears he cannot stop or stint. But Luther, in his anguish, has strength to comfort his friend who had come to console him, saying, Do not weep: I shall know how to keep my courage

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in fighting with death. He declares that he will, even to his tomb, follow with curses the plots of Catholic princes against the disciples of the gospel. The French Catholic historian, M. Audin, affirms that Luther's anger was not a hearty impulse, but a calculation of his pen. Luther lacks not subtilty. He avers that a prince making war acts not in his Christian character, but as a political individuality; and Luther had his politics, no doubt. On his death-bed, he says he would like to live till Pentecost, to flout in the face of the world that Roman beast called the Pope, staining him and his kingdom. Yet how soft as well as stern is the audacious and unbending reformer's heart! When his little daughter, Magdeleine, was very ill, he looks up to heaven, and cries, "O God, if thou wilt take her away, thy will be done." Then, turning to the couch: "My little Magdeleine, my good little daughter, thou knowest well thou hast a good father here below, but a better one awaiting thee in heaven. Dost thou not say yes?" "Oh, yes," she replies. His wrath is terrible; yet his good humor is indestructible, and bears every test. He has, he says, to exercise patience, — patience with the pope, patience with the enthusiasts, patience with his disciples, and patience with Catherine Bora, too. "I am," he continues, "like the man of the prophet Isaiah, whose strength is in his patience and hope." Truly, there could scarce be incarnate a more robust or transparent soul.

Because his Catherine von Bora had always loved and cherished him, had been a worthy and honest woman, and borne him children,— five still alive,— also that she might pay his debts and not depend on her children, but, according to the divine precept, they on her, he makes her his heir; and because God has trusted such a sinner as he to announce the gospel of his dear Son, which many souls have embraced from him as its apostle, despite the excommunications of popes, emperors, kings, princes, and monks, and anger of the devil, he demands, with some apparent satire on lawyers, that, if he have not employed the legal formulas in his will, his hand should be recognized as that of a man well enough

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known in heaven, on earth, and in hell, to receive, beyond any notary, credit and faith, as being himself witness of the gospel and notary of God.

He suffered keenly at the last, and said, "I see plainly I shall die at Eisleben where I was born." "Cold sweat, herald of death," he resumes, passing his hand over his forehead. "I am going. *In manus tuas, Domine.*" "Do you die," he was asked, "in the faith and doctrine you have preached?" He murmured, "Yes"; and then, turning on his left side, he slept. Yet, after a while, his friends grew pale as his lips half-opened again, and a light breath came forth as if it bore his soul to its source.

The man, here, in this character, truly was more than the monk; again, on earth, to later Pharisees, was a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. Reverently be it said, in the place where he too stood was one greater than the temple. The Bible was to him arsenal and armory to oppose the encroachments of the Church; but the spirit was more than the letter, though he held to that. Before the papal nuncio, Cajetan, who sharply urged him to retreat, after much verbal fencing, thrust, and parry, at length, like his Master, "he answered nothing." He went to God, his high tower. Channing wrote on a slip of paper that came, after his death, with his pen as a gift into my hands, "Authority of a thing, our seeing it to be true." This was Luther's ground, a platform broad for all honest conviction and ample research. In Luther's conference with the Archbishop of Trèves, the Marquis of Brandenburg asked whether he had not admitted he would yield, if convicted by a Scripture text; and he answered, "By that or by reasons self-evident." "But," rejoined the chancellor, "do you allow there is any reason superior to the word of God?" Luther made no reply, and the conference broke up. No Radicalism or Free Religion in principle can further go.

Since the trial before Pilate and the crucifixion, with its sequel of the early Christian martyrdoms, has been no scene so sublime as that in which Luther was the central figure, at the Diet of Worms. "If it is to be slain that I am called

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thither," he said, "I will go; but I will not retract. They can burn me, but not the truth." At sight of the bell-towers of the town, he stood upright in his chariot and began to sing. In the morning, he prayed: "O God, protect my cause, not mine, but thine, against the wisdom of the world. Where art thou? I am ready to give my life like a lamb." As he went to the judgment-hall, floods of people rushed to see him, and the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators. Old Georges Freundsberg, commander of the guards of Charles V., touching him on the shoulder, whispered: "Sorry friar, 'tis a brave march for thee! Not I nor any officer has ever made the like; and there have been for us engagements sufficiently hot. Art sure of thyself and of thy right? Forward, in the name of God!" Charles sat on the throne in superb, many-colored, pearl-adorned royal dress. On sofas of crimson velvet, the two nuncios were at the foot. At the right and left, many dignitaries, with Jean d'Eck, imperial orator, and the Franciscan, Glapion, Charles's confessor. Beside were three heralds of arms. Scattered around were chevaliers from all the circles of Germany, their bodies bound in cuirasses of steel. Jurists and bishops, burgomasters and monks, completed the canvas like a painting, never more expressive or imposing in the halls of time. The sun shed on the assembly a dazzling light. "At the sound of Luther's step," writes the annalist, "there was a hush, disturbed only by quickened pulsations of the heart." Every eye quitted the emperor, and was fixed on the monk. Regardless of the sovereign presence, suddenly the whole company rose. Luther was the centre, not Charles. Then came a confused noise, at which Luther passed his hand across his forehead as if to chase from his brain a cloud. "Courage, brother, think not of them that kill the body, nor of what thou shalt say. It shall be given thee of the Lord." So softly spake some to him; and, as he listened to the whisper, his eye kindled and the mist passed.

The trial and its issue are among the great events occurring in the annals of this world. There were those who advised that Luther's safe conduct should be withdrawn, and capital sentence passed. But nobles and emperor, who

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never lost his Spanish nobility, refused the ecclesiastical revenge. "Loyalty driven out elsewhere," he said, "shall find refuge in kings' courts." The devils, numerous as the tiles on the village roofs, which Luther said should not keep him from going to Worms, verily in his presence cowered to let him retire. The tribunal he had been summoned to was but the commencement, not the end. Well did he say that, having troubled or been a plague to the papal despotism living, he should still torment it with his ashes dead. "My death," he declared, "shall be thy death." A vast concourse, shedding warm and copious drops down their cheeks by the way, followed him to the tomb.

He was brave, but never morose; and the good cheer he did his task with is his perennial crown. The gigantic sincerity in his moral aim and port makes even such subsequent leaders as Bonaparte and Bismarck look like pygmies and dwarfs. Some years after Luther's decease, Charles V. visited his tomb; and one of his officers, the Duke of Alva, wished to scatter to the winds the bones and dust of the arch-heretic. But the incensed monarch said: "No. I war not with the dead." But Luther cannot die out of the mind and memory of man. He was hewn by the Most High from the living rock of the human heart. The stuff of divinity with the substance of humanity was in his composition inseparably mixed. He is a piece of nature or supernature, a more solid part of the world than the granite underlying its surface.

He died in the year 1546. Not only is he commemorated at Worms: at Wittenberg, two hundred and seventy-five years after his demise, a statue of him, protected with arch and towers as of a cathedral, was reared and consecrated for his monument. But no memorial of stone can last coeval with the shrine in the nature and character of the human race which he has built for himself. Strange that the freedom he exemplified and stands for in theory he denied! He had but so much of theology as could bide the strain of his aboriginal force. His faith was not a scheme, but a feeling, a flame toward God, a blaze on his foes, a zeal that met the iconoclast and anabaptist fury as fire fights fire

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on the prairie, moving the right way, tended and checked with good sense. His steed, like Homer's, of celestial breed, was a courser that never ran away with the driver. Catherine asks him why, since they left the convent, their devotions had grown slack. But his prayer was no longer made of a missal, a breviary, and a string of beads. It was the one without ceasing,— a dedicated life. Yet no geyser of the North or the West leaped like his supplications and self-commitments evermore to the Supreme. He was, as he was called, an apostle despatched with a message and indeed sent, at liberty only as under necessity to be what he was, to do what he did, and to say what he said; having, like his Lord, a baptism to be baptized with, and straitened till it was accomplished, no more able to vary or have shadow of turning than the Being he served and was sensible of in every thought and motion, syllable and nerve.

The lesson of his career, from the orbit in which like a planet he was launched, is the reality and transcendent energy of spiritual things and the attraction of a heavenly world. No Sadducee, ancient or modern, no atheist, materialist, or agnostic, can ever be a gravitating centre, or sweep like him through the firmament of the human mind. How but from what is moved or self-moved can movement come! They alone can permanently stir their fellow-creatures who have and transmit from their Creator the primeval push which is in all the atoms and all the stars and all the angels, and forever in the human soul. What is called culture, or "sweetness and light," as Matthew Arnold with such charm describes it, has its place, like grass and flowers for the earth after it came out of the foundery and tremendous furnace of the sun that shaped its limbs of clay and carved its rocky bones. Luther was not one of the adorners, but among the fashioners of the moral world; of that living frame with divers designations, always one and the same thing, which we call home, society, Church, or State. We know not what a difference would be to us all, had this man never lived. We know not whether, as we consciously are, we should have lived at all.

C. A. Bartol.

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THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE PROPHETIC TEACHING.

IV.

I have discussed the manner and style of prophetic teaching, or, as in ordinary speech we express ourselves when we speak of other public speakers, the *oratory* and *rhetoric* of the prophets.

Their name, *Nabi*, in the original, is derived from a word which signifies "boiling," "effervescing," "overflowing," as a spring overflows, as a chaldron boils over, thus indicating the vehement, excited manner in which they were accustomed to speak. We learn also, from the descriptions of their speaking, that they delivered their messages with a great déal of action, amounting sometimes to contortions and leaping into the air and smiting with the hands, and, apparently, uncontrollable convulsions. They encouraged and increased this excitement by the use of music. These excessive physical accompaniments of speaking diminished as the people became more civilized and the prophets more educated, till, in the later period of the nation, nothing of the kind appeared, or very seldom.

I stated, respecting the *form* of their addresses, their style of composition, in secular phrase, their rhetoric, that it was poetic. Even when they had not the form of poetry, their addresses were filled with the poetic spirit and language. And it must be remembered also, in order to interpret them correctly, that their poetry is Oriental, full of that luxuriance of imagery and boldness of expression which characterize all Oriental poetry. Their style is the tangled luxuriance of a tropical forest, and not the formal arrangement of our orchards and fields, our lawns and gardens. They indulge in symbols, metaphors, apostrophes, personifications, so bold as to startle us, and sometimes such as to offend our good taste. Passion burns in every line, as well as flashes from the prophet's eyes. In the form of dreams, visions, symbols, they clothe the most common as well as

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the most sublime truths. And it is not easy oftentimes to decide whether the prophet is speaking of a real dream or vision, or whether he is clothing his thought in that figure of speech, as John Bunyan did his *Pilgrim's Progress.*

The usual custom of understanding all these dreams and visions as realities is no less false certainly than to accept none of them as such. What ones are merely the prophet's rhetoric and what ones are realities can be learned only by a careful examination of each one by itself.

And, of the symbols, how many were really acted as distinguished from those which were only described, which only made a part of the prophet's style, must be determined in the same manner. A literal understanding of all of them would be impossible without compelling a belief of absurdities or immoralities. The Oriental imagination permitted, rather delighted in, a wildness and grossness of symbolism which our Occidental tastes reject. We must therefore beware of interpreting their writings by the rigid rules which we are guided by in the interpretation of our own. The excessive activity and gorgeousness of their imagination must not be imprisoned and criticised by methods which our tamer and less affluent style demands.

I turn now to a consideration of the subject-matter — the great underlying principles or principle — of their prophecies, having considered their style of composition and manner of delivery.

The prophets were patriots as well as preachers of righteousness; or, rather, I would say that they are preachers of righteousness because they are patriots. The compromiser, or trimmer, is not the great patriot, but he who knows and maintains "that righteousness alone exalteth a nation"; and that injustice, unrighteousness, will as surely, if not as suddenly, destroy a nation as an invading army, an inflow of the sea. Politicians dream that they have averted punishment from a nation, because they have delayed it. Patriots know that injustice, wickedness, shall not, cannot, escape retribution, however long it may be delayed. Now, as in ancient times, politicians think that because "punish-

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ment against an evil work is not speedily executed" they may persist in doing evil, and escape forever. Against all such demagogues, against all such political trimmers, the old prophets set their faces like a flint, and lifted up their voices like a trumpet. They maintained, in the face of an idolatrous world and wicked rulers, that there was but one God, and that *justice* was the only security of a nation, as it was the supreme law of his government. The prophets were advocates of a higher law than that enacted by intoxicated legislators, bribed senators, or imbecile kings; yea, higher than the laws of the wisest and truest of men. From the divine attributes and the divine law they derived the principles of true government, and national security and permanency. Their first, last, and middlemost question was, "Is this right?" Not, "Will it secure greater revenue and more votes, and return me to the synagogue?" Archbishop Whately says "that it is very important to learn *first* what is true and obligatory; for, if we first inquire what is profitable or convenient, we shall be likely to receive a very different answer respecting truth, right, justice, from what we should have received, if we had inquired first after them." The politician asks first, "Is it safe, is it prudent?" The patriot asks first, "Is it true, is it right, is it just?" The politician asks first, "Is it profitable, is it popular?" The patriot asks first, "Is it righteous, is it in accordance with the law of God?" The prophet is the statesman, looking before and after to learn the supreme will and the supreme good. The politician is the demagogue, with his eye on the loaves and fishes and on the hands of those who distribute them. To the prophet there was no national security but in national integrity, there was no permanency to the State but in the virtue of the people. Not a majority of votes, but a superiority of virtue made a party strong. God's approval, not the tumults of the people, indicated a real victory. He who sides with truth is strongest, and will come off conqueror at last. The struggle may be long; but the victory of truth over error, of right over wrong, is just as certain

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as if the ruins of her hosts could be seen the next morning. It was the prophetic spirit which inspired Ambrose when he shut the doors of the church against the entrance of the Emperor Theodosius. It was the prophetic spirit which inspired Hildebrand to compel Henry IV. of Germany to spend three days in mid-winter, clad in the garment of a penitent and barefooted, at the gate of the castle of Canossa, awaiting word for his admission. Bishop Ken, by the death-bed of the licentious Charles II., reminds us of Isaiah by the bed of the dying Hezekiah. Savonarola, at Florence, denouncing the sins of that luxurious and proud city with all the fiery energy of his great soul, reminds us of the lofty rebukes of Nahum, when he prophesies against Nineveh. The vehement assaults of John Knox upon the more than suspected virtue of Queen Mary, the defiant utterances of Luther against the papal powers of Germany, the sublime announcement by Sumner in the Senate of the United States, and by Samuel J. May in Syracuse, that they would not obey the Fugitive Slave Law, sprang from the same spirit as that which inspired the ancient Daniel and his companions to say to the great king, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Justice is supreme. God's law is above all other law, as the firmament is above the earth. The supreme, the ultimate court of appeal is divine, not human. To this, the prophets always appealed. They tested all edicts of kings, all statutes of law-givers, by the divine law written in the Book or written on the heart. "To the law and to the testimony," exclaims the prophet, "if they agree not with this word, they are nothing." Thus, these patriots abjured the wiles and snares of the politician, and planted themselves on the everlasting law of right,—God's law. They thus became patriots, statesmen, and will be held in everlasting honor; while the politicians and the demagogues of their day will sink, or have already sunk, into oblivion, as soon as men ceased to keep them in memory by ceasing to despise them.

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And they were no respecters of persons. These prophets lifted up their voices like trumpets against all rustic as well as against all regal sins. The thatch and the throne were equally summoned to the bar of righteousness. Popular majorities, as well as princely minorities and kingly autonomies, were put under ban with equal promptness and decision. The love of his nation was supreme above all other loves of the prophet, save his love of righteousness. The supreme theme of the prophets was, therefore, the authority of the law of God above all other authority, and the imbecility of all power in antagonism with the will of God. This will of God, however, was not arbitrary, not capricious, but in accordance with perfect justice, inspired by perfect love, and pervading all worlds and all ages, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,— "holy, just, and good."

I. This great principle was the supreme theme of the prophecies of the Hebrew prophets. To its support, enforcement, and illustration, they first, and with exceeding emphasis, announce the existence of one God alone, supreme in power, perfectness, and knowledge; holy, without spot; just, without partiality; powerful, without arbitrariness; beneficent, without exhaustion. The gods of the nations are nothing and vanity. They have no power, no life, no being. They are wood and stone, hewn and graven "by art and man's device." With incomparable keenness of satire does Isaiah describe a man selecting a tree and cutting off a log and hewing himself a god, which he sets up and worships; while, with the rest of the wood of the tree, he cooks his food and warms his apartment. More than this, the very tools which are used in carving the god are the work of men, and the men who made the tools are mortal. Hear him ridicule the workman and his work:—

"The smith prepareth an axe in the coals,
And fashioneth it with hammers,
And worketh it with his strong arm;
He becometh hungry, and his strength faileth;
He drinketh no water, and is faint!
The carpenter stretcheth out the line,

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And marketh out the form of it with a sharp tool.
He formeth it with planes;
He maketh it in the figure of a man,
With the beauty of a man, to dwell in a house!
He heweth him down cedars;
He taketh the ilex and the oak,
These are fuel for men! He taketh thereof, and warmeth himself;
He kindleth with it, and baketh bread.—
A *god* also he formeth of it, and worshippeth it!
A graven image, and falleth down before it.
Half of it he burneth with fire,
With half of it he eateth flesh;
He roasteth meat, and satisfieth himself;
He also warmeth himself, and saith,
Aha, I am warm, I feel the fire!
Of the rest he maketh a god! even his graven image!
He falleth down before it, and worshippeth it!
And prayeth to it, and saith,
Deliver me, for thou art my god!"

And when Elijah stood alone before the hosts of Baal to test the truth of their religion on the heights of Carmel, in what stinging words of satire he addresses the praying, raging, bleeding priests, who did not receive the blessing they sought from their gods! "Cry aloud," exclaims Elijah, "for he is a god! either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey! or, peradventure, he is sleeping, and must be awaked!"

Hear the description which Habakkuk giveth of the majesty of Jehovah: —

"God cometh from Teman,
And the Holy One from Mount Paran;
His glory covereth the heavens,
And the earth is full of his praise.
He standeth and measureth the earth;
He beholdeth, and maketh the nations tremble.
The everlasting mountains are broken asunder;
The eternal hills sink down;
The eternal paths are trodden by him.
I have heard, and my heart trembleth,
My lips quiver at the voice."

The unity, the supremacy, of the one God, are everywhere

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assumed, asserted, and enforced, as the overmastering motive to obedience. God's eye is upon men, his hand is over them. Whether they lie down or rise up, he is with them. The darkness and the light are both alike to him. This motive, pressed upon the conscience with surpassing power, impelled to virtue and restrained from vice like a visible presence.

This advocacy of monotheism is a most distinguishing characteristic of the Hebrew prophets. It differentiates them from the religious teachers of their times in all nations. I do not mean to say that the conceptions of God entertained and taught by these old prophets were Christian conceptions. They were not. But they certainly are as high above the conceptions of their contemporaries as the heavens are above the earth.

II. Another fundamental principle in their teaching, growing out of their spiritual conceptions of the Supreme Being, and their own consciences accusing or excusing them, was the superiority of the moral law above the ceremonial. Hence, as I have said, the prophets are often brought into collision with the priests: righteousness and ritualism antagonize. The prophet advocates the supremacy of the substance: the priest maintains the sufficiency of the shadow. The prophet exalts the supremacy of pure affections: the priest urges the necessity of correctly prepared incense. The prophet insists above all things upon the "upright heart and pure": the priest maintains the importance of clean vessels and clean hands. In this respect, the prophets rise above the priests, as the firmament rises above the mountains; and the light they throw upon life and the inspiration with which they thrill the heart are as the sun's rays above those of the stars, the blast of a bugle above the drone of a beetle.

This most civilizing and sanctifying truth runs like a thread of gold through the whole texture of the prophetical teaching; yea, it is like a stream of refreshing water through the dreary desert of ritualism. From Samuel down to Malachi, the voices of the prophets sound forth the

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sublime words: "The sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite heart. To obey is better than sacrifice. I desire mercy, and not sacrifice. I hate, I despise, your feast days. Though ye offer me burnt-offerings, I will not accept them, neither will I regard the peace-offerings. But let justice run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. What to me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith Jehovah. I am satiated with burnt-offerings of rams and fat of fed beasts: in the blood of bullocks and of lambs and of goats I have no delight. Your new moons and your appointed feasts,—I am weary of bearing them: cease to do evil, learn to do well. Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, defend the fatherless, plead for the widow. If a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. When the wicked man doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive; he shall surely live and not die." In his righteousness that he hath done, he shall live. Salvation, both personal and national, by *good works*, is the grand, pervasive doctrine of the prophets.

This sounds much like the teachings of the New Testament. Truth, justice, mercy, repentance, goodness, purity of heart,—these are the prime virtues. And through their maintenance, as the chief things to be sought and cherished, ritualism was remanded to its true place as a means, a symbol, of worth only as the end was seen beyond it, the substance discovered through it. Ritualism is subordinated by the prophets to spiritualism; the altar, to the heart; worship, to work; the liturgy, to life. So, by prophetic inspiration as well as by Christian instruction, when we would worship acceptably,—

> "We bring no ghastly holocaust,
> We pile no graven stone:
> He serves thee best who loveth most
> His brothers and thy own.
>
> "Thy litanies, sweet offices
> Of love and gratitude;
> Thy sacramental liturgies,
> The joy of doing good."

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The prophets did not teach that they were to be saved by faith in what was to be done for them a thousand years thereafter, but by what they did themselves, then and there, — by obedience and consecration.

III. Of necessity, therefore, the prophets addressed the moral sense, the conscience of the people. Spiritual things are discerned by the spirit. The prophets appeal, therefore, in attestation of the truth of their teachings, to the common sense and common conscience of their hearers, as well as to the law. Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord. Are not my ways right? Is it not your ways which are not right? They insisted primarily and chiefly upon the moral principles in their law which were addressed to the moral nature of man, and pressed them home with vigorous language and personal application. Nathan stands before David in the loftiness of righteousness, and illustrates by his parable a gross violation of the moral law. The monarch sees the wrong, and is stirred with moral indignation at the wrong-doer. His sense of right is addressed, and he responds to it. The appeal of Isaiah covers the face of Hezekiah with tears, and fills his heart with penitence. Elijah was like the ghost of the murdered Naboth when he stood before Ahab.

These prophets appealed also to the conscience of the nation, so to speak, as well as to the conscience of individuals. When great sins had been committed by the people, they addressed the conscience of the people: they summoned to their support their sense of right, of justice, and by awakening this they called to their aid the strength of omnipotence. The presence and government of God are identified with the presence and command of the prophet. It is not the word of the prophet only or chiefly which strikes upon the ear, but the word of the Lord. The wrong doer is brought face to face with everlasting righteousness, and he feels his baseness and his peril. No present success of unjust schemes, no number of voices for unjust laws, would acquit the violators of the everlasting law of righteousness. Though "hand join hand to do evil," still the

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wicked would not escape punishment. Their works would come to nought. The fortunes of nations as well as the fortunes of individuals would perish.

Such recognition of the omnipotence and triumph of justice, such illustration of the impotence and defeat of injustice, is without a parallel in the history of the ancient world.

The teachers and law-givers of those old peoples grovelled in expediences and were satisfied with successes. Their extended boundaries, their stately mansions, their famous victories, were to them assurance of prosperity and proof of strength. Not so felt, not so taught, these Hebrew prophets. Riches without righteousness were deceitful and vanishing. Conquests made unjustly were millstones around the neck of a nation, not its strength. Cities, whose wealth was the fruit of oppression, and whose citizens were the creatures of sense and slaves of luxury, were the prey of their own vices, and would become ruins,—the haunts of beasts and birds and creatures without a name. The conscience, the sense of right in man, responds to the announcement that nothing but righteousness is permanent, is eternal. This alone endures. The everlasting law of justice written on the living tables of the heart, in whose presence all other laws were but as parchment, was the supreme appeal of these old prophets. And, in its presence, kings trembled and peoples turned pale. This was the stronghold of the prophets: in this was "the hiding of their power."

In this respect, the difference between the motives and insight of these prophets and that of other ancient orators and statesmen is most distinctly exhibited.

> "In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt
> What makes a nation happy and keeps it so,
> What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat."

Maintaining this great principle which underlies all wise legislation, and is the only security of the nation, the true prophets were independent of all the party organizations

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and partisan cliques which vexed the people in pursuit of office and spoils. Their great commission was: "Speak my words unto them, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. Be not afraid of them; be not afraid of their faces. As an adamant, harder than flint have I made thy forehead: fear them not, neither be dismayed." And as the everlasting rock receives upon its breast the sea when it roars, and as the waves when they lift themselves up are shattered to foam against them, so these prophets met the wrath of kings and the tumult of the people, and both were broken and thrown back in confusion. These prophets were strong in the mightiness of truth, they were unassailable in the impregnableness of conscience. He who is an advocate of justice is immovable as the everlasting principles which he proclaims and maintains, while he who palters with expediencies is as fluctuating as the winds to which he trims his sails. Glorious apostles of righteousness! glorious champions of right! The world will not fail to give you supreme honor among the sons of men, till it ceases to revere truth and the heroic defenders of justice.

I have said that the subjects of the prophets' addresses were the unity and supremacy of God; the one God Jehovah; the superiority of the moral law above all ritual observances; and the supremacy of right and the authority of conscience in all the affairs of men and nations. And upon these they insisted with both solid argument and passionate appeal.

IV. One more subject must be mentioned, on which the prophets linger, and to which they turn with loving interest and warm desire. I refer to the final triumph of righteousness and the establishment of a nation whose God is the Lord, the building of a city whose walls will be called Salvation, and whose gates will be called Praise; all whose kings will rule in righteousness; all whose subjects will come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; the wilderness and solitary place of whose land shall be glad for them; and whose deserts shall rejoice and blossom as the rose; yea, the glory of Lebanon shall be given to

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it, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. "No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before them into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off."

The Utopias of modern idealists are but child's toys, when compared with the glorious kingdom of God to be established upon the earth through righteousness, as described by these Hebrew prophets. As the orrery of the cabinet is to the majestic march and infinite abysses and glories of the constellated universe, so is the conception of a perfect commonwealth by Plato and Sir Thomas More to the sublime vision of God's kingdom, as seen and described by Isaiah and Ezekiel. The faith of these great prophets in the strength and triumph of truth and righteousness was one that "removed mountains, subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire," saw the invisible, and won the unattainable; for they knew that the Lord God omnipotent reigned, and would subdue all things unto himself. How such an assurance must have sustained and cheered them! How such a faith, inspiring such a future, must have stirred and strengthened the fainting hearts of the people, and quickened their lagging steps!

Of the *Great Beyond*, of the Life Immortal, they spake nothing distinctly, if they knew anything. But the future here they made glorious with the reign of righteousness and the prevalence of the peace it brings. In this respect, the great Prophet of Nazareth rises above them, as the sun is more glorious than the moon. The Great Hereafter, the Everlasting Beyond, unfolds before him; and he unveils to us not only the temporal, but the eternal conquests of righteousness,—not only the Mount Zion of Judea, but the Mount Zion above. If, then, the hearts of the people burned within them as the rapt prophet described the reign of righteousness and peace on earth, how should not our hearts

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exult as the curtain is lifted, the gates of pearl unfolded, the golden pavements revealed, the river of life refreshing, the ever-fruitful trees nourishing, the anthems of thanksgiving ever sounding, and the benignant face of the Father illuminating all! For the prophets' glorious company, everlasting thanks; but glory to God in the highest for the gift of our Lord Jesus Christ.

R. P. STEBBINS.

PHILOPHRONESIS.

If modern textual criticism has substituted humility for courtesy in the list of virtues recommended by the Apostle, it has not thereby released Christian writers from the obligation to be courteous. Indeed, humility of mind would, of itself, lead to courtesy of expression. The matter is, however, not entirely free from difficulty. There are many questions upon which men attain to absolute knowledge; upon which, therefore, they have a right to speak without qualification. Yet, if another man have not attained that knowledge, to him our utterance would seem conceited, arrogant, discourteous. It is a grave mistake to suppose that differences of opinion exist only upon theological, philosophical, and political questions. Even in the most exact sciences, in which the most positive knowledge has been acquired, there are those who are confident in their holding of erroneous opinions. There can scarcely be a scientific society so select that you will not hear in its debates and even read in its "Proceedings" the utterance of the grossest misconceptions of fact and misapplications of logic. It is difficult to reply to such speakers and writers without apparently being either dogmatic or discourteous. The attempt to reason out the error of the speaker in a courteous manner seems at once to admit the possibility that he is right, that he might bring arguments in reply to yours. When, in an association for the advancement of science, therefore, a distinguished naval officer once gravely proposed a theory which required both ends of a straight line, of finite length,

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to be below the horizon, and yet a large part of that straight line to be many degrees above the horizon, the mathematicians and physicists contented themselves with allowing the absurdity to pass unnoticed. The consequence was that many of the members of the association failed to see the intense absurdity of the proposed theory; and some of them probably consider it, to the present day, a plausible explanation of the facts.

In this case, of actual occurrence only six-and-twenty years ago, the result was a matter of no practical consequence. Errors in science are only occasionally of mischievous tendency, and, when mischievous, are soon detected and corrected. Not so with errors in philosophy and theology. In these great themes of universal interest and of practical importance, an error frequently develops wide-reaching and long-enduring, injurious effects. It becomes, therefore, the more important that men should learn to express themselves upon such subjects clearly and unmistakably, yet with such courtesy as to give their opinions and arguments weight with those who differ from them. These matters of higher human interest naturally arouse the feelings more deeply than mere scientific questions; and, therefore, there is the more danger lest any seeming discourtesy should, by irritating the mind of the opponent, lead him to reject the truth which you would recommend. There is an admirable sentence in Maria Edgeworth's *Helen*, which, if forty years' memory may be trusted, is to the effect that he who makes truth-telling disagreeable is guilty of high treason against virtue. In a recent letter, one of the revered pillars of our denomination says that, if any friend of his utters an outrageous opinion, he always refrains from making any reply, lest contradiction should make the friend cling more obstinately to his folly. Yet, when opinions are uttered publicly and not confuted, they may be, by many readers, deemed, on that account, irrefutable. Thus, a recent issue of one of our principal denominational organs speaks of "that unanswered, if not unanswerable, book, *Supernatural Religion.*" It is, by the way, rather too much to call

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it an unanswered book, when Dr. Ezra Abbot has so calmly and so clearly shown the existence of such numerous and fundamental errors of fact upon its pages; but we quote the sentence to show how the fact that a book is unanswered gives rise to the feeling that it is unanswerable. Yet in theology, as in physical science, the book may remain unanswered simply because of the great moral difficulty of answering it courteously, and from the fear lest the apparent discourtesy of a truthful criticism may give the book more credit than the criticism gives discredit.

In the article to which we have referred, the London *Inquirer* criticises Dr. A. P. Putnam's address upon "The Aspects and Opportunities of Modern Unitarianism," saying that it desires to speak of "that able and extremely interesting" effort "with all possible respect." The editor is doubtless sincere in the expression of that desire. Nevertheless, there are various passages in the course of his article which must grate upon the feelings of all those numerous Unitarians who sympathize with Dr. Putnam's position. It hardly seems courteous toward him to speak of him as "a theological alarmist," with the "spirit of a thorough pessimist," or to imply that he wishes us to "return to the old traditional belief that the Bible is an authoritative and infallible book, which, by inconceivable twists and ingenious interpretations, may be made to teach the precise shade of Unitarianism held by divines of a former generation." Indeed, it does not seem eminently courteous to apply, without qualification, to the ordinary faith of Christendom, including very many Unitarians, Dr. Martineau's expression, "Messianic Mythology." Nor does it seem entirely courteous for the editor to say, "We have no fear of the freest and most advanced criticism, if only it be scholarly and reverential," as though he would imply that Dr. Putnam, or any other Unitarian, has any such fear.

In a recent number of this *Review* is an able and interesting article, by the Rev. W. H. Pierson, upon the fundamental difference between Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, in which there are not only several apposite illustrations of this question of courtesy, but a number of passages illustrat-

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ing in other aspects, also, the true and the false methods of conducting a theological discussion. It is so much easier to point out another man's missing of the mark than yourself to put the bullet in the centre of the target that we are keenly sensible of the danger, lest we condemn ourselves in our endeavor to point out a few of what seem to us the errors of that article.

"Unitarianism," says Mr. Pierson, "now plants itself squarely upon the position that the Bible is not an infallible book, that every part of it must be subjected to the test of the reason and the moral sense. The intellectual position of one who puts the Bible above the human intellect or conscience is no longer within Unitarian lines." These sentences make, in the words "now" and "no longer," an implied charge, which colors a large part of the article, and which is justified by an appeal to a celebrated sentence of Dr. G. E. Ellis,— a sentence which does not, however, in our judgment, justify the appeal. Mr. Pierson tells us that he was "cradled in Orthodoxy." We may reply, with Paul, "but I was freeborn," born and brought up with Unitarians, and having had a vivid interest both in religion and theology from our early youth, say for full fifty years, and we never knew a Unitarian from the beginning who did not plant himself squarely on the position that "the Bible is not an infallible book"; that it is a collection of books, each of which, and each part of which, "must be subjected to the test of the reason and of the moral sense." The only difference between Unitarians among themselves is on the question which books and which parts of each book *stand the test.* In much that Mr. Pierson says is an apparently underlying assumption that it is only since the modern theories of the Pentateuch were broached that Unitarians ceased to believe that God commanded Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, Joshua to slaughter the Canaanites, or Samuel to hew Agag in pieces, and, "at last," to understand that the story of Jonah is a religious tale and not a history.

Worse than this, in other passages of the article, the author rather assumes that since the new school of criticism has

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sprung up Unitarians have concluded that no part of the Bible, except its moral lessons, can stand "the test of the reason and the moral sense." For example, he strings together, as things no longer needed, with the implication that they were until recently held by Unitarians, but are now rejected, eight points from the Bible: namely, I. The Serpent speaking to Eve; II. The universal deluge; III. The sun and moon standing still; IV. Balaam's ass; V. The miraculous conception; VI. The miracle at Cana; VII. The multiplication of the loaves; VIII. The resurrection of Christ. Now, no Unitarian can feel that it is courteous to imply that he ever considered Numbers i., iii., and iv. as historical events. The account of the temptation has always, so far as we know, been by Unitarians considered allegorical; the sun and moon standing still has always been considered poetical; and the story of Balaam's ass legendary. It did not require a Welhausen or a Renan to deliver the Unitarians from any fancied obligation to accept those accounts as historical, any more than to assure them that Jotham's story told on Gerizim was historically false; and that Moses' declaration that "the floods stood upright" was a poetic hyperbole. The old Unitarians feel that it is at least not complimentary to suppose that they needed modern Dutch criticism to give them so much freedom of interpretation as that.

Not only is Mr. Pierson unjust toward Unitarians of the older school, in thus mingling the Old Testament with the New, but, in his selection of the incidents of the New, he makes the same invidious confusion. Look, for instance, at his first and his last examples,— the miraculous conception and the resurrection of Jesus. By his enumeration, he seems to imply that these two are on an equality of credibility and evidence, not only with each other, but with the speaking of Balaam's ass. But the old-fashioned Unitarian will say, as emphatically as any modern preacher, "The three stand on entirely different bases." The account of Balaam is an account of a foreigner; it is full of poetical prophecies; it lies far away from all our western habits of thought and speech;

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it is difficult to interpret, but certainly we are under no logical necessity of admitting its literal historical truth. The account of the miraculous conception is an account of something in the country of the writer; it is more intrinsically creditable; many strong arguments can be brought forward in its confirmation. Yet, on the other hand, we have it clearly, unmistakably asserted only by Matthew: the poetical account of Luke does not necessarily imply it: it is not alluded to elsewhere in the New Testament. Accordingly, many Unitarians have supposed it to be a mere legend, without historical foundation. We ourselves were always accustomed so to consider it, until in adult age, in a conversation with our beloved brother, W. H. Channing, he gave us what we thought sufficient grounds for revising our judgment and holding it in suspense. But how different is the question of the resurrection of Christ! How difficult for us to feel that a man is treating us courteously, when he implies that we believe that Balaam's ass spoke in the Hebrew tongue; and also that we believe in the resurrection of Christ upon no other and no stronger evidence. How difficult to feel that he is treating with what the Declaration of Independence calls "a decent respect" the opinions of such students of the New Testament as Ezra Abbot and William Henry Furness and a host of others who have shed glory on our denomination by their forcible presentation of the evidence that the grand theological and moral revolution effected by Christianity does not rest on the historical basis of "dreams and fancies" and "fond legends," but upon an actually occurring and abundantly attested fact! This is the point upon which so much of the literature of new schools in science, philosophy, and religion, is disrespectful and uncourteous toward those who cling to older views. It is continually assumed that the only reason for adhering to older views is a blind prejudice, which is either ignorant of the new light or else wilfully closes its eyes against it. "Are our more cultured ministers," exclaims the *Inquirer*, "to discontinue their higher studies, to throw aside the great array of German, Dutch, French, American, and English critics, who have

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thrown such a flood of light upon the origin and history of the Scriptures, and return with unquestioning acquiescence to the old traditional belief?" etc. Here, it is directly implied that those who reject historical Christianity are "more cultured" than those who retain their faith in it,—a rather bold and certainly discourteous assumption. And there is also implied the assumption that those who cling still to their faith in the historical truth of the New Testament do so simply from the force of tradition. The assumption is discourteous toward the eminent scholars of the conservative Unitarians, of the liberal orthodox and of the Broad Church Episcopalians, who have during the last few years done such credit to the scholarship of England and America, to say nothing of the scholars on the continent of Europe, who have exposed the recklessness with which modern theories have sometimes been pushed to cover facts utterly inconsistent with them.

Conservative thinkers have been reproached with dogmatism, and with attempted tyranny over the consciences of their brethren. In the article from the *Inquirer*, to which I have alluded, there is a repeated allusion to the phrases "flagrant heresies" and "destructive criticisms," as though those phrases were offensive. Well, to speak of "flagrant heresy" does smack a little of self-conscious infallibility; and the expression should be avoided by one who wishes to be courteous. But there is, on the other hand, no less an offensive assumption in a writer speaking of himself and those who agree with him as "advanced thinkers," declaring that "truth is the opinion held by a majority of those qualified to judge," and that "advanced thinkers are alone qualified to judge." If the old-fashioned Unitarian is a wise man, he does not reject the "truth" advanced by such writers, merely because it is new, and at variance with his traditional beliefs. He subjects the new opinions to the same test to which he subjected the dogmas of the older denominations; namely, to the scrutiny of "the reason and the moral sense." He finds, for example, in the story of Balaam's ass, a Moabitish legend, quoted in a Hebrew history of great and but par-

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tially known antiquity. If he should accept it for truth, it would be a mere puzzle of no utility: if he leaves it as a heathen legend, he loses nothing that he will ever miss. In a copy of Priestley's *Notes on the Scripture*, eighty years old, we find Priestley remarking that no Israelite was present to hear the ass speak. The story must have come from Balaam, and may have been reported with much variation, for which the writer of the Book of Numbers is not responsible. This is the manner in which an old school Unitarian treats the account. But, when the "advanced" thinkers ask him to treat the resurrection of our Lord in the same manner, he does not see the reasonableness of the request. In the first place, he cannot assent to the low estimate which Mr. Pierson places upon this event, either as a sanction to the authority of Jesus or as an evidence of the immortality of man. He rather agrees with the multitude of Christians who, in all ages, have, with St. Paul, believed that Jesus was definitely marked as *the* Son of God by his resurrection from the dead. He rather agrees with the same unnumbered host in assenting to Paul's statement, that, "if Christ be not risen, our faith is vain," and "those who have fallen asleep in Christ have perished." He considers it manifest that Paul is here speaking of Christ being risen in some other sense than that in which he might have spoken of the resurrection of any of the worthies of old: otherwise, his remarks would be perfectly flat and without force.

Still, while he thus sets a high value upon the bodily resurrection of Jesus, he recognizes the fact that the apparent desirableness of an event does not prove the event to have happened. We may be deceived in our estimate of what is desirable, and we may mistake in our judgment of the fittest time in which it should take place. Therefore, however desirable we may deem it to have been that Christ should have risen bodily from the dead, we scrutinize carefully the evidence brought forward to show that he did thus rise. But it cannot be denied that the Church has always believed his resurrection to have really taken place, nor can there be a reasonable doubt that the existence of a church

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of Christians runs back very nearly to the time of the crucifixion. The burning of Rome ascribed to Nero, and which he ascribed to the Christians, was only about thirty years after Christ was put to death; and the evidence is conclusive, even from heathen writers, that at that early date the Christians at the metropolis constituted a vast multitude. At that very time, and even a few years earlier, Paul was writing those letters which indirectly bear the same testimony which Tacitus bears directly to the exceeding rapid spread of Christianity in those first three decades. Moreover, the testimony of Paul in those letters, the genuineness of which cannot be questioned, is uniform and explicit that the Christian faith was, from the beginning, built largely upon the fact that Jesus had risen on the third day from the dead. The probability or improbability of that event having actually taken place cannot reasonably be estimated without a consideration of the peculiar character of Jesus and the peculiar circumstances of his death. While of ordinary men the asserted return to life would appear incredible, it is not so with regard to one whose character and career are absolutely unique, who was crucified in public, and whose intimate friends and followers, men who proved themselves afterward to be also men of high character and birth, began immediately after his decease to declare that they had seen him again living, and persisted in giving that evidence, in spite of all attempts to silence them. That this evidence was given by the apostles and was accepted by their contemporaries is shown by the magnitude and beneficence of the effects produced by their preaching. The historical books of the New Testament — and, for that matter, the Epistles also — bear upon every page undesigned testimony to the very great effects produced first by the preaching of Jesus himself and afterward by that of his apostles, the witness being confirmed by those passages of the Roman writers to which we have already alluded. All this makes it less improbable in the case of Jesus than it would be in the case of any other man that the report of his reappearance after death had good foundation. And yet none of this is direct evidence that the res-

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urrection was a literal fact. We turn, therefore, to the direct accounts given in the Gospels. The Gospel of Matthew was, in all probability, written by the apostle whose name it bears. It gives therefore contemporaneous testimony to the faith of the Christians in the resurrection of Christ. Still, it does not profess to be the testimony of an eye-witness; and, although the narrative of the trial and crucifixion is full of touches of nature, there are also indications of one or two legendary additions. By itself, therefore, and alone, the testimony of Matthew, very valuable as confirmation, would not have conclusive weight. The Gospel of Mark contains in this part of the narrative scarce any evidence of legendary addition, and in the account of the arrest and leading to trial there is one passage showing that Mark was himself an eye-witness. But, with reference to the resurrection, Mark's Gospel is of great value, as testifying to the belief of Peter and of the Apostolic Church. Luke expressly declares that his only source of knowledge is the testimony of others, and the date of his writing renders it uncertain from precisely what sources he obtained his testimony. He omits nearly all of those few points which seem legendary and incredible in the narrative of Matthew, and his history gives abundant evidence of the great care with which it was compiled. Of all three Gospels, we may repeat that they bear explicit evidence to the belief of the very earliest Christians. And it is very hard to account for the existence of their closing chapters without admitting that the apostles themselves from the very beginning believed that they had seen Jesus again, in bodily form, after the crucifixion.

The Gospel of John gives a still more direct and valuable testimony. For seventeen hundred years, it was received as his; but, during the last sixty years, its genuineness has been violently assailed. By some, it is earnestly declared that it is impossible that it can be the work of the apostle; but this extreme position cannot be maintained in the face of the fact that many very able and thoroughly learned scholars, after a full and apparently impartial examination of the

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question, still retain their belief that he either wrote it or, at least, furnished all the material for it.

In considering what we propose to say concerning the testimony of this Gospel to the resurrection, it will be important to bear in mind that one of the strong arguments against the genuineness of the book is its undue exaltation of the nature of Christ. That this Gospel intends to set Jesus in a very high light would be manifest, even if the writer had not himself, at the close of his work, expressly declared it. The difference between the Fourth Gospel and the other three has been, it is true, very greatly overstated by many modern writers; but it must be also acknowledged that the Fourth Gospel does show a conscious intention of exalting and magnifying the person of Jesus, which is never shown by either of the others. Why, then, the conservative Unitarian may ask, should the twentieth chapter so studiously avoid mentioning those things which in the other Gospels throw so much external lustre around the resurrection? — why, unless from a simple desire to tell truly what the writer had seen with his own eyes? We must remember that this Gospel is conceded to have been written long after the other three had been put in circulation; and it is scarcely possible to suppose that the writer, whoever he may have been, had not seen the others. Now, in the Gospel of Matthew, it is said that "the earth quaked, the rocks were rifted, and the tombs were opened, and many bodies of the saints fallen asleep rose, and, coming out of the tombs after his rising, they entered into the holy city and appeared to many." Again, it is said that at day-dawn on Sunday, "Lo, a great earthquake occurred, for an angel of the Lord, having descended out of heaven, came and rolled back the stone and sat upon it; and his aspect was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and from the fear of him the keepers quaked and became as dead men." And, then, this angel spake to the women. In the Gospel of Mark, all these marvels are omitted; and the person who spoke to the women is "a young man having a white robe thrown around him." In Luke, also, the wonders are omitted, except that the per-

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sons speaking to the women are "two men in dazzling apparel." Then follow two remarkable additions. Peter runs to the tomb; and, "stooping down, he sees the linen clothes laid by themselves." And, on that very day, two disciples were going to Emmaus; and Jesus fell in and talked with them. The particularity of this latter narrative, its beauty and naturalness, and the fact that one alone of the disciples is named, give a strong probability to the surmise that the other may have been Luke himself, and that we thus have here the testimony of an eye-witness to Jesus' reappearance. Finally, the Fourth Gospel, written certainly after all the others, and almost certainly by one who had seen and was familiar with the others, written certainly by one who desired to exalt the person of Jesus,— this Gospel not only omits the marvels of Matthew's Gospel, but transposes the order of Mary's vision of angels and Peter's sight of the linen cloths in precisely the manner which the writer would use, did he desire to cast a doubt on the objective reality of Mary's vision. What can be his object or motive other than the love of truth, guided by a personal knowledge of the facts? According to this Gospel, Mary did not, as the other three say, see the angels at her first visit, but then saw only that the tomb was empty, and runs and tells Peter and John. Moreover, Peter did not, as Luke says, go alone to the tomb, and see the cloths *after* Mary's vision, but Peter and John went together. John looks in the tomb and sees the white bandages; Peter goes in and observes the white kerchief lying separate from the other cloths; then John goes in and verifies Peter's observation; and it is not till after this that Mary sees her two angels. Moreover, the writer goes on carefully to record that these angels use, in speaking to her, the identical words which, a moment after, Jesus uses. He is careful also to say that the first visit was so early that it was yet dark, that Mary also was weeping, and that (her eyes suffused with tears and in the dim dawn) she did not at first recognize Jesus. Now, it may be that the writer did not intend to cast any doubt on the objective reality of Mary's angels; but he certainly could not fail to see that all these

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variations from the other three Gospels might give that impression to the reader. It seems to me that the writer of the Fourth Gospel must have meant to say, at least, so much as this: "The Gospels in circulation give an account of earthquakes and saints and angels at the time of the resurrection: I will not deny their truth, but neither can I affirm it. All I know is that Mary came and told Peter and me that the tomb was empty: we went and saw two white heaps of cloths in it. Mary afterward — not before, as Luke has it — saw in the tomb two angels dressed in white, who spoke to her, and immediately afterward Jesus addressed her in the same words. That evening, Jesus came and saw us all." The conservative Unitarian thinks that he is reasonable in saying that this bears in itself the evidence of being the true testimony of the Apostle John himself. The very pains which this writer, evidently desirous of exalting Jesus, takes to strip the resurrection of its external glories, lends the more irresistible weight to his testimony that Jesus did appear again living, and show to his disciples his wounded hands and side. In short, the tests of the reason and of the moral sense show no escape from the conclusion that the twentieth chapter was written or dictated by the disciple who actually went with Peter to the tomb early in the morning and found it empty, and who also met with the other nine in the evening, when Jesus saw and conversed with them all.

And, so long as a man supports his faith in the resurrection by numerous trains of reasoning and argument like this, he cannot feel that it is quite courteous in the *Inquirer* to speak of him as yielding "with unquestioning acquiescence to the old traditional belief," or in Mr. Pierson to say that he is resting on "dreams and fancies and fond legends."

THOMAS HILL.

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"BRAVE OLD LATIMER."*

Written from the fresh study of contemporary documents in adequate fulness a dozen years ago, Demaus' biography of the martyr has lately come into our libraries so as to be noticed as an essential part of the great Reformation. Though no scholar like Erasmus, no politician like Cranmer, no man of might like Luther, Latimer did more than the edicts of Henry VIII. to establish Protestantism in the hearts and lives of English men and English women. After Tyndale, he did the most in introducing and circulating the newly translated Scriptures. In the flood of immorality sweeping over England, as over Germany, at the outbreak of Protestantism, he did everything to prepare a purer atmosphere for a purer faith. Especially, he rendered an immense service in redeeming the English Church from the reproach of time-serving cowardice and court sycophancy, by unquestionable heroism.

He was not born a Protestant, but such an obstinate Papist, as he says, that he was chosen cross-bearer to his university, making what we might term his class oration an attack on Melanchthon. Probably, it was Latimer's own college which signalized itself by forbidding the New Testament of Erasmus from being introduced at Oxford, Latimer himself dreading the strange light from abroad. Very soon, however, the fervent piety of a fellow-student, afterward a martyr, won Latimer's sympathy to the little book he dreaded; while his almost monkish life seemed to forbid his ever becoming a popular leader in England, and, on the other hand, his knowledge of the fearful corruption of the religious orders in convents and monasteries provoked him to bolder denunciation of the hierarchy than had ever been heard before. Under the influence of this friend, Bilney, he came to feel that creeping to the cross on Good Friday, lighting candles before the shrines, and decorating images were not such

* *Hugh Latimer.* A biography. By Rev. R. Demaus. Religious Tract Society, London.

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heartfelt devotion as visiting sickness, enlightening ignorance, helping the poor, and saving the fallen.

His very first sermon, contrasting the true Christian bishop with the modern caricature, aroused the hatred of his own spiritual lord, and brought him before the judgment-seat of Wolsey; but the great chancellor only recommended caution, approving the preacher's courage and giving him supreme authority to preach. Still, the reform cry which the English New Testament was raising through all England amounted to little more than refusing to worship the crucifix, deriding pilgrimages, and denying the change of the communion bread into the actual body of the Lord. The very sermon which might have been called the first battle-cry, as it drew out his enemies' fire, only denounced indulgences, the crowd of church-ceremonies, the oppression of priests, above all, the burial of Scripture in a dead tongue. Buckenham, a friar who ventured to assail the reformer, crowned his presumption by coming to hear the reply in full costume. Latimer seized the advantage, burst out upon "the fox in a friar's cowl," showed the hypocrisy lying hid under priestly robes, and drove Buckenham out of church in confusion. But — what we may think not a very creditable reason — his taking his king's part in the divorce question then agitating the whole Catholic world, as well as the vigor and independence of his preaching and the need of his moral exhortations, won the royal protection, with authority for the free use of the pulpits in and around London. His sermons, the only ones of the time which have not become obsolete, lay open the English society of three centuries ago, with its perversions of religion, its ecclesiastical hypocrisy, its almost universal oppression, its pernicious customs, its general servility, sometimes in flashes of fun, oftener with fiery rebuke, melting, at last, in penitent confession of unworthiness. A curious proof of their overwhelming popularity is given in a bill for repairs from the church-warden's account book at Westminster: "Paid to William Curleux for mending divers pews that were broken when Dr. Latimer did preach." And, so far from being water spilt on the ground,

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he who was the fresh conscience of aroused England denounced the superstition of hallowed candles; and next Candlemas, we are told, candles were left off by royal proclamation. He ridiculed the holy palms, and the Palm Sunday following they were forbidden. He condemned images in churches, and they were straightway ordered to be removed. He called the use of Latin in the church service *devilish*, and next March came the royal sanction of worship in English. A curious instance of his power over the conscience is given in the repeated payment of large sums to the royal exchequer in response to his Lent sermons. John Bradford — afterward a church minister — sent in at one time three hundred and twenty pounds (fifteen times that amount now) as conscience money, during the Lent of 1549; and smaller sums were received before and after. He reminds one of John Knox in his unsparing denunciation of wrong-doers, even the king himself, in their very presence. Sometimes, his courage rose to rashness, if we may credit the story that, when Henry expected a New Year's present of what would be fifteen hundred pounds in our day, Latimer only presented a New Testament in a napkin, with this inscription: "*Fornicatores et adulteros Deus judicabit!*"

The universal corruption which Hallam mourns over in the outbreak of the German Reformation concentrated Latimer's thoughts, absorbed his parish-work, prevented his exclusive devotion to changes of opinion, while public morals cried so much louder for reformation. In the same part of the palace garden which had been used for wanton pastime, the most popular preacher in England showed that the gospel came to him, not as the new doctrine which it came to Luther, not as the new system which it appeared to Calvin, but as a new spirit, a holier life than any that was lived around him,— the conscience, void of offence, of a true apostle. He evidently had little faith in controversy: he was certainly no dogmatist. Never were great sermons so free from pretension, so plain to the wayfaring man, so overflowing with homely wisdom, so indignant in denunciation of

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that miserable profligacy which naturally followed the exposure of pious frauds and priestly hypocrisies.

For only four years he held the see of Worcester, and never had England known more devoted bishop. Froude pronounces him the only man in England "whose conduct was absolutely straightforward, upright, and untainted with the alloy of baser matter."

His charming quaintness is shown by even a few passages, which we abbreviate slightly, from the famous Plough Sermon. "I liken preaching to a ploughman's labor. Well may they be likened together: first, for their labor at all seasons of the year, as at my country in Leicestershire the ploughman hath a time to set forth and assay his plough, and at other time other necessary works to be done. Then, they may be likened together for the diversity of works and the variety of offices that they have to do. For, as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometimes ridges it up again and at another harroweth and clotteth it, and sometimes dungeth and hedgeth it, diggeth and weedeth it, purgeth and cleaneth it, so the prelate hath many diverse offices to do. He hath first a busy work to do in bringing his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it, and not a swerving faith; now casting them down with threatenings of God for sin, now ridging them up again with promising of God's favor, now weeding them by telling their faults, now clotting them by breaking their stony hearts, and now exhorting them when they know their duty to be diligent in it." Then comes that most famous passage of the kind in the literature of the English pulpit. "Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England? . . . I will tell you. It is the devil. He is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; you shall never find him unoccupied; he keepest residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will; he is ever at home, the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying

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his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. . . . Where the devil is resident and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noondays. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry,—censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honor God with him than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse; up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with men's traditions, and down with God's traditions and his most holy word."

Even old age and frequent infirmity showed no decay of Latimer's power, rather a ripened wisdom and a quickened sense of accountability, as he said that Smithfield already groaned for him. His resignation of his bishopric, when it became penal to attack transubstantiation, celibacy, communion of bread alone, the lawfulness of monastic vows and auricular confession, simply shows that he perfectly felt what was due in his position to assailed truth. The time-serving clergy tried to make him feel he was wronging the new views by not holding on to a post where his conscience told him he was countenancing their suppression. But he did not hide his light for a moment: he continued to preach, and with more freedom than ever, consecrating his remaining strength in inspiring the faithful to such self-sacrifice as he himself was prepared to make. When Edward died, he saw that his work was done, and that he needed only strength to bear the martyr's crown. And, when the time came, under the bloody Mary, and he was warned that he would be the next victim, he never tried to hide himself, as his enemies desired: when once the Tower gates were left open, he disdained to flee. He knew, as he told his fellow-sufferer at the last, that he would light such a candle in England as

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should never be put out. Everything about his closing hours was worthy of remembrance, even the threadbare frieze which he wore at the last trial, girt with a penny leather girdle, his Testament hanging with a thorn to his side, his open spectacles pendant from his neck,—a modern John the Baptist.

His death, which did indeed purify the English Reformation with its baptism of fire, sealed the fate of the papal power in England, inspired all who even heard of its triumphant heroism to endure as bravely that they might die as joyfully. The last statement of the closing scene is that, bathing his face with his inflamed hands, he seemed invoking a heavenly deliverance. His passing away appeared, indeed, to be painless. Five months after, Cranmer found courage from his example to redeem his fame at the same spot. The beautiful Oxford monument, uniting the three sufferers, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, is unrivalled in interest by any similar memorial. Standing at the city's gate, one naturally recalls the lines of Wordsworth,—

> "Earth never witnessed object more sublime
> In constancy, in fellowship more fair."

F. W. HOLLAND.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

There is no sect within the Christian Church that would find it so difficult to define its theological position, in terms which represented with any approach to unanimity the views of its best scholars, preachers, and hearers, as the Orthodox or Trinitarian Congregational body of New England. There is no sect in which the difference between its written creed and its pulpit utterances is so great. There is no sect which, through so many of its representative men, is teaching exactly the doctrines in almost exactly the terms insisted upon by the principal writers of the Unitarian Congregational body for the last twenty-five years, with the exception that even we miss a good deal of the evangelical flavor which runs through the latter. No one who is at all familiar with the current literature of the former for the last five years would venture to question this statement; but whoever should do so would easily assent to its general correctness, after reading the recent volume of essays and sermons entitled *The Freedom of Faith*, by Rev. T. T. Munger. We do not say this with any suggestion of the insincerity of the pulpit, which has so frequently been made. We refer to it as one of the proofs that all thoughtful and scholarly persons find themselves borne on at the present day by a great and irresistible liberal movement in theology; and we trust that it signifies a union and harmony of the best spiritual lives upon a broader basis than has ever been, and in a Church universal. We find ourselves, wherever we turn in this volume, in a congenial atmosphere. All points of doctrinal significance are treated much as Gannett or Dewey or Ware or Channing or Martineau or Peabody has treated them, although without the force or the literary finish or the spiritual insight which belongs to those writers. The wonder is whether this remarkable agreement has come from a careful study of these writers, or whether a broader, liberal movement, arising from scientific and literary studies, is sweeping over all these bodies; and how large a proportion of their preachers, whose discourses never reach a wider public than their parishes, are discussing the doctrines of their denomination in terms and a spirit so entirely subversive of those doctrines, and with the same liberty taken by these who are in more prominent pulpits.

In this volume, the first part is devoted to two essays bearing directly upon the present condition of theological thought,— the

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new movement which is everywhere apparent and the necessity of being open to the reception of new truth. There seems an inclination on the part of a few to sneer at the mention of the "New Theology," as if it were a mark of superiority or of sharpness to say they know nothing about it; but, whether they do or not, others do, and all religious periodicals are full of it, some in hearty sympathy, some in anxious questionings. Of course, it does not follow that the term "new movement" signifies that all the discussions and views it involves are new. It may frequently be that they are a return to the old, that they may be interpretations of Christian doctrines far more in keeping with the truth and the spirit of the first few centuries of Christianity: nevertheless, it is a movement, and a new movement not to be ignored nor ridiculed.

The same broad and free spirit of interpreting and criticising the commonly received views of the evangelical churches runs not through these two essays only: it pervades the whole volume; and we purpose to bring together, where we do not, as we think, do any injustice to the author's opinions, some of his sentences bearing upon the great doctrines of the Church. Take first the doctrine of the resurrection. There can be little question that, among the early Christians and as the accredited belief of the Church, it was a bodily, fleshly resurrection which was taught, and that this was the very evident meaning of the creed, "I believe in the resurrection of the body." The "spiritual body" of St. Paul may be urged in opposition to this, or one may think he finds a partial escape in saying he does not believe in the resurrection of *this* body; but it is very certain that this identical body was the plain and unmistakable doctrine. This was in harmony with the universal and fundamental notions of the early centuries, for it fell in with the knowledge and faith about the material universe as well. There was a world of light and bliss just over the sky, where the deity, surrounded by his angels, reigns in unclouded splendor; and hither occasionally a sanctified spirit ascended, or hence occasionally a celestial messenger came down. It made the doctrine of a bodily resurrection easy to be accepted, and for several centuries there was hardly a question that these identical fleshly bodies were to be raised from earth and sea. "Every man's body," says Augustine, "however dispersed here, shall be restored perfectly at the resurrection." "The teeth," says Tertullian, "are providentially made eternal to serve as the seeds of the resurrection"; and so all the way down

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to a prominent New England clergyman of our own day, who writes, "Whether buried in the earth, or floating in the sea, or consumed by the flames, or enriching the battle-field, or evaporated in the atmosphere, all, from Adam to the latest born, shall wend their way to the great arena of the judgment: every perished bone, every secret particle of dust, shall obey the summons, and come forth." This was the common form in which the doctrine was everywhere preached and accepted. Probably, it was not any difficulty in accepting so monstrous a physical event (the divine means might accomplish that) which caused it to drop gradually out of man's faith, as it was the growth of higher spiritual views.

"The resurrection," says our author, "is from the *dead*, and not from the *grave:* it takes place at death, it is general in the sense of universal. The spiritual body, or the *basis* of the spiritual body, already exists, and this is the body that is raised up." "Christ's own resurrection yields a proof of the immediate resurrection of all. He was the Son of Man, and, as he fulfilled all the righteousness of humanity, so he illustrated the life of humanity. He lived and died as a man. He rose and ascended into heaven as a man. Why should we assert a part of this and not the whole? Why die as a man, but rise as a God? We have no authority for drawing such a line of demarcation between these two phases of his career. Instead, the whole significance of his relation to humanity demands that no such line shall be drawn. He would not be the Son of Man nor the Saviour of mankind, if his resurrection had been immediate, and mankind's were to be delayed for ages." The new theology looks "to the resurrection as covering the whole essential nature of man."

In regard to inspiration. The new theology "holds profoundly to inspiration; but it also holds that the Scriptures were written by living men, whose life entered into their writings. It finds the color and temper of the writer's mind in his work; it finds also the temper and habit of the age; it penetrates the forms of Oriental speech; it seeks to read out of the mind and conception and custom of the writer instead of reading present conceptions into his words. In brief, it reads the Scriptures as literature, yet with no derogation from their inspiration.... It is necessary to get back into the mind of the writer, in order to get at the inspiration of his utterance; for before there is an inspired writing there is an inspired man through whom only its meaning can be reached." "It must be allowed that every

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writer of the Bible wrote under human limitations, and that it is within the province of the reason to discover the limitations, and so get at the meaning as it does with any other book, with only the difference that, when it thus reaches the meaning, it is wholly trustworthy." (We should like to ask, however, if, under such conditions, any meaning discovered in any writer is not to be wholly trustworthy?)

"We are getting to speak less of the inspired *book*, and more of the inspired *men* who wrote it; the quality or force of inspiration lying not so much in the form or even matter of the thing written as in the writer himself,—his relation to his age, the clearness of his thought, the pitch of his emotions, the purity of his spirit, the intensity of his purpose. We do not so much look into a book to find an infallible assertion as into the inspired author expecting to find trustworthy guidance and reflected inspiration; remembering, however, that, though inspired by the spirit, he is but an inspired *man* knit to his age and race and condition." How precisely this reads like the views in the *Liverpool Unitarian Controversy*, like the *Essays and Reviews*, like every thing that the Unitarians have been saying about inspiration for the last half a century, and for which they were accounted heretics! How utterly contradictory it all is of the currently defined views of inspiration in the popular creeds; how widely separated from the views of Gaussen recently translated and indorsed as the true doctrine, by Dr. Kirk!

"The inmost principle of revelation is that the mind of God reveals itself to the mind of man; and the basis of this principle is that one mind is made in the image of the other, and therefore capable of similar processes of thought and feeling." "This blind acceptance of revelation as something with which the reason has little to do, in respect to which the new theology parts company with the old, is based on the conception that revelation is grounded on miracle, *i.e.*, on sense,—a principle that Christ condemned over and over: 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed!'"

What is more familiar to all readers of or listeners to liberal teachings than these words about *judgment?*

"Life is indeed probation, but the judgment that decides is in perpetual session: not for one moment is it adjourned. Every hour, it renders the awards that angels fulfil. Daily and forever does the Christ of humanity judge according to the deeds done in this present life of humanity, and send to right or left hand

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destinies. There is no day of eternity auguster than that which now is. There is nothing in the way of consequence to be awaited that is not now enacting, no sweetness that may now not be tasted, no bitterness that is not now felt." "Instead of confining judgment to the future, we take it out of time relations and make it a fact of eternity. It is an ever on-growing process. . . . It is the fault of theology that it does not teach men as Christ taught them, that the generations do not pass away till the divine judgments pronounced on them are fulfilled. The most imperative moral need of the age is a belief that the sanctions of God's eternal laws are now in full force and action about us, asserting their majesty and glory in the blessings and inflictions that all the while flow out of them, sure to act hereafter because they are acting now. . . . Already and evermore are we passing through crises or judgments that turn us into right or left hand paths. The providential event or the moral conviction that tests our character and gives it tendency is the coming of the judgment of the Son of Man. For judgment does not consist in assigning the reward or penalty,— that is done by the laws,— but in discerning between right and wrong, and separating them. . . . It is not an arbitrary arrangement of the future, dissociated from the laws of our nature; but it is their inevitable out-working. Its preliminary process, its foreshadowings, are part of present experience. Just in the degree in which character discloses itself does the judgment of separation take place."

We make but a few brief extracts touching two or three important doctrines. In regard to the atonement: "The conception of it that prevailed two hundred years ago shocks us of to-day. And more recent views of it as a matter of penal satisfaction and substitution, and as a mere contrivance for the expression of the divine feeling, no longer feeds spiritual life; and so we are struggling toward St. Paul's and the Christ's own statement of it as containing the law and method of life for every man."

The new theology holds to "the incarnation, not as a mere physical event,— for that has entered into many religions,— but as the entrance into the world through a person of a moulding and redeeming force in humanity."

"I do not think the best thought is now stumbling over miracle, as it was a few years ago. Modern intelligence has grown so wide that it embraces both law and miracle in one harmony, and cares little to find any line of demarkation between them. Law fades out into miracle, and miracle runs up into law. No one

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now defines one as the violation of the other." An assertion of "the reign of law does not disturb us so long as we are conscious of the hourly miracles wrought by personality." Of course, this is all very weak, and illogical and indefinite as regards the miraculous character ascribed to the few principal events upon which Christianity has generally been supposed to rest: it may mean everything or nothing, just as the reader chooses to interpret it, in playing fast and loose with the most serious questions of orthodox theology; but this is a general characteristic with a good deal of the liberal movement of the evangelical clergy of to-day,— a part, and perhaps a necessary part, of a transition period in which they are providential actors.

"There is no denial of the fact that doctrines now regarded as parts of Orthodoxy are the reflections of the social condition in which they were formulated. The doctrines of divine sovereignty, of total depravity, and of the atonement, are shot through with colors drawn from the corruption of Roman society, from the Roman sense of authority, and the Roman forms of justice." And this, finally, in regard to the use of reason: "If Christianity has any human basis, it is its entire reasonableness. It must not only sit easily on the mind, but it must ally itself with it in all its normal action. If it chafes it, if it is a burden, if it antagonizes, it detracts from itself: the human mind cannot be detracted from. Man is a knower: the reason never ceases to be less than itself without losing all right to use itself as reason. Consequently, a full adjustment between reason and Christianity is steadily to be sought. If there is conflict, uneasiness, burdensomeness, the cause is to be looked for in interpretation rather than in the human reason. For, in the last analysis, revelation — so far as its acceptance is concerned — rests on reason, and not reason on revelation."

If one might be permitted to compare writing and thought so widely separated, how much this reads, in its spirit, like the constantly repeated plea of Channing for the use and authority of the reason, or like some of Dr. Hedge's magnificent sentences in *Reason in Religion.*

We have called attention to this work, and made such frequent quotations, not because there is anything of freshness in the treatment of the subjects to one already familiar with the Unitarian writers,— there is not; but there is something remarkable in the fact of such a similarity to those writers, amounting almost to identicalness, almost to verbal sameness, with their teachings for

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years, being openly preached in orthodox pulpits, without challenge, apparently with approval. All this from the evangelical stand-point must seem like negative and destructive preaching. There is a good deal said about negative preaching at the present time, which is without the force it appears to bear with it. There has never been a generation of more thorough, constant, and earnest negative preachers than the principal ones of our own body. During the time of Channing and for twenty-five years after, "negative" would fitly characterize most of their utterances upon theology. They were forever preaching against the trinity, total depravity, the atonement, and plenary inspiration. It is all in vain that *we* see another thread running through it all,— the love of God, the trustworthiness of the human faculties, the divine order: to an orthodox, it was all negative, purely, persistently negative and destructive of all the doctrines upon which the current theology rested. So these discourses would seem, were it not for the rapid progress the new movement in theology has made throughout the Church universal. The question very naturally arises whether the evangelical body is so permeated by these modern and reasonable views that the old may fall away without an effort at defence and reinstatement, and in their own decay and lifelessness be covered out of sight by the new, as the leaves of one autumn by those of another. It is a strange experience for those who have been long accounted heretics to see their almost literal statements of religious doctrines so widely proclaimed from orthodox pulpits and so peacefully accepted. May it not prophesy a coming union of those who are seeking for truth and for the overthrow of social evils, upon a foundation broader and more permanent than has heretofore been laid?

The articles relating to the religious condition and needs of Italy in this issue of the *Unitarian Review* are suggestive both as to the spiritual darkness and dearth left by the Roman Catholic system in the home of its sole and unhindered influence, and as emphasizing the call for liberal Christianity and the propaganda of spiritual light, in the failing respect for the papacy and its institutions and ideas. Among the new agencies that deserve our sympathy is that of Prof. Beisso at Rome, who last spring gave a course of lectures, and has lately, we are glad to see, been engaged to hold regular services there during the next twelve months, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Prof. Beisso is an enthusiastic student of the new science and

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the new theology, and speaks as a patriot and philosopher, as well as a religious teacher. We believe his point of view will be of interest to our readers in connection with the articles of Messrs. Davidson and Dall, and present our readers with some passages from the first two of the lectures to which we have referred. Prof. Beisso entitles his lectures "The Religious Renewal of Italy," and for the first repeats for his text the lofty sentence of Channing, "Truth is the light of the Infinite Mind, the image of God in his creatures." After showing the power of the religious sentiment in all races, and the mischiefs of its abuses, especially of the papal usurpations, the lecture continues:

The new spirit of enlightenment and reform will not impede the spirit of Christianity; and to-day, in spite of the Titanic efforts made to oppose the civil and religious liberty of the people, to-day, more even than in apostolic ages, the transfiguring words of the Son of Man burn with living light.

Our country, politically renewed, after so many centuries of tribulation, can put forth all its strength to acquire more glory and power; but, to succeed in this, it must accomplish a great divorce. Its future prosperity depends upon this resolve. There is need, that is to say, that Italy should clearly and fearlessly separate its cause from that of the papacy, need that it should lift up anew the standard of that gospel on which is inscribed Truth, Science, Love.

"The holy mirror," says Guerrazzi, "which gathers together the rays of divine love to reflect them upon the living, intrusted to traitorous or cowardly hands, falls to the earth and is broken. In each of the fragments of the great ruin, one can behold the altered image of Christ, reminding one, nevertheless, of its former splendor, though dim and faint in its outlines, and no longer warming the human heart." Gentlemen, I will therefore cry, if its light is extinct, there remains nothing but to lead me to the sepulchre where humanity weeps.

But no: do not mourn, tender spirit. Christ's torch is not extinguished. It still sheds down rays of light, as when the Old World overthrew the Bastile; it still sheds down its light, as when in open field the Italian people caused the standard of national independence to triumph; it illuminates the streets of Rome, as when in 1870 the people and their king restored to the Eternal City its civil existence.

"Up to this time," observes very aptly the illustrious Channing, "Christianity has been made a political machine, and otherwise perverted; but its true spirit — the spirit of brotherhood and of liberty — is beginning to be understood, and this will undo the work which the opposite principles have been doing for centuries." Christianity, considered in its philosophical and human sense, "is the only efficacious remedy for the terrible evils of that system, which presents as the supreme

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aim of life the seeking to appropriate all things, the raising one's self above all others."

The natural fruits of such a system, which some declare to be the necessary outcome of civilization, "are contempt for the rights of others, fraud, oppression, a spirit of hazardous chance in commerce, risky speculations, uneasiness, and commercial convulsions,— things which tend to impoverish all classes." For this evil, the remedy should be forthcoming; and it must spring from the renewed religious sentiment, from the sincere and loyal application of the rational principles of Christ, from universal justice and universal love applied to commerce, to public affairs, to political life, and the life of labor. In the development of a much wider philanthropy, in the diffusion of the spirit of brotherhood, in the recognition of the equal rights of every human being, we have "the dawning and the promise of a better era."

Education for all, love to all, progress for all,— these, and nothing else, are the true principles of Christianity; and these will be still, I cannot doubt, the factors of human progress.

Deriving our inspiration from these, we shall know how to walk with a firm step through the mazes of past ages, we shall know how to comprehend our present duties, and we shall renew the religious sentiment of the Italians, making it the sanction, as it is in free America and mighty England, of national morality. We shall labor for truth, with the certainty that only truth can set it free from the deleterious influence and corrupting doctrine of the papacy.

But, to succeed, we need the courage which filled Germany in the time of Luther; we need to teach, by the examples of Arnold of Brescia and Savonarola, how to open the gospel and read to the papacy the truth of Christ, which this same papacy has trampled upon and derided. We will not forget, O friends, what the lion of Caprera said to the people of Florence in 1866: "Do you wish to free yourselves from spiritual slavery? Keep fast hold of the gospel. The shining light which issues from it will cause the demons of unbelief to flee away in terror."

From the second lecture, entitled "The Gospel and Liberty," we extract a few passages:—

In speaking then of the Gospel and Liberty, I have no other meaning than to proclaim a possible accord between liberal Unitarian Christianity and the just aspirations of the people. I do not see anything unnatural, strange, nor miraculous in the work of the Son of Man. Rather do I find in it a perennial fountain of moral teaching, inciting to gentleness, profitable for the governing of the individual conscience and that of the masses.

Many people, irritated, not without reason, at those who, in the name of the gospel, teach hatred, invoke the teachings of science as a corrective of the evils of society. But, besides the fact that these problems are as yet the heritage of the few, it does not appear to me very easy to

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put them within reach of the masses of the people, who more readily understand the unskilled knowledge of a proverbial saying than a hundred scientific demonstrations. By this, I do not presume to deny to science the wholesome task of dissipating the darkness of ignorance; but I think it fitting that reason should be joined to Christianity, with which it will advance with the greatest advantage in the march of civilization.

The nations who, separating themselves from papal Rome, drew the inspiration for their deeds from the Christian idea which was proclaimed in apostolic times, are far in the front of the so-called Catholic nations,—more instructed, more liberal, and richer. It is quite enough to glance at Germany, at England, at the United States of America, to be convinced of this truth. The gospel, in which the Christian idea is fully embodied, has then a powerful civilizing influence which we cannot and ought not to ignore.

In fact, wherever the gospel is read with the firm purpose of taking it for a rule of life, there we trace the fundamental principle of the liberty of the people, the principle of the integrity of the national domain. The basis of human brotherhood, and an idea of God like this, has given rise to the most independent and liberal philosophy in the world. . . .

Let us put the gospel and liberty face to face, let us see if they disagree; and we shall not fail to find whatever profit an honest inquiry brings to every one who is willing to search for truth.

Paul, in the midst of Areopagus, announced himself as the setter-forth of a spiritual Being, not served by the hand of man nor to be found in temples, but the *Father of the human race* and the Creator of all nations, whose boundaries he had established from the beginning. Proclaiming unity, which implies criticism of every other religious system, and is, in philosophical speculations, the highest point of moral progress, he establishes the doctrine of the oneness of the human race, fixes for each nation its proper confines as a logical result of the Divine Will; and, regarding this idea as the pivot of knowledge and the inheritance of conscience, he naturally drew as a consequence the development later on of union, of brotherhood, and national integrity.

The gospel establishes as a rule for the new life love to one's neighbor, equality of station, loyalty, forgiveness, philanthropy, hospitality, respect to the laws; and it condemns pride, hypocrisy, intolerance, ignorance. And, if these are not the principles of civil life, I confess I do not understand them, since I have the firm conviction that, if the priests had conscientiously practised these, causing them to become by means of example the foundations of social education, not one voice would have been raised against the religious idea.

Now, having seen what teachings are given by the gospel of Christ, we will go on and consider the teachings of liberty, which is not, as some erroneously believe, an *end*, but the most natural *means* and *way* toward gaining independence and prosperity.

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And that it ought to be considered a way I do not myself say to you, but I repeat it to you with Joseph Mazzini. "The life that is in you," he says, "comes from God, and reveals in its unfolding an intelligent design. Your life, therefore, has necessarily an end, an aim. Whatever may be the end toward which we tend, we cannot perceive nor attain it, unless we develop and exercise our intellectual faculties. Our faculties are the instruments of labor God has bestowed upon us. It is, then, necessary that their unfolding should be promoted, their use protected and set free. . . .

"Without liberty there can exist no morality, because, not being free to choose between good and evil, between devotion to the common progress and selfishness, there exists no responsibility. But — liberty is only a means —it will be much more to you and to your future, if you accustom yourselves never to view it as an end."

It is "the straight way of choosing how to do good." And "goodness," according to the doctrine of Christ, consists in the practice of duty, which is in reality the right exercise of the spirit of reason (virtue). Therefore, the restless search for goodness will always produce and nourish in new forms, as there is need, courage, aspiration, labor, all that can serve to make the life of the individual and social and family life more perfect.

I cannot deny the existence of a perversion of liberty, but its pernicious effects have given it the name of license. "And, truly, liberty is in law and by law. License is outside of law and against law. Liberty is order. License is disorder. Liberty is peace. License is war. Liberty is justice. License is injustice. Liberty is just reason. License is unbridled passion. Liberty is like the soft, divine voice which is heard within the sanctuary of the conscience."— *A Cattara Letheri.*

Now, is there possibly any contradiction between the principles of the gospel and these, to which liberty leads us? Evidently, no. I neither see any, nor can there be any; for Christian teaching exacts goodness, and retains liberty not as an end, but as a means, of choosing, attaining, and practising goodness. It happens then, if we desire progress, we must renew the religious sentiment of the Italian people. Pietro Sterbini, of the Court of Lazio, formerly Minister in Rome, before and during the Republic, writing in his sad years of exile from Italy, said of Italian affairs: "An agreement between the papacy and Italy is impossible. It is not enough, not even to have a reform commanded by a pope, which in this case is impossible. Italy does not wish to reform its present religion. Italy will return to the religion of Christ, from which the popes have kept it back. The Italian mind knows perfectly well what are its true and loyal political interests, what its sacred religious interests. Let the pontificate remain or depart, Rome and Italy will return to primitive Christianity, to the grand religious, democratic institutions founded by Christ and his apostles; sanctioned by so many martyrs, who spread them abroad, and defended them by

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their blood; sanctified by so many virtuous men, who by their example will lead wanderers to the knowledge of the truth and of justice. The political revolution found its motto in *Italian Unity.* The religious revolution will carry inscribed upon its banners 'The Resurrection of Christianity.'" See *Journal Il Nomade*, 1861.

These words of Pietro Sterbini seem almost prophetic; but, inasmuch as little has been accomplished or is being done, we ought to take note of a certain awakening of conscience, the symptoms of an agitation whose ultimate scope will be to proclaim aloud the Christian idea in all its primitive purity and simplicity. . . . But when the people feel the breath of the new life issuing from the spirit of the Christian idea, and are encompassed by the loves and hopes which incite them to do good, to practise virtue, only then will it be recognized as the gospel among the people, a moral and regenerating influence over the heart, raising it above all theological or anti-theological prejudices, both equally perilous and contrary to human progress.

Humble worker in the domain of thought, I only disentomb and unfurl the banner of the Christian, apostolic idea, around which will gather the Husses, the Sociniuses, the Arnolds of Brescia, the modern Channings, Mazzinis, and Mamiamis, because it is the banner on which is written, "Truth and Justice." Nor can the scornful incredulity of those who find it much more easy to smile with disdain at social problems than to study them with care and zeal restrain me from repeating once more, The people who have shaken off the yoke of political slavery, to become truly free, need also to cast off the yoke of moral bondage.

Adopting liberty as a means of discovering the truth, they cannot forsake the unfailing testimony of Christ to moral freedom, to newness of life, to concord among all the families, all the peoples of the earth. Three things grow greater,— the constancy of an unconquerable and working faith in virtue, patient endurance under misfortune, and temperance in prosperity. And these three things are freely taught by the gospel.

Behold the idea of the spirit of liberal Christianity, uncontaminated by the breath of theological subtleties, arising in our beloved country. Our standard is holy as if it had been committed to us by God for the accomplishment of his design in humanity: it is holy, because it is the symbol of liberty and fraternity. In this work of rebuilding, we cannot, in the name of a passing impulse of rebellion, abjure the genius of humanity and of its great ones who witness from century to century, from age to age, for God, law, right, country, love, progress, immortality.

But like the men of the company of death, in the battle of Lombardy, we will prostrate ourselves before the Eternal Truth, and from him draw strength to fight and conquer.

DOMENICO BRISSO.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE POOR.

The tardy winter has at last come upon us, and the time has arrived when the poor begin to come to our doors pleading hunger and cold. We do not speak of the common beggar. Thanks to the foresight of our associate and city boards of charity, such suppliants are not very common now. We have in mind the honest, respectable poor, who are feeble-minded, weak in body, lacking in energy, or unfortunate.

As far as money goes, our overseers of the poor are certainly doing their duty in the way of distributing suburban funds. They have great difficulties to contend with. Some of their regular applicants are modest, worthy widows, grateful for the help which carries them along until their boys are able to support them. Others are pertinacious, grasping, and ungrateful, irritating the overseer by their ceaseless clamor for more, and exciting a false sympathy from charitable persons who befriend them, and complain that they are ill-used by the city.

We have received the last year's Report from the board in the suburban town where we reside. We are astonished at the amount of money yearly distributed, mostly to our foreign population. We question very much whether the overseers are doing as much good as harm in many cases, and believe they are coming to some questioning among themselves.

We have reached a few practical conclusions in regard to the kind of alms given. Of course, it is a settled question that work is better than money; but, supposing the work cannot be obtained, it seems to us better for the charity boards to pay rent and give fuel rather than groceries. It gives a poor woman a sense of security to know that she cannot be turned out of doors, and it is also a stimulus to landlords to improve their tenements. Landlords in this case should be carefully watched, and made to keep their premises in proper order. We are glad to say that our Board of Health act in harmony with the Charity Board of the city. Landlords have their rights as well as the poor. During the hard times, it was impossible often to get any rent from the indolent poor, who would refuse to go out, and threaten to excite popular feeling against the landlord. We can see how the

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giving of groceries and fuel helps this state of things. A shiftless person gets what he wants to eat and drink and a fire to warm him; and he has no ambition to pay his rent, staying on as long as he can, or going from one tenement to another.

Supposing now that the rent is paid by the city. The person, whom we will suppose to be respectable, has no longer the consciousness of debt, which is injurious to his moral nature. We will suppose that she — for these applicants are mostly women — receives also her coal. That is well. Warmth is perhaps as necessary to preserve life, especially in young children, as food. She will not now suffer. If of an indolent or timid temperament, hunger will be the best stimulus to prick her forward, when she sees the closet growing empty. One day's earning will make the household merry for two or three days; but, if given over for rent, it keeps the family impoverished, as we have seen in the case of the honest poor. Or, if the rent is not paid, and the money retained, there is the feeling of dissatisfaction that the debt is accumulating, which deprives the food of its relish to the poor mother, whose children will fatten while she goes about with a careworn spirit.

It is a mistake to suppose that there will be little poverty this winter, because the times are better. Death is ever with us, and there must always be widows with young children to support. Intemperance is here, worse than death,— that curse which makes the strong man no longer a support, but a fiend in the house or an outcast in the world.

Let us all, then, in our associated or private charities, take on fresh zeal, and co-operate with our city boards to do the thing that is right, wise, and humane.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to Mrs. James T. Fields' wise little book on *How to Help the Poor.* We see here in her book not only the working of an able organization of Associated Charities, but the personal sympathy which engages in this work, without any misplaced sentimentalism that soon evaporates, but with that earnest fellow-feeling that divines how best to serve the unfortunate and incompetent ones.

Mrs. Fields very justly speaks of the mistakes in our Poor Fund system. We have always felt that the habit on the part of the poor of claiming as a right the public money is very injurious to their moral characters. Mrs. Fields calls this right "one of the greatest of man's inhumanities to man." She goes

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against what are called "settlements,"—money being given in this way by law instead of investigation and according to individual need. We have often seen the injustice of this system, in the case of poor French widows who could by law have nothing from the town funds, because their husbands were not naturalized citizens; while, on the contrary, a grasping, overbearing woman could claim her regular rations, because her husband had paid his poll tax a few times and lived a certain number of years in the State.

Mrs. Fields does more than theorize. She tells us simple stories of the misfortunes, the sins, the failures, the reform of these people who are so tenderly watched by the friendly visitors in the organization. It is the old story on the part of the workers of the Prodigal Son. They give comfort, but gently remonstrate with the wrong-doers,— firmly remove them from their cherished resorts, set them up again; but they do not allow themselves to be cajoled by the insincere or softened by the indolent and weak. Their great need is more volunteer visitors. These visitors do not intrude upon homes, unless there is cruelty or neglect there. They go to the houses of people who solicit charity and give them counsel and sympathy, immediate relief if necessary, but chiefly work.

Let us all aid in this great reform in the methods of helping the poor. Many workers would divide the burden, and there would come about that wholesome sympathy between the rich and the poor which is so much needed in the world.

The following article was written for the Boston *Transcript;* but the subject seems to us just now to be of so much importance that we venture to copy the article here: —

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "UNSOUND MAJORITY."

It is a pleasure to welcome to this country a man like Mr. Arnold, so well descended, so well born and bred, we may say, who has inherited all the love of truth conspicuous in his distinguished father, and yet who has struck out for himself a different path, equally high in its aim, but impelling him to move in an intellectual orbit of his own.

It is to be hoped that we shall not be sensitive in regard to his criticisms, nor, on the other hand, too much elated with his praise. He appears to have no other motive than the love of truth; and, if he makes some generalizations which are incorrect, it is no more than most foreigners do. If, on the other hand, he praises too much in his courteous recognition of the attentions he has received from the best people, we

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must not be puffed up with the idea that our most notable hospitalities are irreproachable in taste and style. We are in danger of heaping adulation upon European celebrities in too *empressé* a manner; and, if they venture to say a piquant or trenchant thing about us, we are in high dudgeon, and the offending paragraph goes the round of the newspapers.

If we mistake not, Mr. Arnold is a man who wants no fulsome attentions; neither will he be slow to say what he thinks. He will, in the mean time, expect us to say what we think about him, and will accept, we believe, the simplest hospitalities in the spirit with which they are given, and with a true appreciation of the genuine character of the people who offer them.

But much as we value the present cordial relations between the English and American people, which make us ready to say that we are all one, we must remember that Mr. Arnold is a European, when we weigh his criticisms.

The statement which he made in his first lecture in regard to governments, that the "majority is uusound," seems to have been accepted by his hearers and the public as a self-evident fact; but we, nevertheless, question its truth. If this principle of belief were strictly carried out into action, it would be destructive of a republican government. It is the principle that has governed the Old World from the beginning of a refined civilization, although, strange to say, exactly the opposite was maintained by the early Germanic stocks, of which Mr. Arnold so justly says that we, as descendants, should be proud. These very stocks, however, from some unaccountable reason, have developed into the most narrow, aristocratic governments of this age and the past; while France, made up in great portion of the Latin elements, has for years been struggling into political freedom. England is an aristocratic government in name; but this is only by the grace of the people, by the fine toleration of the middle and upper middle classes, who revere their queen, and are willing to have the Lords their figure-head as long as the people can do pretty much what they choose. But, in the eyes of the old aristocratic governments, the masses of men *are* unsound. The best leaders among them, sincere statesmen, believe that they cannot be trusted with power, just as the pope believes that the people cannot be trusted with the Bible. They must be told what to do by their superiors,—not guided, not helped, because that implies reasoning powers on their part; they must be represented by others, who know much better than they what they need and ought to have. Hence, the masses must not be educated above their position: a little knowledge makes them unmanageable, and will in time endanger the safety of the kingdom.

Now, we are perfectly well aware that Mr. Arnold does not advance any such doctrine as this, but we think he makes use of wrong terms in calling the majority "unsound." In theory, this statement takes us to the old position of the European masses, and would practically, if car-

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ried out to-day. By the change of one word, however, we can accept with cordiality Mr. Arnold's statement. Instead of saying that the majority is "unsound," we would say the majority is "ignorant," or, better still, "undeveloped." To believe seriously that the "majority" of men is "unsound" is Calvinism in religion and despotism in governments. There are plenty of people in this country, we are sorry to say, who believe this. Excellent men do not hesitate to say openly that universal suffrage is a failure, being so constituted themselves that they cannot see beyond the necessary turmoil of a great republic that has got millions to educate by the ballot before she can stand as the serene embodiment of national truth.

If the majority is not unsound, where, then, is the unsoundness? In the half-educated and selfish minorities. In the scrambling office-seekers, the so called patriots, the leaders of the rings and secret caucuses, in any man who stays at home and despises the corruption of the polls. Ignorance is not necessarily unsound. The poor man, untaught, often surprises you with his clear intuitions. If the demagogue will leave him alone, and the good man will show him how to judge for himself, he will never endanger governments. He may be numerically dangerous, but that is because there is a one-man or ten-man power behind him,— a pestilent influence that is forcing him into wrong. Oh for the voice of Channing to-day to proclaim the greatness of human nature and rebuke the unfaithfulness of men in power, through city and village, until the people shall arise with well chosen leaders and make the land clean!

NIHILISM.

"God and the State" is the title of a pamphlet written by Michael Bakounine, "Founder of Nihilism and Apostle of Anarchy," with a preface by Carlo Cafiero and Elisée Reclus, and translated from the French and published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston, Mass.

This pamphlet is a fitting thing to come after the theological address we reviewed in our last number. We see the legitimate fruits of this dogmatic theology crystallized in these countries of Europe into State institutions and hierarchies, and winking at the vices, the weakness, the tyranny of men, if it can only uphold itself, keep sovereigns on their thrones and the people in the dust. Here, we see a man like this Russian crazed with the oppression and injustice of governments and the false distinction of society, until he vents his wrath on the Christian Church, the mother of all abominations.

This pamphlet shows a man of wide reading and naturally fine powers, but his arguments are without logical connection. He

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dashes like an infuriated bull at every sign he sees of action anywhere. Religion, science, philosophy, education, politics,— all are hopelessly wrong; and he does not propose to right them, but only to make a great heap and set them on fire. His particular object of attack is God. Some of his expressions are powerful. We should have called them blasphemous in old times. But, in this age, we have such a pity for this disease that we handle it more kindly than our fathers did.

It is difficult to find out what he really believes. He declares that not a single illustrious philosopher or idealist has been able to explain "the mystery of the Divine Being and his *salto mortale* from the pure regions of spirit into the mire of the material world. Religion is the passionate protest of the masses against the narrowness and sorrows and shames of a wretched existence. For this malady (of religion) there is one remedy,— that of social revolution. . . . If God is, man is a slave. Now, man can and must be free: then, God does not exist." He reverses the famous saying of Voltaire, "If there were no God, we should have to make one," and says, "If God lives, it would be necessary to abolish him." He seems sometimes to bow to the authority of science, but not to the *savant.* "This universal science," he says, "must forever remain unfinished, and so it cannot be our Christ." The idealists, too, are doing, he avers, just the opposite of what he and his followers wish. "They are trying to make humanity divine." *He* is "trying to recover from heaven the goods it has stolen from earth: *they* would restore to heaven that divine robber, the noblest and grandest of humanity's possessions. It is the freethinker's turn to pillage heaven by the audacious impiety of his scientific analysis. The philosophy of idealism is a sort of metaphysical pietism. All that is grand, just, and beautiful, it says, is inspired by God. This is a complete negation of human liberty and dignity. It takes us back to the essence of religion, the disparagement of humanity for the greater glory of divinity. Then come the mediators and the tyranny of the world."

This pamphlet is long and very diffuse, yet vehement, as if the writer poured it out from the fulness of an overwrought brain. He falls upon the God of the Hebrews and the Old Testament, then upon the Greeks and Romans. The neo-Platonists, he says, confounding in an impure manner the monstrous imaginations of the Orient with the ideas of Plato, were the true

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precursors and elaborators of the Christian dogmas. Now, he attacks the creed of the Roman and Greek Church, God the Father, God the Son, and the procession of the Holy Ghost. "Jesus himself," he continues, "was a preacher to the poor and wretched." Much about him is fabulous, but he gained power over those who had nothing to lose. He promised eternal life to all those who suffer. The living world was as nothing to him and them, and he thus overturned all common sense and reason. For ten centuries, Christianity debased and falsified the mind of Europe.

We cannot really find any beginning or end to this paper. The writer dashes now at the Renaissance, the Reformation, romantic literature, and the French Revolution, etc.; he cites Beranger and Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Constant, Guizot, Villemain, and ends the list by calling M. Cousin a superficial and pedantic talker, who prepared for the studious youth of France a metaphysical dish of his own making, the use of which was made compulsory in the schools of the State. Here breaks off this extraordinary piece of unfinished writing, so carefully preserved as something precious by the editors of this publication.

To us, this is a remarkable mind in ruins. We know nothing about the moral character of Michael Bakounine. It may be irreproachable. But his whole emotional and reasoning nature is in a state of high fever. Nihilism itself must be one long nightmare. We can think of no cure for him and his disciples but to put them in such a country as ours to cool them off,—a country where there is no State Church nor privileged aristocracy nor military despotism nor oppression of the poor by the rich. We may be vulgar, we may have little to make tragedies of, and these despairing people, who are ready to dash their heads against the stones of fate, would here settle down into peaceable and orderly commonplace citizens. The experiment would perhaps be better for them than for us, but the heart bleeds at this spectacle of blasted lives in so good a world as this.

GLEANINGS.

The Woman's Congress held its eleventh annual meeting at Chicago, Ill., in October. Our space will not allow us now to give a report of the proceedings, but it is a pleasure to say that the meeting was an entire success; and the way in which the speakers were appreciated by the public and the press of Chi-

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cago shows that the West is in the advance guard on the subject of the Higher Development of Women.

The *Christian World*, the able orthodox paper in England, gives most encouraging reports of the signs of Christian union in this age, as shown at the Congregational gathering at Sheffield, when Canon Blakeney, rector of the Mother Church, joined in the hospitalities, and in a sermon at Bristol, before the mayor and corporation, enlarged upon the joy of Christian sympathy among churches. This same paper, the *World*, devotes one whole side of a sheet to the poor, heading a series of letters and reports from workers, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." Dr. Fairbairn, in his able speech before the aforesaid Congregational Union, does not attribute the people's estrangement from the churches to any so-called difficulties of belief, but to the inefficiency of the churches,— their failure to make religion the personal and social force it ought to be.

Our Swiss friend avers that the authorities of Neuchatel were justified in expelling the Salvation Army from their midst. A French correspondent of *L'Alliance Libérale* declares that the Swiss people are entirely different from the French. The Parisian populace will hear itself sentenced to hell and think it a good joke, but the earnest Swiss peasants would not bear such talk. Hence, the mob and the scenes of violence. The paper asserts that, in spite of the acquittal by jury of the accused and the clamor of pietists, the religion of this army has little in common with the gospel of Christ, and that it is an association dangerous to the peace of city governments.

M. Renan's speech at the railroad station in Paris over the body of Tourgueneff, the Russian poet and novelist, was truly beautiful in its spirit of love and peace. The recumbent statue of fine white marble is ready to be placed over the tomb of the beloved Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey. Near the grave is an inscription on a stone to Lady Augusta Stanley. The two inscriptions read thus: "Augusta Elizabeth Frederica, daughter of Thomas Druce, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, the beloved wife of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of this collegiate church, for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria, and the Queen's mother and children; for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster, and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes,— uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above." On the same stone are the words: "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, born December 13, 1815; installed January 9, 1864; died July 18, 1881. 'I see that all things come to an end, but the commandment is exceeding broad.'— Psalms cxix., 96. 'We know we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren.'"

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1881. Washington. 1881.

Two calamities attend this publication: its immense bulk, more than a thousand pages in small type, with thousands of columns of figures; and its tardy appearance, the record of 1881 at the end of 1883.

The new-fangled degrees at some modernized colleges may well amuse. C.E., M.E., B.M., M.M., M.S., M.E.L., L.A., L.S., P.M., B.E.L., as translated, Mistress of Music, Maid of Arts, etc., may well be greeted with a laugh. But what ought to receive immediate attention of Congress and the whole country is that a vast majority of States prove the necessity of immediate government help to save us from becoming barbarians, as Dr. Bushnell declared we were likely to be. From Alabama, of which the report shows decrease in scholars, decrease in average attendance, decrease in number of schools, down to West Virginia (the bottom of the list), there is a general backward movement,—the more striking because of the double growth of population by birth and by immigration.

Golden Thoughts: from the Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos, the Quietist. With preface by J. Henry Shorthouse, author of *John Inglesant.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A little volume of a kind which we should be glad to see finding a welcome in our denomination. The book itself is of no denomination, not even of the Roman Catholic Church, in which the author was a priest, and finally a martyr. The first part of the volume might have been the expression of any devout soul. The second is more like that of such Catholics as Fénelon, who also was persecuted and silenced by the dignitaries of the Church, who saw in the saintliness of such men a rebuke to their own selfish ambition. The key-note of the book is in the sentence, "He that hath God hath all things; and he that hath him not hath nothing." For this reason, the author made little account of many of the rites and outward forms of the Roman Church, and taught only how to live the inward life with God in the soul. So great was his influence that the Jesuits began to fear a reformation that might be even more formidable and dangerous than Luther's in the previous century. When his follow-

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ers had begun to be reckoned by tens of thousands, Molinos was cast into the prison of the Inquisition, from which he was taken after nearly two years to be condemned as a heretic and remanded to prison, where he remained nine years more till he died in 1696. "The real crime of Molinos," as the author of John Inglesant says in his preface to this little volume, "in the eyes of the Jesuits was that he himself and his disciples lived pure Christian lives, and yet did not frequent the confessional, and set small store by relic reverence, image worship, and the various superstitious rites which Romanists thought to be essential to religion." We know no better book of the kind to which this volume belongs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Excursions of an Evolutionist. By John Fiske. Price $2.00.

The Whittier Calendar. With Selections for every Day of the Year. 1884. Price $1.00.

From Roberts Brothers.

Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D. Edited by his daughter, Mary E. Dewey. Price $1.75.

From Librairie Européenne C. Muquardt, Merzback & Falk, Editeurs, Bruxelles.

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